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TWINS *are Nature's* PARADOX

Amazing Kinship in Australian Children

BY OUR MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

Many an Australian mother of identical twins (whether two boys or two girls) has worried over the similarity of their likes and dislikes or emotions, and even of their thoughts.

They contract the same childish illnesses at the same time; they learn to walk, talk, and read at the same age; they make the same mistakes at the same time in the same answers to problems when sitting for examinations at school.

What is this mysterious sympathetic bond between twins, triplets and other multiples of birth? Are they fated to experience the same emotions and illnesses to the close of life?

HEAVYWEIGHT TWINS born in Australia last year. They each weighed 11lbs. at birth, an Australian and possibly a world's record.

DOCTORS recently battled to save the life of one of the famous Philippine Twins, Lucio and Simplicio Godino. Lucio contracted pneumonia and died, but after one of the most dangerous operations known to surgery, Simplicio was parted from his brother and lived.

The Godinos were Siamese twins, joined by a band of flesh and bone, back to back; but their case was only a special example of the plight of all "like," or, as scientists name them, "identical" twins.

As apart from "fraternal," or unlike, twins, the "identical" types seem to share a mysterious kinship, both of body and soul.

At all stages in life the queer bond still holds.

In England, twin Cambridge students, the brothers Chambers, won similar entrance scholarships, similar Greek scholarships a little later, and finally tied in first-class honors in the classical Tripos with equal marks.

AUSTRALIA boasts two sets of "identical" triplets which show this mind-linkage in amazing form.

Faith, Hope, and Charity Soper, born in 1910 at West Wallsend (N.S.W.), prefer the same colors, food, and dresses. They are now separated (being employed in different avocations), but the mental link still holds.

Born two years later, at Waitara (N.S.W.), the Plant triplets—Muriel, Marjorie, and Olive, have a similar uncanny bond. They have the same preferences and dislikes. They started work in a factory on the same day.

When the writer met this trio a few years ago he found they had developed an "anti-sameness" complex; they deliberately dressed differently. But they were as alike as three peas, not only in features, but in mind.

A strange example of this emerged when the three were asked (out of each other's hearing) for their favorite (feminine) Christian name. Said Muriel, "Jean"; said Olive, "Joan"; but Marjorie, pausing a while, evidently trying to trick the linkage, chose at last "Yvonne."

AN EARLY PICTURE of three bonny babies who have recently celebrated their birthday—the Masters triplets, of Sydney.

But the kinship won out even there, for, probably unknown to the trio, Yvonne is simply a form of Johanna, which, like Jean and Joan, are the same word, the feminine of John.

Decree of Fate

DOES this queer mental and physical similarity in twins and triplets signify a decree of Fate—that they are predestined to live the same lives, suffer the same final illnesses, and die on the same day?

American cables recently told of two 70-year-old carpenters, twins, who reported (separately) to the same hospital with similar symptoms, were operated on, and who both died of cancer within a few days of each other.

In Geelong (Victoria) twin girls fell ill of appendicitis a few months ago, and were operated on in the same hospital on the same day.

American criminologists point to twin lads who "went wrong" together. The O'Connors, who became drug traffickers; the Munroes, twin forgers.

Brisbane recently saw the distressing case of twin girls, delinquents, who had escaped from homes for reformation, and "worked" together at shoplifting, for which they both earned similar terms of imprisonment.

It looks like the hand of Fate, or predestination, in such cases; as if "like" twins were actually the same individual soul divided between identical bodies and so doomed to think, live, and die in the same way.

Consider the case of Edwin and Fred Iske, twins separated as babies. Unknown to each other, each married girls of the same features, height, and weight, became fathers of sons at the same time—and even bought exactly similar dogs as pets!

SCIENCE, however, will not accept the "one-soul-in-two" theory.

Believed to be derived from an accidental cleaving-in-two of one single cell in prenatal life, like twins are not quite identical; they are simply born with bodies and brains of similar construction and tendencies.

Just as similar typewriters or revolvers turned out by the same factory show minute differences in performance or in markings on type or in barrel when scientifically tested, so human twins prove their separate identity when closely examined. For one thing, their finger-prints differ.

The finger-prints of the Plant triplets were clearly dissimilar when tested a few years ago. Other physical dissimilarities can be found. In the Soper triplets one girl is a head taller; in the Plant triplets, one girl is heavier.

Even Siamese twins show differing finger-prints. And, in spite of the fable of "mental bonds," tests show that they can think independently, wake while the other sleeps, and feel pain where the twin (unaware that the other is hurt) feels nothing at all.

May Differ

OBVIOUSLY, dowered with similar constitutions and health, twins are likely to suffer childhood complaints and (in adult life) constitutional diseases at the same time.

But a less infectious disease, like pneumonia, may be averted, even in Siamese twins like the brothers Godino.

Proof of this is the history of the Gibb twins (girls joined back to back), at present performing in vaudeville (they have appeared with the Godinos). Recently Mary had pneumonia, but Margaret escaped.

A still more striking case was that of the (Siamese twins) Orissa sisters. One contracted T.B. The sisters were separated by a surgical operation. The tubercular sister died; the healthy one lived for some years after.

Dowered with similar thinking machinery in their brains, the thoughts, preferences, and emotions of twins and other "multiple" children are likely to be simultaneously expressed, and similar, but not necessarily so.

The twin "bond" is rather like that of two clocks of identical structure set ticking at the same moment and allowed to run down together.

We would call it fanciful to say that two such clocks shared "one soul" because they ticked together, sounded similar chimes, and ceased to tick about the same time when their springs began to fail.

Her complexion conquered him

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Bardwell Clarke

Studying Methods Overseas

MATRON WALSH, who went abroad last month to investigate maternal welfare methods in Holland and Sweden under the Youth and Motherhood Appeal Fund grant to the King Edward Memorial Hospital, Perth, was matron of that institution for seventeen years.

During the period of her administration, 17,000 babies were born at the institution, and the hospital achieved an Australian record for low maternal death-rate.

Memorial Prize Winner

MR. HAYLY LEVER, the New York artist, who was recently awarded the Edwin Palmer Memorial Prize, is actually an Adelaide man. Began his art studies with Mr. James Ashton, and at the age of 24 went to St. Ives, Cornwall, to further his art studies.

It is 30 years since he was last in Australia, during which time his work has become famous in U.S.A. Mr. Lever is a brother of Mrs. K. E. Coonan, of Adelaide.

—Noel Maitland.

Queensland Artist

AS well as sending two large water-colors of flowers to the Colonial Exhibition of Art in London, Miss Vida Labey, of Brisbane, has also sent a picture with the Australian section for the International Exhibition of Art, Paris.

She has already exhibited in the Salon, Paris, and the New English Club, London.

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VEILED MAHARANEE *Will See* CORONATION *Through* SCREEN

But Modern Queen of Ancient Egypt Likes Lipstick

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

LONDON, Sunday.

From all the world vividly contrasting figures are streaming into London for the Coronation. East contrasts with West, antiquity with modernity . . . but the strangest contrast of all is between the two great divisions of Oriental women.

On the one hand there are the women who cling to the stern traditions of immolation, who would rather die than reveal their faces to men or take any part in social life or public affairs.

ON the other hand there are women of the modern Orient, great ladies, jealous of honor and modesty as any of their veiled ancestors, but convinced that a woman's place is not in a prison but out in the world, livng her own life and helping in the life of her people.

Turkish ladies of to-day, a number of whom have visited London for the Coronation, are modern and Western in dress and manners by order of the Dictator, Kemal Ataturk. Japanese and Chinese women, too, are for the most part Western in dress, though one feels they are still largely subjects in the home.

The Princess Chichibu, sister-in-law of the Japanese Emperor, is one of the most notable of these far-eastern visitors.

Most of the Indian women are Oriental in dress, though one, Princess Gauharitaj Abida, daughter of the Rajah of Bhopal, wears English clothes, even to riding breeches, and plays polo with her father.

An outstanding representative of the tradition-bound class is the Maharanee of Jodhpur. The daughter of Rao Bahadur Thakur, a high counsellor of Jodhpur's rulers, she was brought up in the most rigid tradition of her ancient family.

As Maharanee, she lives under the purdah (literally, "the veil"), the custom which forbids a woman to show her face to any male but her husband or a very near relative.

Only five men out of the two million people in Jodhpur have ever seen the face of the Maharanee. Few have ever glimpsed her beautiful brown eyes.

Closely Guarded

AND now the Maharanee has brought the mystery of the purdah into the heart of modern London.

She lives in her own closely-guarded apartments in a luxury hotel. When she leaves her suite, it is by a rear staircase, from which every servant has been carefully ejected.

Bystanders catch only a flash of a pair of frightened eyes under a heavy veil as she darts from the doorway to her limousine, whose windows are darkly tinted to prevent anyone seeing within it.

Though she has fabulous riches at her command and is free to purchase anything in the world that might take her fancy, this Royal prisoner is denied the feminine delight of shopping.

Clothes, jewels, and anything else she wishes to buy are brought to the hotel from the stores, and the Maharanee makes her choice in her own rooms.

For the Maharanee to see the Coronation procession, the Maharajah has paid 300 guineas for a flat on the route.

But she will see the pageant only dimly through gauze screens specially erected over the windows to shield her from the gaze of the public.

When the celebrations are over, she will return to her Indian palace, having seen but not been seen, having toured the modern world without having known one moment's real contact with it.

In the most vivid contrast to this cloistered figure stands the most notable of the modern group—Queen Nazli, of Egypt, mother of King Faruk.

Queen Nazli lives a modern life in the fullest sense. She dresses elegantly in French models, uses make-up discreetly, though she favors vivid lipstick, and her fascinating face, with its beautiful, lustrous brown eyes, is familiar both to her own people and to Europeans who frequent the smart places.

She looks much younger than her forty years. Of medium height, her figure is rounded, but youthful; she has tiny feet, slim ankles, and her lovely bronze hair is worn in loose curls close to the head.

She is often seen in London incognito and frequently attends the theatres, displaying a preference for sophisticated modern comedies.

She reads widely in English, French and Arabic, is a skilled photographer, a landscape painter of ability, and a keen gardener.

She is exceptionally fond of tennis and deep-sea fishing.

Liberal Views

QUEEN NAZLI has helped to ensure that her son, now on the throne, had a liberal education, and she is bringing up her four charming daughters, Fawzia, aged 16, Faiza, aged 14, Faika, aged 10, and Fathia, aged 6, in the most modern manner.

All are natural pleasant-mannered girls, all play tennis and squash, and they are proficient skiers.

Queen Nazli takes the keenest interest in affairs, and in her palace there is a theatrette, where all the newsreels of current world events are shown regularly.

She takes no direct part in public affairs, but her advice and help are of great value to King Faruk.

She has been one of the leaders in the emancipation of Egyptian women.

Between these two contrasting types stands a group of Oriental women who are more or less in the transition stage.

Typical of these is the Maharanee of Jaipur. When she and her three step-daughters left India for the Coronation, all were heavily veiled and surrounded with all the traditional mystery.

But when they arrived in London, they were unveiled and travelling in Western freedom with only personal servants.

A MODERN Queen of Ancient Egypt in a modern setting. Queen Mother Nazli motoring with her son, King Faruk, at St. Moritz, the famous Swiss resort. (See story on this page.)

KING AHMED BEG ZOG, of Albania, who may unite a Mohammedan monarchy with modern Europe. (See story below.)

KING ZOG'S *Romance May Link* NATIONS

By Cable from Our London Office

The possibility of King Zog of Albania marrying an Italian noblewoman has intrigued political and social circles in Europe, as it would link modern diplomacy with the last Asiatic monarchy in Europe.

THE bachelor King of this pocket-handkerchief kingdom has always been regarded as an unknown quantity in international diplomacy. His subjects are Mohammedans.

Zog is a natural leader, a politician, who rose to be Dictator of the country, and in 1928 was appointed King of the Albanians.

Albania has always been an independent State — for long a brigand-haunted region. It has been one of those countries which gave playwrights their exotic settings.

When Zog was crowned there was a suggestion that he should be known as Skanderbeg III, but the title Zog, or Zogu, was chosen.

Italy is keen to get control of this mountainous region, which in the great European War was on the side of the Central Powers.

BIG *Coronation* ISSUE *On Sale* EARLY

Crowded With Pictures In Lovely Artgravure

All the grandeur of the Coronation is portrayed in the big Coronation Section of next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The glittering pageant will be revealed in beautiful color artgravure. Every aspect of a memorable event has been captured in painting, picture and story.

It is a lavishly-produced record of the Coronation that can be treasured and remembered.

BEAUTIFUL paintings by Boothroyd, Shreve, Allcot, and others, and photographs and articles of outstanding interest make the Coronation section a complete survey of the King's crowning.

You will want to keep this issue as a permanent souvenir of the great occasion.

IMPORTANT: In order to provide for the extra demand, the Coronation issue will be on sale a day earlier than usual. Watch for it on Monday, May 10.

A MAGNIFICENT NEW SERIAL.

BESIDES the big Coronation section there will be other brilliant features worthy of this special issue.

A grand new serial, "The Four Marys," by Fanny Heaslip Lea, is a story you will enjoy. Its tender and sympathetic insight into the hearts of four lovely women has a distinction of its own.

"Hemp," a fine Australian story, written by Ernest Wells, is probably one of the greatest novels written in this country. It is free to our readers in the Coronation issue.

YOU CAN GET STRONG *Quickly!*
Complete Home Gym. in one Outfit.

HERE'S an opportunity for you to develop big muscles and obtain great strength by taking advantage of this astounding bargain! Now only 30/- for this famous £3 value Complete Home Gymnasium. Watch your muscles grow! Surprise your friends! Everything GUARANTEED. The big chest expander alone is worth more than you pay for the entire outfit.

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TIP, TIP, TIP .... *Cash Levy* HITS ALL

Evil Gratuity System Offends Australian Public

Australians travelling abroad, particularly women, are seriously concerned about the tipping problem.

Anything from twenty to fifty per cent. is likely to be added to one's ordinary expenses if one pays all the gratuities that are practically demanded.

The tipping habit in Australia, too, has reached such proportions that the ordinary citizen shudders at the mere prospect of any social occasion other than a private party.

GIVING evidence in a law-suit in Melbourne last week a shipping clerk estimated that the ordinary business man on a trip to England would have to spend £20 in tips on the voyage.

A woman, he said, would have to tip somewhat less.

In the case under review the Judge finally allowed a total of £81 shipboard expenses for husband and wife.

While experienced travellers quote a wide range of estimates of the cost of tips, none disagree with the general contention that tipping, and heavy tipping, is essential.

If one fails to tip, one suffers not only the opprobrium brought about by servants' malicious gossip, but also actual neglect and even, in some cases, deliberate annoyance as punishment for failure to fall in line.

What does it all mean? Is it really essential to pay a special fee to people who are already being paid for the services they render?

Does one really gain anything extra in the way of personal care and attention in return for these unofficial payments?

Or is the whole affair just a racket, designed to extort money under the unspoken threat of neglect and worse?

The range of tips varies from threepences to pounds in individual cases—but in the aggregate Australian women must contribute untold thousands of pounds as a tipping levy for services that they are well entitled to without this extra imposition.

Pay Up—Or Suffer

NOT long ago an Australian team of sportsmen returning from abroad was subjected to a studied campaign of extortion. The stewards on a certain ship formed, rightly or wrongly, the opinion that the sportsmen did not intend to tip liberally enough at the end of the voyage.

Mysteriously, hats, coats and other items of property disappeared from the tourists' cabins. Inquiries were set afoot, and soon loyal, diligent stewards succeeded in "finding" one article after another, thus earning the good-will of the owners and ensuring liberal tips for themselves.

Not only on ships, but on trains, travellers know full well that unless they "sweeten" the officials in charge of personal comforts, personal discomforts will be their portion.

It is of no use whatever to complain about this racket. Higher authority denies the charge, and threatens to punish any offenders, but everyone knows the system exists, and unless one falls in with it, one suffers.

Travel is not the only field in which tipping is rife. In hotels and restaurants, once one gets above the cheapest grades of service, one faces the problem of paying "a little bit on the side." Some phase of the evil crops up in almost every aspect of trade.

It is quite impossible to enjoy a good meal in a comfortable cafe, or a few drinks in a good hotel lounge, without tossing a pourboire to the waiter.

No one minds paying extra for such attention. Most of us are keen to do this when we want special favors.

But the Australian temperament revolts against the extortion—for extortion it definitely is—of additional payment for a service already paid for.

Australians are not mean. Overseas restaurateurs, hotel proprietors and travel officers will bear that out.

But Australians, brought up in the hard tradition of earning what they get and paying for what they need, do resent paying for nothing.

How It Started

AND let us face the fact—most tips are payments for nothing. The average steward, waiter, guard or other worker in the semi-luxury trades gives, and can give, no special service in return for his tips.

Australia is a democracy—not merely a nominal one, either. Surely it is as insulting to the average Australian worker to have to kowtow for largesse as it is offensive to the Australian customer to have to pay tribute for nothing.

Take the extraordinary case of the hairdresser. In all of the better class saloons the operator expects a tip, yet except in r cases he gives nothing extra for

Some of the best Austral saloons now display a notice a ing patrons to refrain from giv gratuities, and insist on operat refusing them.

In Europe one is better off to t extent: there is an accepted tra tion of a tip of ten per cent. of bill. In hotels the ten per ce is automatically added to the count. In restaurants the wai expects no more than the ten cent., even if the bill is only a fr or two.

But all the same, it is from long history of wealth and nobil in Europe that the tipping tradi originates.

Once all "menials" were paid mere subsistence, and gentlefolk wealthy folk were glad to thr them a few pence or, in the case higher ranks, a few shillings, ensure their transitory loyalty.

End This Impositio

THIS tradition has lived on, a there are so many people Europe who have more money th they know what to do with that th largesse has set a standard ordinary diner-out or tourist fi it hard to match.

Nowadays, the people who o were menials are important me bers of the community, earni high pay and in addition collecti a regular tribute of tips that brin their total income far above t of most of their patrons.

This makes the situation absu

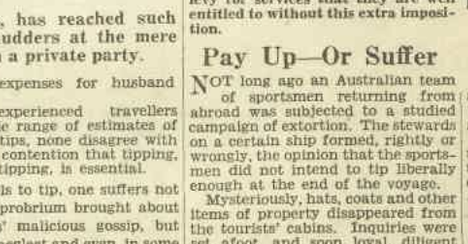
No wonder Australians obj strongly to the tipping system!

It is all very well to argue t one need not tip. No one wants be ostracised, to be neglected insulted, or to appear mean.

So long as the system exists, is a burden and an affront to t people who, in the mass, are t best spenders in the community the ordinary people.

No one ever grudges the f pence or the shilling or two giv to ill-paid people for an extra se vice.

Everyone objects to being t victim of a racket, and the soon the bulk of employers fall in li with the no-tipping regulation, t sooner will they assure themselv of increased patronage from Au tralian men and women.



THIS NOTICE in the hairdressing department of a big Sydney store speaks for itself. It is evidence of the efforts being made in many quarters to stamp out the tipping evil.

HOTSPOTS FROM HISTORY

No 2 THE REAL REASON WHY SHEBA VISITED SOLOMON —

—SHE WANTED TO HEAR —

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OUR BIRTHDAY BABY QUEST

Wanted—four-year-olds!

They must have been born on June 10, 1933.

They may be either boys or girls.

THE Australian Women's Weekly wants pictures of all readers' children born on that date—June 10, 1933—because that was the day this paper was born, too!

Yes, The Australian Women's Weekly is a four-year-old, and a husky, healthy, happy one at that. It would like to make friends with its little twins or quins, or whatever they are—the babies born the same day as itself.

Our birthday issue will be published on June 12 this year, and we would like to hear from mothe whose babies were born on June 1 1933. We want pictures of them nice, natural home pictures if po sible.

Of course, it will not be possib to publish all of them, but we m print a selection in our birthd issue of June 12.

For the picture adjudged the bes £2/2/- will be paid. All others use will be paid for at 10/6 each.

Photos must be sent in by Ma 29. Mark the envelope: "Birthda Babies."

But don't confuse the date—t baby's birthday must have bee JUNE 10, 1933—the day of our fir issue.

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THE Ice-Cream MAN

A Delightful Story of a Plain Girl, and of Her Romance With Prince Charming

When Mrs. Davis looked out of the door, the first officer was holding Sheelagh's hand.

Illustrated by RAYMOND WENBAN

By DOROTHY BLACK

THE people who said that Sheelagh had never had a love affair were wrong. Although she was a plain girl and one with a perfect genius for wearing the wrong clothes, and could practically be depended upon to turn up at a garden party in a cotton frock with a bit of iron mould on it somewhere, her life also had its romance.

A gossamer affair, to be sure, as frail as the wing of a butterfly, and soon nipped in the bud by Mrs. Davis' social aspirations.

Mrs. Davis had never forgiven Sheelagh for being a girl, and a plainish girl at that, and it was generally understood that only a very brilliant marriage on Sheelagh's part would reconcile her mother to her in any way, and never for one moment did Sheelagh think the prospects rosy.

There had been plenty of pretty girls on the Warwickshire, coming out East, and plenty of devastatingly-sure-of-themselves and smart girls, but somehow the eye of John Greatorex had singled Sheelagh out almost at once, because a first officer sees more than enough of beauty in all its stages ever to want to domesticate any of it, for none knows better than he what happens to a man when he rashly invests in a beautiful, smart and devastatingly-sure-of-herself wife.

JOHN GREATOREX was a square, dependable-looking person whose complexion had been tanned by many winds and suns to a nice wholesome brown, out of which his eyes looked, grown uncommon blue as the eyes of sailors will with looking all day long at nothing but sea, and sea, and sea. He had the sort of whimsical smile that men get who hear people, month in and month out, swearing by the stars of the sky to love one another for ever, in secluded corners on the boat decks, they having forgotten how voices do carry from there up on to the bridge. His hair had a tendency to curl, but he did what he could about that with elbow-grease and cold water.

Long before the passengers were awake, aroused by the stirring bugle-call to face another day full of strenuous meals, he was up and about, polishing up ship, supervising the scrubbing down of decks. His duties kept him at it all day long, nor did he ever go ashore when the ship was in port, but was hard at it arguing with stevedores and agents and unloading and loading of cargo.

From the beginning two things were clear to Sheelagh: that he was really far more important on the ship than the captain, and that he had a unique flow of language.

And she admired him immensely for both. She learned a number of new words from him (for she had always led a very sheltered life) that morning he discussed trucks and cranes with a wall-eyed Turk in Port Sudan harbor.

John Greatorex first saw Sheelagh when she was wearing a wrong and shabby cotton dress, and holding someone else's baby on the lower deck while someone else played games. He thought she looked a darling, with her round, good-natured little face and her startled eyes, and he thought that here at last was the sort of girl he could take home with the utmost confidence to his old mother in Lancashire, who was always urging him to settle down and marry, and somehow he never did, though he felt it was mean of him not to give her a grandchild to play with in her old age.

He noted that Sheelagh was not much to look at but that, to his mind, knowing what he knew of beauty, was a distinct advantage. He noticed also that her hair curled quite close to her head, like the hair of a child, and she had the prettiest hands.

Seeing her like that, rather shabby and usually all alone nursing other people's babies, John Greatorex decided that she was someone like himself, of not much account, and he fell in love with her there and then, and by the time he learned that she was the daughter of Mr. Justice Davis and Mrs. Davis—very important people indeed in Rangoon—it was much too late to do anything about it.

LONG before the passengers were astir, John Greatorex was about, and Sheelagh was about, too. It is typical of her that all her love-making was done in the early morning—that for her romance flowered at that grey hour of dawn when most things look their worst.

They had stolen moments together then, leaning on the rail while behind them, with a great swishing and swoshing, the lascars swabbed decks. They watched the sun rise, shoulder to shoulder, when for most of the ship's lovers the thing was to watch it set. Rising, it would send long rays like golden fingers up over the horizon and touch Sheelagh's hair and her bright, startled eyes, until John, looking at her, saw that she was beautiful when you got to know her well, in a still, secret fashion of her own.

But Mrs. Davis rose most unusually one morning, and looked out of her cabin door at six a.m., and she said it must have been the finger of Fate, for there, outlined against a sky where the last clouds of night were departing and the first fingers of the sun were beginning to feel along the distant rim of the sea, was Sheelagh, and the first officer was holding her hand, and only Heaven knew, said Sheelagh's mother, whether the child had ever been to bed at all.

Such goings on!

She roused her husband and told him to do something; but no father, however devoted, is prepared to do much at six a.m. and in any case, all Mr. Davis wanted was peace. So he pretended not to hear, but snored very convincingly; and Mrs. Davis had to speak to Sheelagh herself.

"A first officer! A common man off a passenger ship! Have you no pride at all, Sheelagh? You will be carrying on with someone's chauffeur next. I shall speak to the captain. I never heard of such presumption."

Sheelagh said with white face and trembling lip:

"But, mother, I love him and he loves me, and I don't care if his mother isn't important and they live in—wherever it is. I would like to marry him and lead that sort of life, too. You don't want me. I've always been a disappointment to you; so, mother, why can't you leave me alone now, and let me be happy in my own way, for I wouldn't worry you any more."

Mrs. Davis was a woman of determination, and she was standing no nonsense of that sort, though she got small support from her husband, who was a kind, unpretentious man if left alone and did not in the least blame Sheelagh for liking John, whose blue eyes and open-air appearance and square figure had an appeal all their own.

And as for saying he was common, well, if he had wanted to, Mr. Davis could have called one or two of his wife's own relations to her memory, but he daren't risk it when all he wanted was peace.

There were no more meetings in the grey of the early morning; and when there was dancing on deck at night John Greatorex did not appear any more. Back among the wallflowers went Sheelagh.

Not that she minded about that, for she was used to it.

But she cried a lot at night thinking of the suburban villa on the outskirts of Liverpool, with its panelled hall and tiled bathroom with chronium taps and every labor-saving device that John had told her about, and because all their lovely dreams could never come to anything, and because her one and only love story had come to an end so soon.

They would not even let her say good-bye to him. He was up on the foredeck all among those things that look like giant sewing machines, the anchor chains, and gadgets, and what-nots, when the passengers disembarked at Rangoon. He stood for a long time, rather dazed, looking after her, neglecting his job for a few moments for the first time in his life.

Sheelagh turned and waved to him, and kissed her hand, although her mother did catch her a wallop with her parasol for that.

"You may not have looks, or sense, but you can cultivate a little poise and dignity, and try to control this insatiable passion of yours for your social inferiors," said Mrs. Davis.

They drove out to the big white house beside the lakes, with its garden full of orange and scarlet cannas, and all the trees festooned with the lush magenta blossoms of the bouganvilla, and its delicate casuarina trees, and its chuprassis in white uniforms with scarlet belts bearing the insignia of the High Court in their turbans; and there were ponies being led about by syces, and lots of little boys in khaki shirts and trousers who were kept to exercise dogs and retrieve tennis balls.

IT was all very imposing and splendid, and no doubt it kept up the prestige of the white man in the East, but Sheelagh was extremely miserable. She got to know the other girls in the place and for a little while dallied half-heartedly on the brink of that set who styled themselves the Bright Young People; but it wasn't a success.

Sheelagh was never really bright.

They thought her staid and odd, and shy. The only person in the world who had never thought her staid or odd was John, and she would never see him any more. Marion Desmond, at that time the acknowledged leader of the Brightness, openly despised her, and Sheelagh knew well enough she was only asked to the gatherings and parties and doings and dances and picnics because the Bell twins, Junie and Janie, who were so kind-hearted that they liked everyone, insisted she must come.

Mr. Justice Davis being an important person in the Province—although he did not realise it half as poignantly as his wife did—it followed that they did a lot of entertaining. Mrs. Davis grumbled incessantly about it.

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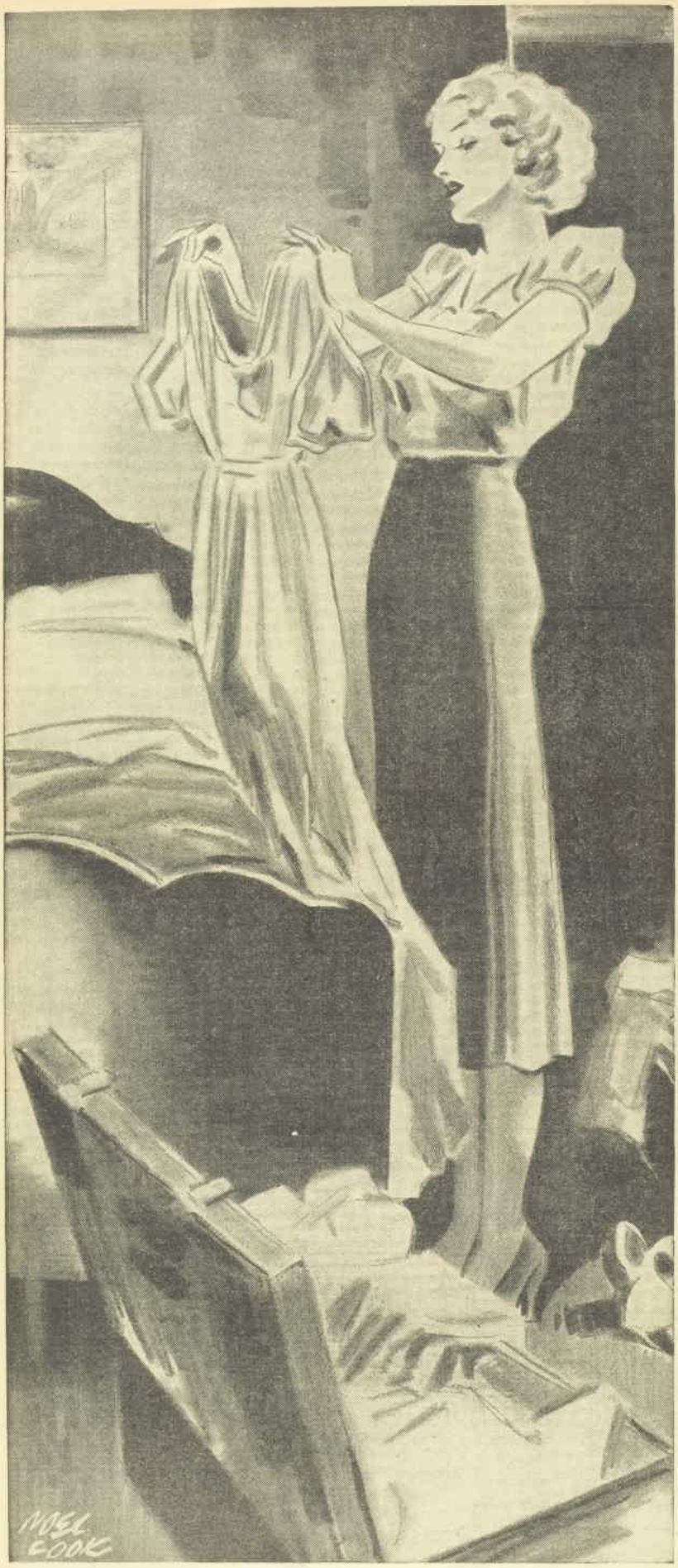

Katharine sighed, and, rising slowly, began to toss the last few articles into her travelling case.

LADY *with* Carnations

Concluding Our Serial of Marriage Versus a Career

By A. J. CRONIN

"WELL, you asked for it." Nancy gave a short, callous laugh. "I keep telling you times have changed. If I want romance or, as you seem to think, if I've got to have it, I can have a lover."

With a strained face Katharine stared at her niece. Could this be Nancy, the child she had known and loved so long, this bright, metallic creature who gauged her emotion in such terms?

"Don't you want children?" she asked in a low voice.

Nancy gave a grimace, quick and petulant.

"Don't you start that on me! Of course I don't. Who does nowadays? Heavens, Katharine! You're too obsolete for words. You don't savvy. There's a younger generation on the way that can't be bothered with those old ideas about the home and maternity and all that rot. They want to live fast. They don't want to settle down. They want to be thrilled. Excitement, life with a kick in it. It's the age of aeroplanes and cocktails and neon signs; all that old sob-stuff is dead as nails. That's how I feel about it, Katharine. And it's about time you knew."

"I don't believe it . . ." Katharine gasped, " at least, not of you."

Nancy rose abruptly, masking the annoyance in her face with a pretence of indifference.

"Sorry you feel that way about it, darling! Tiresome, but it can't be helped. We've got our own lives to lead. That's all." She glanced at the clock significantly and, pushing back her hair with a theatrical air, moved towards her bedroom. "Meantime, I've got to get to the theatre by seven."

"Nancy!" Katharine exclaimed in a tone of final entreaty.

But Nancy seemed not to have heard. The door closed behind her with a sharp dramatic click, and at the sound, which somehow symbolised the end of all her striving, Katharine's heart sank and her figure drooped hopelessly. She had fought with all her strength to convince Nancy and she had failed. Perhaps she was wrong, perhaps her outlook upon life was really out of date, yet she could not help herself.

SHE saw Nancy as a foolish, precocious child who had thrown her happiness away and now ran heedlessly along the high edge of disaster, her eyes dazzled by the glitter, her hands outstretched towards the gaudy bubble of illusion.

All at once a shutter seemed to uncover before Katharine's sight, revealing Nancy in a strange new light, less careless than uncaring, a hard and rather ruthless person whose youth held nothing of softness, whose thoughts were solely bent upon herself.

Quickly, impelled by loyalty and love, the shutter flashed back again, yet something of that harsh impression stayed, pressing down on Katharine, destroying her.

She recollected with a bitter pang those early days when Nancy came to her, a solitary little figure, bereft of her father and her mother, tragic yet strangely tearless. What love had she lavished upon her since then! What plans she had made, and what preparations for her happiness! And this —this casual inconsequence, was the answer to her devotion, the crushing reward of all her tender care.

A wave of pain passed over Katharine, forcing from her lips a low and bitter sigh. Even that last gift of hers to Nancy, the greatest sacrifice of all, had proved as thankless as the rest. She had torn her heart in two by sending Chris away. And Nancy did not want him. She had lost Chris and Nancy, too. Nothing remained but a sense of blind futility.

It was eight o'clock on Saturday evening, and the floor of Katharine's apartment, littered with tissue paper, coat-hangers, rugs, a few articles of clothing and two half-filled suitcases, presented the melancholy spectacle of a belated packing. Her heavy luggage had gone ahead and now, having the moment before dismissed the chambermaid, Katharine sat down to rest, her eyes surveying the wreckage of the room, the untidy carpet, empty vases, the choked wastepaper basket, the faded flowers flung upon the window-sill. It seemed to symbolise her own life, in ruins at her feet.

IN three hours time she would sail on the Pindaric, back to England again in the same old ship which had brought her out. Even this struck her as a symptom of the sleeveless errand of her life. Upton was returning with her. An hour ago he had gone to the shipping office, with the courtesy which so characterised him, to pick up her ticket and ensure that her cabin arrangements—since she had booked at the last moment—were satisfactory and complete. Again she admitted Charley's kindness. He was an obliging fellow, a good friend. Yet she knew irrevocably that he could never be more than that to her. Charley was too weak, too facile, far too soft-fibred ever to awaken or to hold her. Her nature demanded someone vital, someone restrained and deep, whose very silences would master her, whose simplicity would evoke the rushing tenderness of her love.

She was thinking of Madden. She loved him with all her heart and soul, such a love as she had never known or never hoped to know. She would never stop loving him. Already she acknowledged it as her destiny, like that of the poor de Quercy, to carry this secret pain for ever in her breast. She thought of him soberly. She knew that he had checked out at his hotel. He had returned to Cleveland, sick of the vagaries of women, disillusioned and equally determined to close the painful chapter of his recent experience. She was aware of the telephone at her elbow, an instrument which might have been created to restore communication between Madden and herself, yet she would have died sooner than avail herself of it. Her pride forbade it, and the bitter memory of that moment in the Metropolitan when she had told him she would never marry him. That rose as a frightful barrier which nothing could circumvent. No, no! Let him continue to think she did not love him. That was the best solution, the clean-cut remedy. It punished her bungling folly, offered the easiest outlet of escape. Presently he would forget her, marry some American girl, young and beautiful, who would make him happy.

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The GRATITUDE of MIR FEROZ

By G. Radcliffe

Justice was nearly defeated by a perfect alibi and the memory of a vow, in this unusual story of murder on the Indian Frontier . . .

Illustrated by FISCHER

SUBADAR MIR FEROZ told me this story which concerns a murder about five minutes after he had saved "A" Company of the 56th Piffer Rifles, of which I was in command, from destruction. I was grateful. Left to my own devices I would probably have marched in the darkness over the uncharted edge of the Gul Ravine and those of my Punjaubi Musselmen who followed would have perished after the fashion of a Zulu impi immolating itself as an atonement for disgrace in battle.

Luckily Mir Feroz was there to warn me in time. We halted and took our ease until dawn should make it safe to proceed. I don't think anybody was chafed by the delay. We were on night manoeuvres and the guiding principle of all manoeuvres is to avoid over-exertion.

It was pitch dark and very cold. Having warned the sepoys that they were surrounded by bottomless cliffs and that any man who fell over would certainly be crimed for disobeying orders, Mir Feroz invited me to accompany him to the edge of the ravine. He said he knew the spot well and that there was no danger. I didn't believe him and I let him go first.

"You can trust me, sahib," he said over his shoulder as we stumbled forward. "I've fallen over the ravine once and that's enough for any man. It was a long time ago. I was about the same age as the sahib is now and hadn't yet learned discretion. Also, it was a dark night and I was running very fast. I was on my way to rejoin my regiment at Ul and I had my rifle with me. Perhaps it was a good kismet that I did fall over the ravine. When the Wazir dacoits who were pursuing me found that I had fallen over they went home. They knew the rifle would be worthless after such a fall."

"And was it worthless?" I asked.

"Practically," admitted Mir Feroz. "The barrel was bent and the stock cracked. But the damage would have been greater if my body had not assisted to break the fall. The ledge on which I had fallen was forty feet from the top of the cliff and perhaps five hundred feet from the bottom. I lay there a week or it may have been a month or it may have been a hundred years. On my back and quite motionless.

"No, sahib, I erred when I said I was quite motionless. My eyelids had been undamaged by the fall and I could open and shut my eyes at will. So when a vulture came to share my ledge I was perfectly safe. As the sahib knows a vulture is afraid of anything that moves. Yes, I was glad that I had the free use of my eyelids.

"After a thousand years or so a second vulture came and then a third. In fact, there was quite a crowd on my little ledge. They watched over me like doctor sahibs round the bed of a dying man. And they never winked even when the sun was at its brightest. But I winked without ceasing. And after perhaps another thousand years a fourth vulture dropped out of the sky, and when he alighted at my side I saw that he was not a vulture at all, but a man. He had seen my plight and had climbed down the cliff to my assistance at great peril to himself.

"He gave me water, spoke words of hope, and went away, climbing like a fly up the side of the cliff which jutted above my head. A bahadur in very truth! Presently he returned with other men and long ropes. My bahadur came down the ropes and tied me in a sort of cradle. Then he gave the word, and those that were above pulled me up to safety. I was taken to hospital and three doctor sahibs sat round my bed just as the vultures had done and wondered why I did not die. One day when I was somewhat better, the man who had saved me was allowed by the doctor sahibs to pay me a visit. He made light of the matter, saying there had been no danger and would listen to no word of thanks. He would not even tell me his name. But I noted a scar there was on his hand that I might know him again, and I took a strong vow deep in my heart that if ever the chance came to me to do him a service I would seize it at no matter what cost to myself."

"And did a chance come?" I asked. We had seated ourselves with our faces to the East that we might observe the coming of dawn, while behind us "A" Company took its ease.

Mir Feroz shook his head, which in India means "Yes."

"Ay, sahib. Not for a long time, though. It was twelve years later when I had become a havildar attached to the Baluchistan Police. I was putting handcuffs on the wrists of a man suspected of murder when I noticed a scar there was upon his hand. I cried aloud in surprise and joy and embraced him though he was my prisoner and a suspected murderer. And then, even though it was contrary to my duty as a soldier of the Raj, I let him escape."

"Which was very wrong of you," I said. "Still, in the circumstances—as he'd saved your life . . . Well, I dare say I'd have done the same myself. Who was he, and who had he murdered?"

"His name was Pir Khan and he was an outlaw of the village of Thapa Dir. Denvers Sahib had gone thither to effect his arrest for the murders of Captain Malden Sahib and his bearer. Does the sahib remember the case?"

I SHOOK my head.

"Before my time. What happened?"

"Captain Malden Sahib, who was political officer of the Ul District, had sent Pir Khan to the prison at Abbotsahab on a charge of cattle-thieving. When the sentence was pronounced in the court Pir Khan swore in the hearing of all present that he was innocent and that he would take revenge upon Captain Malden Sahib. Two weeks after Pir Khan had been released word came to Fort Ul, where I was, that Calptain Malden Sahib had been murdered. Denvers Sahib went at once to the bungalow to make investigation and he took me with him to assist. When we got to the bungalow we went into the room where Captain Malden Sahib lay. He had been stabbed through the heart while he lay asleep. It was plain to see what had happened. The murderer had entered by the window. When Captain Malden Sahib had cried out at the stab, his bearer, who slept outside the door, had rushed in and him also the murderer had killed with his knife. He had been very clever and had left no traces. He had even had cloth wrapped round his hands lest he should be betrayed by the marks of his fingers.

"But Denvers Sahib was a very clever police sahib and he was doubly zealous to catch the murderer since Malden Sahib had been his friend. He remembered the threat Pir Khan had been heard to utter, and he made up his mind that Pir Khan was the man we wanted. So we set ourselves, Denvers Sahib and I, to find evidence that could be used against him.

"There was none. If Pir Khan had done the murder he must have come secretly at night and gone away at once without letting his face be seen by any man. Though we questioned everyone, we could get no evidence that he had been near the bungalow that night. But Denvers Sahib would not give up hope. Despite the lack of evidence his certainty that Pir Khan was the murderer remained, and he swore he would never rest until he had had him hanged.

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"I took off Pir Khan's handcuffs that he might eat and drink, and it was when he had finished and I was replacing them that I noticed a scar there was upon his hand."

My Favorite Poem

What ere it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood.
—Tennyson.

(Sent in by Miss Kathleen Jeffrey, Lourella Avenue, Hawthorn, Vic.)

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A surging sea of warriors came on the skyline. "Gosh," gasped Hannibal, "that catches the throat."

Illustrated by WEP

The BLADE of the SPEAR

Introducing Savaran . . . debonair rogue and adventurer, in a series of romantic escapades . . .

Complete Short Story by DOUGLAS NEWTON

SAVARAN was sitting in the drawing-room, dining-hall, verandah-lounge and public dustbin — for all these noble chambers were one—of the Ritz-Plaza Hotel, Laonga, when Makepeace Bysshe Amali, the soot-tinted agent of Messle & Messle, Shippers, brought the Great Man to him.

Savaran was resting between Empires. Only a handful of weeks previously he had shattered the fighting Zonghoy, the terrors of mid-Africa, in a series of military miracles which would have left a certain gentleman named Napoleon gasping (if you were to believe Savaran's own considered opinion) and by these victories had made Quali, of the Chellum people, lord paramount over a kingdom almost as large as Middle-Europe.

That kingdom was to have been and would have been Savaran's in time, but there had happened one of those accidents which so often mar great designs. Savaran forgot to keep Quali out of his own harem garden, and when Quali paid an unexpected visit to it, Quali's tenth wife had been in it, and the moon, and Savaran. Quali's tenth wife was pretty.

Quali proved himself a die-hard in such customs and Savaran's retreat had to be swift, if it was also masterly. The latter necessarily so, for his line of escape lay through three European colonies where every policeman was anxious to clap him in gaol and four independent native States with kings were even more anxious to hang him.

He had tried to reach the Gongoda, a people full of Imperial ideals, but empty of all military sense, and thus ripe for a man of his talents. He almost reached them but a certain Mindipi, the Fox, a king of sorts, had headed him off, passing word to the European border states, so that only by a brilliance that almost dazzled himself had Savaran slipped through to Laonga.

An abominable place, Savaran abominated it—yet was pinned to it. On the land side it was hemmed in by European colonies which had doubled their border patrols in the hope of catching him at last; seaward his only escape was by trading tramps manned by seamen only too ready to earn the price put on his head. These things might not have disturbed him, because after all Savaran was Savaran, but there was one grave defect in his position. He was without money or any prospect of gaining money.

"And unless I can find a new throne within the next fortnight," he grinned wolfishly, "even Mustapha Bimbi is going to run me into the common carcel for my washing bill."

It was then that Makepeace Bysshe Amali inserted the Great Man into Savaran's thoughts, saying in a husky and awed whisper:

"Lord Zavarani, I have brought to you a Great Boss, one of the mountain peaks of the world. Abase yourself before him and speak humbly. He is one from whose hands drip power—and riches."

Savaran, before whom kings had rubbed their noses in the dirt, looked up at a small, pudgy, pudding-basin of a man, who glared once at him and snorted in disgust:

"Why, Gosh, it's only a darn hobo!"

Savaran grinned his dark, hawk grin and said: "Sure, brother, just a Field Marshal on his uppers. This is a bad season for Armageddonites."

Makepeace Bysshe Amali wriggled anxiously, muttering.

"But Lord of Infinite Dollars, this is truly the certain person I spoke of—the great War Man. There is not his like in all Africa."

"Why stop at Africa?" asked Savaran.

"It is true," cried Makepeace Bysshe Amali. "No man can make war better for you. He knows the jungle and the desert and their ways, and the fighting habits of the low nigger trash therein as no other man knows them. He is Zavarani!"

"Is he?" snapped the pudgy man. "Well, I'm Klatly!"

He said it as though it were some new planet that had put the sun in its proper place, and he scowled when he found no particular response. Savaran saw that he really must be a tremendous fellow—somewhere. He was a short, panting, pallid man with a radio-active manner and the hair of his forehead carefully shaved to make a brow. And it hurt him to be unknown. He glared stormily and cried again:

"Klatly! Hannibal Klatly!"

Makepeace Bysshe Amali cried fervently in Swahili:

"Speak smoothly and meekly before this little lord. He pays his cash on the nail." With a subtle movement of his hand he gave Savaran a glimpse of a ten-dollar bill, and so Savaran did not kick him into the gutter as was his due, but drew his tall, stringy figure to its full height and cried: "Say, not THE Hannibal Klatly."

HE wondered what the "the" might stand for, but it was certainly effective. The pudgy man relaxed, said:

"Sure! Could there be two?" And then, "You American?"

"Sometimes. Just now I am a free citizen of the kingdom the next police officer can't afford to offend. Do I understand you're looking for a war?"

"You do," said Hannibal Klatly, "and a topliner at that. None of your chicken-run wars need apply. I'm out for the real, red, raging, BIG thing."

"I believe I've met that kind," said Savaran who had led his hundred thousand spears through fires and furies that might have made Attila wince.

"What I mean is—BIG," said Hannibal Klatly. "Gigantic! Or, anyhow, as BIG as mere nigger scrapping can be made."

Savaran's eagle face smiled—perhaps sardonically.

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

LONG... *and* LUXURIOUS

AS the Coronation draws near, fashions become regal, glamorous, extravagant. Evening wraps, especially, assume a new hauteur. Rich fabrics . . . long lines . . . sweeping grace. . .

● VERY STIFF satin-backed black taffeta is used for a long wrap with very full skirt and wide hemline. The swirling cape top is silver fox.

●COPPER slipper satin makes a luscious evening coat with full flared skirt and full topped sleeves. Copper dyed fox fur for the collar.

●BROCADED cloth of gold for the coat with exaggerated back fullness and peaked topped sleeves. Definitely a princess silhouette.

●INK NAVY VELVET makes a slim-fitting wrap with very slightly flared skirt and the merest suggestion of a train. Blue fox fur falls in a low drape to the waist and is caught to the neck at front.

● DARK silver metal lame for a slim-fitting waisted model, buttoning from neck to hem. Very simple of line. Very tailored in appearance.

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The Fashion Parade by Petrov

Where There's a Quill There's a Way!

• *BRILLIANT jewel colors figure in this very new little model by Molyneux. The hat is a tiny sapphire-blue straw and it is trimmed with ruby and emerald pheasant feathers and ribbon. In this case, the group of feathers is thrust through the brim of the hat.*

• *THE Mado model sketched above is a fascinating little affair of black grosgrain. It achieves height with a red feather fancy motif at the left side. It swoops over the right eye, practically obliterating one half of the forehead.*

• *ABOVE: This striking model resembles a plate which has taken unto itself wings. It is of grey straw with tangerine mirasol wings. The Legroux sisters created it.*

• *LEFT: A white-winged Java swallow is poised on this peaked model of blue perlina straw. This is another version of popular halo. It is worn well back on the head revealing both sides of the coiffure.*

• *RIGHT. A visor-shaped toque in grosgrain and cellophane. The peak is of navy felt, and the quill of cellophane is finished with a fancy feather motif.*

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CORONATION INFLUENCE...

● *THE Coronation influence is seen in the jewel accents used as trimming on luxury fabrics. The evening ensemble above is of the new white suede and is trimmed with semi-precious stones in sapphire and ruby shades.*

● *CENTRE: Model evening gown by Traquair in parchment duchess satin. Interesting points are the elbow-length open sleeves, the gathered bustle and the sweeping train, which has been influenced by the official Coronation wear.*

● *TOP RIGHT: Norman Hartnell's design for a peeress' Coronation robe. The gown beneath the robe is of ivory matt duchess satin, hand embroidered with iridescent sequins.*

● *RIGHT: The elaborate braiding design on this jacket is reminiscent of a military ceremonial dress. The little hat is modelled by Suzy.*

20, 30, 40 — which age would YOU choose ?

If you could choose an age and live always at that, never becoming older, which age would you choose? Many will at once say "20!"—but think! Consider how dissatisfied youth can be! Some say 40 is best, for then one's ideas are more settled; one has poise, tolerance, and tact. And what of the happy medium—30—is not that the Golden Age? Who can say? This much can be stated—to-day a woman has it more within her power to "choose her age" than at any time in the world's history. By the use of clever modern rejuvenating beautifiers, of which Kathleen Court's Facial Youth is the great outstanding example, any intelligent woman can quickly look from five to fifteen years younger than she otherwise would . . .

CHOOSE THIS AID — THEN CHOOSE YOUR AGE!

Facial Youth charms from the skin the enemies that age it, restoring to the skin the factors it needs. It corrects moisture-balance, so that, if your skin is too dry, its oil supply is aided, while if it is too oily, that is normalised by the skilfully contrived balancing function of this wonder beauty cream. Another point about Facial Youth is that it is devised so as not to disturb the natural and essential acid coating of the skin—in itself a strong recommendation. Facial Youth retards hair growth on face, neck and arms, while it prevents and "whitens out" freckles, banishes blemishes and holds powder faultlessly when powder is needed. Facial Youth is an *instant-action* beautifier—it makes you look adorably young, fresh and lovely the moment you use it. In day cream form in three sizes—handbag tubes at 1/-, large tubes at 1/9, and jars at 2/6. The cleansing cream form of Facial Youth comes in jars at 2/3, smart ½lb tins 1/9. *Chemists and stores everywhere can supply.*

facial youth BEAUTY CREAM

a bright star among the many brilliant

kathleen court

EXQUISITE GIFTS OF COSMETICS

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An Editorial

MAY 8, 1937.

THE DAY OF THE NEW MOTHER

OUR generation can be proud of having created an admirable tradition—the observance of Mother's Day.

But we have done more than that. We have made our entire era the Day of the Mother.

Never before has so much thought been devoted to the welfare of the mother — not mere sentimental thought, but scientific research and social planning.

We feel a moral compulsion to see that the mother does not have to give up her human rights to life and happiness by submerging herself in the job of maternity.

Scientific methods, labor-saving inventions, and a wide social readjustment have made it possible for a woman to be a good mother and at the same time to enjoy a freedom of action impossible a few decades back.

The mother of to-day can have a career. She can be a sportswoman. She can mix with people, talk and think, work and play, take her part as a citizen.

The mother of yesterday had no less a capacity for all these things, but she had not the opportunity, and if she forced the opportunity, convention was against her.

She was expected, once she married and settled down, to devote herself exclusively to the bearing and rearing of children. And to make sure that she did so devote herself, the job was made one of such drudgery that it occupied all her time, tired her out, and made her old before her time.

The modern mother has no need to grow old. She is just as good a mother as the mother of yesterday—in some respects, through scientific training, she may be better—but her task is not so exhausting; it leaves her still young and lively.

This Mother's Day may well be a tribute to the old mother, who gave up everything for her children, and also to the new mother, who does her maternal job, but manages miraculously to remain an independent person.

—THE EDITOR.

Points of View

Doubtful Benefit

LONDON nudists claim that their cult is a cure for worry.

"Time and again," they say, "we have proved that worry can be thrown off by going naked."

That's all very well! But it sounds like getting rid of one trouble to take on another.

Wouldn't everybody be worrying how to keep warm?

Back to the Home

RUSSIA'S military chief, Voroshiloff, has disbanded the Amazon regiments in the Red Army. "Women are no use in the army," he says. "They are only good for spectacular marches. They should be in the home rearing babies and darning socks."

Well, well. This is just another striking evidence of Russia's retreat from radicalism. It is actually an unconscious compliment to women. They have shown in practice, during the difficult "shock" period in Russia, that they were of use in the army and in industry.

The order for them to return to the home doesn't mean that they can't do men's jobs, but that men can't do theirs!

Russia wants homes and families so she calls on the women!

Guesswork Diets

WHEN an Australian Judge the other day included in an award a standard menu of meals to be served to employees, his choice was later praised by an expert as dietetically sound. The Judge himself remarked that he was no student of diet.

In other words, the workers in this particular industry get a good diet—by luck! Doesn't it seem rather extraordinary that, in such cases, an expert dietitian is not appointed to advise the Judge?

The Judge, as a practical man, should make the decision as to what meals are suitable and practicable—but the expert, who knows the real relation of food to health, should be there to inform the Judge what elements should be included.

Are We a Race of Koalas?

LOTTE LEHMANN, like every other notable visitor from abroad, was no sooner in Australia than she was carted off to be photographed embracing a koala.

Very pretty. They're quaint little creatures that everyone loves, and no doubt Madame Lehmann enjoyed the experience.

But it is hardly an experience she is likely to preserve as one of the major moments of her life, and if a caress from a koala is the most significant gesture of self-expression we can make, visitors are likely to remember us—if at all—as a quaint, jolly people who live at the wrong end of the earth.

Australians are mature enough in most things. It's time they grew up as regards their attitude to themselves and their place in the world.

After all, we are not an uncultured people. We have singers, composers, writers, artists, and sculptors. We have brilliant students, capable engineers—all sorts of people whose doings in any other land would be accounted as important in the life of the nation.

Couldn't we sometimes introduce some of these quaint creatures to visitors, instead of always the koala?

A Lesson in Living

AUSTRALIA took off its hat when the news came through from Darwin that Madge Gaden had gone to the leper island to share her sick father's exile.

Now another tribute is due. Madge has started a school for the aboriginal and half-caste children of the lepers.

She will teach them more than reading and writing. She will teach them what the white race can be at its best . . . whereas too often the natives know only what it can be at its worst.

FANNY ALLSEBROOK SIMON, who inspires a son's beautiful Mother's Day thought on this page. See article column four.

LYRIC OF LIFE

AUSTRALIAN NIGHT

THE rutted road that runs through tree-scarred plains
Has caught the wide and vastly silent night,
Where the unconquered distance still remains
Moon-etched and softly hazed in misted white.

Across the road the strange tree shadows lie
In broken ruts of travelling bullock teams;
New stars are born along the silent sky,
And are not chained to hopeless human dreams.

Here in the vast tranquillity there waits
A healing for the torn and harassed mind,
From cloying doubts and sullen, futile hates,
Here is release for those who seek to find.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Son's Tribute To His Mother

All mothers and all children will be moved by the following eloquent tribute paid by a son to a mother who died recently.

Singularly appropriate, since we celebrate Mother's Day next Sunday, the tribute is by Sir John Simon, Home Secretary in the British Cabinet.

BY the world Sir John is regarded as a man of ice, but his little book, "Portrait of a Mother," paints a different picture of the man, as he himself limns a beautiful verbal picture of his mother, Fanny Allsebrook Simon.

It might well be dedicated to all mothers.

"SHE was the youngest girl in a large family of brothers and sisters," he writes. "She must have been a delightful child, showing all those qualities of gaiety and courage which were hers to the end.

"As a very old lady in these last years she used to keep a ring of great-grandchildren spellbound while she told them how, once upon a time, she really did run away to the gipsies and share their rabbit stew—rabbits probably snared in her father's fields.

Her Romance

"IN her early twenties one of her brothers, who was training for the Congregational ministry at a Birmingham college, brought home with him a young Welsh theological student hailing from a remote farmhouse in Pembrokeshire. They fell in love, and when, soon after, Edwin Simon got his first charge in the Hulme district of Manchester, they were married.

"There are many happy marriages, thank goodness, and this union of nearly fifty years was certainly one of them.

"Perhaps it is a mistake for a son, when burying his mother, to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

"Certain it is that all who had the fortune to know her well felt that her friendship was a perpetual benison, and no description can convey to strangers the flawless impression of fullness of life and sweetness of spirit that she spread around her.

"In these latest years of peaceful old age she spoke seldom of her husband, but he was always in her thoughts. She was not one to make a mope of sorrow; the beauty of holiness mingled easily with her sense of fun.

"To the kind soul who tended her so lovingly in her last illness and discharged for her the intimate duties of the sick room she whispered: 'When I go to heaven (and I hope I may), I shall run straight to the Throne of God and tell Him how good you have been to me and ask Him to reward you openly!'

Son's Best Friend

"NEARLY sixty years ago we were walking, mother and child, hand in hand, down the street which led to our Manchester home.

"A group of small boys of about my own age, strolling along in manly independence, passed us on the pavement, and a glance from one of them prompted me to withdraw my fingers. I hoped she had not noticed the cowardly action and was relieved that she said nothing about it as we walked on.

"As we turned in at our gate I took her hand again. She paused and said very gently: 'My little boy, never be ashamed to hold my hand. A son is never too old to hold his mother's hand.'

"It was so like her to have said nothing till my disloyalty sought to make amends. She never referred to the incident again; I am sure that within an hour it had passed completely from her mind, for with her to forgive was indeed to forget. But with her remorseful six-year-old the memory endured.

"It came back for the last time with that handclasp that means so much when the dying can speak no more."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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MOTHER'S DAY.... *and a* FABLE *with a* MORAL

Sad Story of a Lonely Old Lady Who Sold Wonderful Syrup

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Mother's Day is due any minute now. Mother's Day is the one day in the year on which a man thinks of his poor old mother, wears a white flower in his coat, and goes and borrows a pound from her to go to the races.

If you have a good win, you buy her a bag of boiled lollies, explaining to her that she'll have to make them last until next Mother's Day.

L. W. Lower celebrates Mother's Day by making a fuss of his mother-in-law, the while his wife looks on in amazed admiration. But why has he got his eye on the clock?

THE best way to drum into your thick heads the significance of Mother's Day is to tell you a fable. Now, you make your mother comfortable, put a cushion behind her head, shift the teapot or whatnot a bit closer and turn off the wireless.

Once upon a time, there was an old lady who lived in a wood. She lived all by herself with her son, Jack, the beanstalk climber, Goldilocks, the well-known female bear tamer, and an unemployed woodman.

He could have been employed, but he had a very sensitive nature. You only had to say, "Oh, woodman, spare that tree!" and he'd knock off and go home.

The woodman was a very conservative man who seldom spoke to anyone except when he visited the local wizard for a game of euchre. The wizard always won.

A Strange Caller

ONE day there was great excitement when Sinbad the Sailor dumped his bags on the verandah and yelled out for Mother Shipton, for such was the old lady's name.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as she opened the door, "I've called for a bottle of your celebrated syrup. Far and wide I have heard of your syrup——"

"Who sent you here?" asked Mother Shipton, suspiciously.

"Haven't you heard!" exclaimed Sinbad. "This is Mother's Day!"

"Lawks a mercy!" cried Mother Shipton. "So it is! Come inside. Don't sit in there, that's the sitting-room. Come into the kitchen. I just got a batch of scones on. I wonder if that old cat, Mother Hubbard, knows about it? Too busy starving that poor dog of hers, I'll swear.

New Neighbors

"MOTHER'S DAY, eh? My, how time does fly! Now, how many bottles of syrup do you want? And are you goin' to take 'em away or drink 'em on the premises? I near as a touch got pinched last Sunday when that good-for-nothing giant walks out of here with a bottle in his hand. In his HAND, mind you!

"And talking about Mother's Day—did you hear the scandal about that woman up the road who lives in a shoe? I'm not a person to talk, but I could tell you some things about that woman that'd surprise you. Mother's Day, indeed! What she wants is a good talking to.

"Did you hear that we've got new neighbors? Mr. and Mrs. Lower. I believe she leads him a dog's life."

"Well," said Sinbad. "He's come to a good place for it."

Homely Touch

"OH, you men!" exclaimed Mother Shipton, playfully. "Now, you just watch those scones while I set the table. When we've had dinner you can help me wash up."

"Who? ME!" exclaimed Sinbad. "What do you think I am!"

"But I thought you said it was Mother's Day!" mumbled the old lady.

"Sure it is," said Sinbad. "Bring me the evening paper and get my slippers. You'll find 'em in my bag in the hallway. And make it snappy with the dinner. I'm going out to-night."

"All right. I'm going as fast as I can, dear. Where are you going, dear?"

"To the Mother's Day Ball. Better light a fire in my room. I may be a bit late getting home, so you can leave a bit of supper in the kitchen if you're not going to sit up for me."

"Dear me," mumbled Mother Shipton, as she trotted off on her tasks, "this Mother's Day will be the death of me. I'm glad it only comes once a year.."

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All women can make themselves doubly attractive if they take their nightly Bile Beans, and get for themselves that inner health which is reflected in outer beauty and glamour.

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It starts with tender gums that bleed easily when brushed. As it progresses it spreads dangerous poisons throughout the system, often loosening teeth in their sockets until they fall out or extraction is necessary.

False teeth at best are only a substitute for your own, and so often they are only the penalty of thoughtlessness and neglect.

At the first sign of Pyorrhea go right to your dentist for a careful oral diagnosis. Modern dentistry can work wonders and save you untold trouble if you rely on it in time.

Between visits to your dentist your teeth are your *own* responsibility. Therefore choose your dentifrice with utmost care.

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It is really folly to take a chance. Decide now not to gamble any longer. Visit your dentist regularly and brush your teeth with Forhan's twice a day. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

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THE *Ice-Cream* MAN

Continued from Page 5

"So tiresome that we must, when everyone is trying to economise; but we have our position to keep up, difficult as it is these hard times. We owe it to your father's position to do things well and keep up appearances."

So, night after night, the garden was lit with fairy lamps and striped carpets laid out on the dew-soaked grass to keep the guests from wetting their feet, and sampans apeing gondolas waited on the still waters of the lake for couples, and supper was served in a shamiana upon the tennis court.

"If you do a thing at all, do it well, is my motto," said Mrs. Davis, as she shook out the folds of a new black lace frock. She was always very beautifully dressed. Sheelagh's dresses were usually her cast-offs, adapted by a dursee on the back verandah.

"For in these hard times," said her mother, "I cannot afford to give you unlimited frocks. You are very young, and there is nothing more horrible than a young girl who gets blase and spoilt at your age, so I do not think it necessary you should appear at every party we have to give."

So it ended in Sheelagh appearing at very few of the parties, just as her mother hoped she might. Mostly she would hang over the bannister-rail and watch the guests arrive, and later the ayah would bring her up a dish of ice cream, just as if she was still the little girl her mother wished she was; for it is disastrous the way daughters, growing up, prove without doubt to a spiteful world that their mothers must be over forty no matter how carefully they have patted in the cold cream and applied the astringent lotion, with the wrinkles and not across them.

Sometimes alone on the upper verandah, Sheelagh played a game. At the top of the staircase John Greatorex appeared suddenly and held out his arms to her.

"Sheelagh! Darling! Everything has come right," he said, "and we can marry at once." Then she was gathered to his heart.

Alas, it was never anything but a dream, for the only time he ever tried to see her he was thrown most unceremoniously out of the house by Mr. Davis, who didn't really want to do it, but found himself in a quandary, because all he cared about was a quiet life. When Sheelagh opened her eyes there was always just the empty verandah, the tucktoo clamped like a toy crocodile to the wall, the lizards tittering away up on the ceiling, as if they had rude jokes of their own.

So the cold weather passed in an orgy of parties, and Sheelagh went out now and again with the Bright Young People and it was never much of a success. And she watched all the other girls and their romances from afar, and envied Hester Mackintosh who was married and had a bungalow of her own and silk cushions, and a silver tea-pot, and someone to love her, although she wasn't a day over twenty.

"How lucky some folks are," said Sheelagh.

The end of the season was in sight, and all the house and grounds were gaily caparisoned out beside the lakes, for the final party of the year.

"And goodness knows," said Mrs. Davis, "how glad I shall be when it is over. The expense is something terrible. Butler, the small car, please. I suppose I must go down town and get my shopping done."

She paused in the doorway.

"I don't know what you feel about it, Sheelagh, but I think it would be just as well if you stayed quiet to-night. You haven't been looking too well lately, and all these late nights are bad for a girl of your age. Your frocks are all horribly shabby, and I can't afford to give you a new one, with all this dreadful expense. . . ."

"I daresay I should be happier upstairs," said Sheelagh, who knew her cue. "I'm never terribly good at parties. . . ."

Mrs. Davis paused before the mirror and pulled on her little felt hat. Marvellously young-looking, she was. You wouldn't have put her down at a day over thirty-five, if you hadn't seen Sheelagh, and Mrs. Davis had reasons of her own for wishing not to appear a day over thirty-five that night, because of the charming American who was coming to her party. She had made quite a conquest the other night, and people said he was a millionaire. And, with Sheelagh conveniently upstairs. . . .

So worked the mind of Mrs. Davis, as she pulled a few curls out against each smooth cheek and gave a touch of lipstick to her mouth.

Sheelagh said: "Mother, don't tell Marian and Junie and Janie and Hester I'm upstairs, though, will you? They might think it odd."

She had her pride.

"I won't say anything, though I'm sure they are all much too taken up with their own affairs, my dear, to bother. I hear Mrs. Desmond is hoping Captain Wetheral will propose this next week, to Marian. I'm sure I don't know if there is anything in it."

Sheelagh stood at the window, looking out over the tropical garden and thinking of Marian. Was she, also, going through those sleepless nights and tragic early mornings when you feared that someone who had kissed you once would never kiss you any more?

From the depths of her kind little heart Sheelagh hoped not, because no one knew better than she did what it is like, that glimpse of a fairyland forlorn never to be attained, and she was still haunted by the vision of the small house in a row with every labor-saving device that was more enchanting to her than any Royal Palace, but which could never be hers.

She hadn't any money to run away with, even if she had had the courage for it.

So the fairy lanterns twinkled in the gardens, and the shamiana was erected on the tennis court, and decorated sampans waited on the lake, and, seeing all this splendor, Sheelagh suddenly changed her mind and was filled with a great longing and she wanted to go to the party. Her black lace frock, adapted from an old one of her mother's, wasn't really so bad. She said as much, tentatively, at lunch time.

Her mother was quite firm. She had her millionaire to think of.

"Impossible," she said. "I can't have you about the place looking like a little shop girl. You had better stick to your first arrangement. After all, you are very young . . ."

Sheelagh said nothing more. But she did wonder, just now and then, whether her mother imagined she had no feelings whatever.

Please turn to Page 16

GIRLIGAGS

GEORGE may "wear the pants" in their household, but that doesn't mean an apron won't fit over them.

KESTOS VERSATILITY

The Kestos Brassiere in its Dual-Purpose role proudly presents new features in its initial design which spell added satisfaction to its fair wearers.

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Empire's Royal Mother On Eve Of Coronation

NEXT SUNDAY the world celebrates Mother's Day. Here is a new picture of the Empire's First Lady and Mother, Queen Elizabeth, and her Princess daughters, Elizabeth (left) and Margaret Rose. Last week the King and Queen celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of their marriage.

By Air Mail

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THE *Ice-Cream* MAN

Continued from Page 14

THE party night was a very glamorous night, the garden lit like a Christmas bazaar and the moon hanging out over the lakes, like an orange lantern mirrored in the water.

It was as if the whole night stood on tiptoe, waiting for the coming of romance. Fireflies vied with the fairy lamps in lighting up the bushes, and fruit bats went winging away over the water, and were lost in the darkness.

Over the railing leaned Sheelagh, watching, all unseen, the guests arrive. She wore a red and white check cotton frock, red shoes and no stockings and a necklace of red beads that Janie Bell had given her, because she thought it so dreadful that Sheelagh had so few Christmas presents . . .

There was Binnie Barber—Binnie, that queer, cold girl, straight and white as a little lily. Someone had wanted to marry her so much that he had wept and said: "Why do you bring a lovely thing like this out here to break a man's heart?"

But Binnie would have nothing to do with love, and only wanted to stay with her mother, and do needlework and play with the dogs, and people said it was because she was so very young . . .

And there was Marian Desmond, with her pretty, alive little olive-colored face, and Captain Wetheral in devoted attendance. Would he propose to-night? Ah me—romance everywhere, but never a bit to spare for Sheelagh, hanging over the stair-rail.

There was Hester Mackintosh. Sheelagh could not understand her. She looked so discontented, and people said she was flirting with Alec Bestal, which seemed silly, for she had such a dear little house of her own and someone to love her.

"People," though, Sheelagh, "don't know when they are well off."

She saw her mother, talking gaily to a tall man whose face was hidden from Sheelagh, who looked down on to the top of a very thickly-thatched head. The music began and they all drifted away, and Sheelagh curled herself up on the sofa with a book. Presently the ayah came upstairs with a dish and one plate and two spoons and the wreck of a large ice pudding.

"Something nice for missie," she said.

"No cloud but has its silver lining," said Sheelagh to herself as she took a large helping and set to.

She had hardly begun when there were footsteps on the stairs. Oh! she never heard footsteps on those stairs without hoping it might be John; so she sat, the plate of ice cream in her lap, the spoon poised half-way between it and her lips, watching . . .

Up came a very tall man, with thick brown hair going grey about the ears, and a pair of small grey eyes that twinkled humorously behind thick horn-rimmed glasses.

"I SAW ice-cream," he said . . .

Sheelagh stared at him.

"There's—there's lots downstairs," she said.

"They give you lady-like helpings on small glass plates. It slops about," he said, "but this was ice-cream in bulk, the way I like it. Do we eat?"

"Well, you can if you don't mind taking the dish," said Sheelagh.

"Mind!" he said, settling down beside her.

Although he was large and tall and distinctly important-looking, he ate that ice-cream with the abandon and gusto of a schoolboy. Sheelagh watched him, between spoonfuls, with some surprise.

"That," he said, "is what I call a Complete Ice-Cream. Those little dollops they dish out below there are no good to me. Now, that was real kind of you . . . And who may you be?"

"Why—I'm Sheelagh Davis . ."

His eyes widened. "Then, sakes alive, why ain't you at the party? It's a grand party."

She said, on an impulse, "Do you really want to know?"

She had no idea why she said it. She had never wanted to tell anyone before, but he was such an unusual sort of person, so important-looking and old, and at the same time so young that she felt, for the first time for ages, that she had got someone who would listen and understand. She said:

"Because I'm a disappointment, that's why. I'm a girl, and then, I'm plain, and my mother doesn't want to have a grown-up daughter anyway because, you see, she doesn't really feel much older than I am, herself. I'm not supposed to know and I'm not supposed to mind, and I mind like anything."

She began to cry. All the suppressed hurts and disappointments and abandoned dreams and longings to go to the parties of a whole season suddenly swamped her, and she could not fight against them any more.

"Dog-gorn!" said the stranger, and for a while he did not say anything else whatever, but just sat looking at her.

"Don't take any notice of me," sobbed Sheelagh. "I'm used to it. You'd better go back," sniff . . sniff . . . "and enjoy yourself at the party."

The stranger said, "I'm enjoying this fine. I got the two things I like best right up here on this verandah. Ice-cream and romance."

Please turn to Page 32

"This new Swiss treatment banished my CATARRH"

. . . mine was a stubborn case.

Amazing results are reported by catarrh sufferers who have benefited from the recent discoveries of a brilliant Swiss research scientist. Mucous discharges, stuffiness, phlegm and bad breath vanish when patients adopt his treatment . . . headaches, head noises, deafness, loss of vitality and the numerous symptoms attendant on this disease are ended with magical swiftness. Over 900,000 persons in England and America gained relief with this simple home treatment; and it is now available to sufferers in Australia.

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BLADDER TROUBLE
or any Urinary Irregularities

It is most important that any pain in the back or other symptom of Kidney Trouble is dealt with promptly, for this complaint gets progressively worse unless treated properly.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially prepared to reach the kidneys and to heal and strengthen them. This you can see for yourself within 24 hours of taking them.

You will be quite safe in taking a course of De Witt's Pills as soon as you feel any of the symptoms of Kidney Trouble. They gently but surely nurse the kidneys back to health. Once again the impurities (uric acid, bacteria, dead cells) are removed regularly from the body and you again know what good health means.

Thousands upon thousands have proved for themselves that De Witt's Pills do all that is claimed for them—they heal and strengthen weak kidneys. So do not suffer longer. Go to your chemist to-day and get a supply of De Witt's Pills. A few days after taking them you will experience the happiness of returning health and relief from pain.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- & 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. There has been no change in the formula. The drugs used are the best that money can buy.

To gain healthy flesh, a graceful form, freshness and beauty; make your blood rich,

it is the only way!

If your blood is weak and poor that means it lacks red corpuscles, and so is unable to supply the necessary nourishment to your system.

The result is a wasting away that is difficult to stop unless you get at the real cause of the trouble. Food alone fails to nourish you; the only way to overcome the mischief is to enrich your blood with a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Because of the vital elements they supply to the blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills multiply the red corpuscles that give strength to your body. The enriched blood carries new life through your veins, improves digestion and gives firm flesh and a graceful form; your skin becomes fresh and clear, while health and beauty become apparent, thanks to the remarkable effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

It is a new life that begins for you.

All chemists and stores sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, price 3/- per bottle

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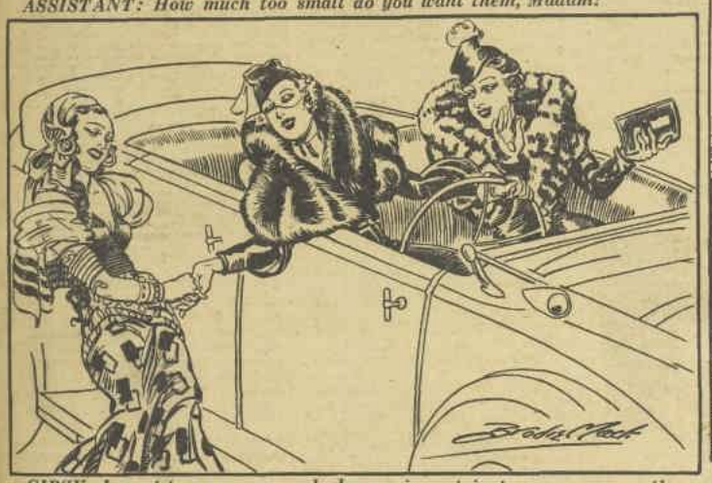
Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

SHOPPER: I'm looking for a pair of shoes.
ASSISTANT: How much too small do you want them, Madam?

DINER: There's no fish in one of these fish patties, waiter.
WAITER (a keen fisherman): That's the one that got away, Madam.



GIPSY: I want to warn you—a dark man is certain to cross your path.
FRIEND: Don't warn her—warn him.

SMALL SON: Would you be able to manage my homework by yourself, Dad? I want to go to the pictures.

"I know, Mrs. Wills. Every mother has the same trouble with children sooner or later.

I've had a lot of experience and my advice is—give 'California Syrup of Figs'—'*Califig*.' There's nothing like it for keeping the stomach and bowels in good order. It's so natural yet so sure. It acts on the bowels like fruit and does not create a habit.

So many Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children that I am sure it's the best, and you need to be sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Wills.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realise that they're courting danger.

Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHERE are you going to get that cheque of yours cashed?"
"I couldn't say. I can't think of a single place where I'm unknown."

EXPLORER: And there, as I entered the room, I came face to face with a ferocious ape. What do you think I did?
Bored Listener: Removed the mirror.

"DID you know that May married a janitor?"
"No. How did that happen?"
"He swept her off her feet."

SMITH: Are you economising at your house?
Brown: No. We're simply eating less for the same money.

BILL: My wife kisses me every time I come into the house.
Bob: Affection?
Bill: No; investigation.

VIOLET: Your husband looks very frail, dear.
Jeanette: Yes; you can knock him over with a ten-guinea hat.

HE: I like to go to church.
She: Why?
He: Well, it's comforting to see one man keep so many women quiet for an hour.

"DID you kill all the germs in baby's milk?"
"My, yes, I ran it through the meat chopper twice."

Ask the man at the Top
if there's room for you!

● IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU!

Call in and see us. Ask us to explain the possibilities which exist and how you can fit yourself to secure your chance in life. You can be on the road to success in twelve months' time if you act now.

AGE IS NO HANDICAP

Employers will give chances to men and women who are training with H. & R.—but they cannot be expected to give a position to the untrained person who has nothing to offer. They pay for what you know—for what you have that is of value to them. Ask the men at the top if there's room for you? "Yes, if you are trained—by H. & R."
Post the coupon for our illustrated handbook, "The Guide to Careers in Distribution."

OUR 40th YEAR.
Personal-Individual Tuition. Open till 8 p.m. Fridays.
Department of Distributions

Hemingway & Robertson

"There is plenty of room—plenty of positions—for all who are willing to train and fit themselves for a new career in Distribution." Commerce is being re-organised and men and women who missed their opportunity in early life have equal chances with the younger ones if trained for this new career by H. & R.

MARKETING & SELLING—MARKETING & ADVERTISING—PRACTICAL RETAIL SELLING—MODERN MERCHANDISING.

Think of the number of times you have wanted to enter this field—and think of the times you were told—"Well, there's nothing at present. I'll put your name down on the list." Why did that happen? Simply because you had nothing to offer the employer. You may have had years of experience—you may have had none—the answer would be the same. But with a thorough training under H. & R. guidance—with H. & R. service—you would have been able to take your choice of positions.

To Hemingway & Robertson
Please send me free copy of new edition, "The Guide to Careers in Distribution."
Name ..... Age ....
Address .....
Subject interested in .....
19/DD278

Melbourne: 19 Bank House, Bank Place, Cl. Sydney: 19 Barrack House, 16 Barrack Street. Offices in Melbourne, Sydney, Newcastle, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart and Launceston. H. & R. Nearest Capital City is sufficient address.

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THE BLADE *of the* SPEAR

"NIGGER scrapping can be quite reasonably red and raging," he grinned with rising spirits. "Especially when planned to large scale—if that's your aim."

"There isn't a scale too large," scowled Hannibal Klatly. "This has got to be—terrific! Immense! Titanic clashes of raging savages. Horror! Majesty! Splendor! Above all reality. The Real Thing."

"There's quite a lot of it in Africa," smiled Savaran, his heart bounding. The man was quite mad but his money seemed good. "Who do we march against?"

"Eh? Oh, who are we fighting? That's a detail," said the astonishing Hannibal Klatly. "Just whack up your armies. I'll see to the rest."

Certainly the little man was quite mad, but before giving way to disappointment, Savaran put him to the crucial test.

"Wars are expensive hobbies," he said.

"I'll foot any bill up to one hundred thousand dollars," said Hannibal Klatly with an indifference which almost took Savaran's breath away. "But I've got to have a dollar's worth for every dollar. Big stuff! Heart wringing reality! It must catch at people's throats an' leave 'em limp with passion and pity, horror and the tenderness of young love."

Savaran stared. The fellow was amazing, even for a madman. Passion and horror and the tenderness of young love! In Africa! In war! Red ugliness to be spoken of in the cloying captions of the cinema. . . .

Abruptly he threw back his head and laughed his harsh, fierce laugh.

"And all this—this red, raging

Continued from Page 8

warfare, is for the films. I take it?" he chuckled.

"Gosh man," cried the pudgy fellow. "What else? Hain't I told you I'm Hannibal Klatly, of Klatly's Hyper-star Productions, Inc.? Don't you read the papers never? Guess the whole world knows I'm here with Elveleta Lawless and Max Drelf making 'Red Love in the Jungle.'"

"You know," said Elveleta Lawless in her slow, rich drawl, "in spite of my he-man complex there's a sorta something about you, Mr. Savaran, that gets me."

"I remember a princess of Arab blood making much the same remark," smiled Savaran. "But not so prettily."

Elveleta Lawless laughed in her free and splendid way. What a throat she had, thought Savaran; he knew queens who might envy it.

"You and your princess stuff," she said. "Comic! You'll be calling yourself king next."

"I prefer emperor," he said with his ferociously genial smile. "I've got into the habit."

"Yeh, you do look Lord Caesar of all the Huns," she said. "You're like a fierce man-eating bird—with a sense of humor. Queer—my taking to you, because I'm prone to the real military type."

"And what type's that?" asked Savaran, tingling in his thirty battle wounds.

"Well—Max, of course," she said. "The real, cold, hell-anyhow, and what's death kind of mar. But then Max has been a real soldier."

Savaran looked through the hot, spice-scented glooms of Messle & Messle's great freight godown, to where a streamline man with machine-tooled features and a super-supercilious manner stormed in distinctly Balkan Californian at a baggage-man for allowing tropic heat to melt his grease paints.

"Yes, real soldiering does make a lot of difference," said Savaran. "Mr. Drelf served in the war?"

"Sure," said Elveleta. "Against us, of course, but that wasn't his fault. He belonged to one of the down-trodden nations. He drove a Major-General at the base during all the fiercest fighting at the front all the same, so what Max doesn't know about war isn't worth knowing."

Savaran's dark face creased in its eagle smile. How she amused him, Savaran, before whom fighting giants had gone down. Also, how she thrilled him, for she was beautiful and he was Savaran.

"SO you want your war real, too?" he smiled fiercely.

"Gee, yes," she cried and he could appreciate her intensity, for he, too, in his way, was an artist. "I've got to feel it here," she touched her superb young breast. "I've got to know the terror and horror of it, how else can I make others feel? You must make it big, Mr. Savaran."

"It will be as big as Africa—no, as Savaran can make it," he said in his large way, "since you want it so."

"And Hannibal, too," she said. "See, here, Hannibal isn't easy to please. He wants this as real as a clap of thunder, that's why we're here where primitive passion carries the authentic hallmark. And if you don't give him what he's after he'll—he'll tear you up and throw you away."

"And that idea doesn't please, Elveleta?" he said softly.

"Funny, isn't it?" she frowned, puzzled at herself. "I never saw anything in this sheik stuff—before." Her firm little chin went up. "Anyhow, you're too amusing to miss, so put red blood into those battles of yours, Savvy, and if you find the going hard get Max to help . . . Here, Max."

The semi-glacial young man was walking towards the sun-brazen door of the godown. He stopped, looked right through Savaran and said in his smooth Czecho-American:

"So Elveleta, you are having to bawl-out property mens, too? It is disgusting, the handling of our baggage. The creases have been so squashed out of my best battle tunic that I do not see how I am to do war in it at all. Also, all my medal ribbons have been torn."

"I'll give you some garter ribbon," she smiled. "But listen. I've been talking to Savvy about our war. You'll give him a tip or two about real fighting, won't you, Max?"

"But, yes, I mean to," said the hero grimly. "Those war shots have got to be big stuff."

"Big also seems to be Hannibal Klatly's morning and night prayer," said Savaran genially.

"Yes, but I know," frowned Max Drelf. "There won't be any fooling me with dummy soldier stuff, see. This war is to be real, red hot . . . War in the raw.

Please turn to Page 20

Mother's Day

Dear Mother, on this day we set apart
To honor you with love, with gifts, with praise,
'Tis very hard to say what's in my heart,
Framing my thoughts in grand poetic ways.

So I will leave that task to those to-day
Who can command a phrase both grand and clear,
And merely kiss your soft pink cheek and say,
"I love you, Dear!"

—Elizabeth Browne.

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

WRITE NOW!

Everybody is welcome to write to this page on any topic that interests her. Letters should be short and concise. Address to which entries should be sent may be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

HUMAN DOORMATS

MOST of us have been taught from babyhood that the outstanding feminine virtue is unselfishness, but excessive cultivation of this quality does more harm than good. Mothers, maiden aunts, and devoted sisters, who always put the interests of the little ones before their own, are encouraging selfishness in those they desire to serve.

The joy of giving to others should not be one-sided. The woman who is intelligently selfish calls forth the best in her loved ones, by making it clear that her needs must be served as well as theirs. She is more likely to be appreciated than the human "doormat" who simply asks to be trodden on.

£1 for this letter to Miss M. A. Cookson, Bennett's Rd., East Brisbane SE1, Qld.

* * *

MEN'S JEALOUSY

I AGREE with most of the statements of the Queensland Premier, Mr. Forgan Smith, which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly, April 10, that women's viewpoints on education, health, child welfare, domestic affairs and economics would be invaluable in Parliament, but I question whether the reason for their not making that contribution is "because they cannot get votes to put them into Parliament."

Political parties are not willing to give women an even chance with men to see if they can secure the votes; the seat has to be an almost hopeless one before they will endorse a woman candidate.

While mediocre men may win and hold the confidence of their party a woman must have all the capabilities of a statesman of the first rank before they will admit that she is well worth a position in the House, and entitled to equal salary with the men members.

Isabel McCorkindale, 11 Rose Terrace, Wayville, S.A.

* * *

KITCHEN DEFENDED

IT is very lamentable to note the large number of business women who openly despise the kitchen.

An office girl once remarked that "brawn" was all that was necessary to run a kitchen successfully. But I think it requires brains.

One must know how to buy, and where to buy to be able to get the best for one's money; also to understand food value and how to retain food value when preparing the food. The health of the community depends on this. And one must be a master of economy to be able to balance one's budget.

A smoothly-run kitchen is the keynote of a happy home. I admire Hitler for his doctrine: "Women to the kitchen!"

Mrs. Lilian Bond 12 Steward St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

* * *

CAN'T TRUST WOMEN

AT the risk of arousing the righteous indignation of many readers I contend that women as a body are absurd and childish.

Have you ever realised at any of our business offices, social gatherings, or other meeting places for women the extraordinary relish with which most of us women seize an opportunity to discuss one of our fellow-workers or companions who happens to be safely out of earshot? You may be the critic yourself or you may be the unfortunate "criticised." You cannot even trust your dearest "friends" to speak for you.

Surely if friendship amongst women is to attain any ideal whatsoever, it should have no place for such frivolous fatuity.

Mrs. D. Anderson, 25 Boundary Street, South Brisbane.

How Happiness May Best Be Achieved

IN answer to Mrs. Jennings, who attempts to analyse the causes and state of happiness:

Happiness is a state of mind which comes from a consciousness of duty well done and of service to others. The truly happy people are those who enjoy giving without any thought of gain.

To be happy one must be contented, and this state comes from counting our blessings.

It is the little acts of kindness done, the little courtesies, the disposition to be helpful, sympathetic, and considerate, that, added up, are the secret of a happy day.

L. Cropper, Gilda Avenue, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Realising Ambition

WHAT brings true happiness? Some say that unlimited wealth does, and emphasise the fact that poverty brings unhappiness. But we often find that the poorest person in a community is the happiest.

I think that happiness comes through our own efforts. By utilising all the inherent ability we possess, and choosing a career which is congenial to our tastes and ambitions, we put ourselves on the road to happiness. That is why parents should teach their children self-reliance from the earliest years. By doing this they are helping them to achieve happiness in adult life.

Mrs. J. Turnbull, Melville Dairy, Bicton, East Fremantle, W.A.

Happy-Go-Lucky

HAPPINESS does not necessarily come from helping others, although, of course, it may in many cases. I think it comes to those who worry least about past or future, and who haven't got a very searching conscience.

Further, I don't think it necessary to suffer to be happy. From observation, I know that those who have never known any real misfortune are perfectly happy—as happy as anybody else I know.

"Happiness comes to those who worry least."

Miss Waddington, Fisher St., Unley, S.A.

Submerge Self

I WAS much impressed by Mrs. Jennings' discussion of happiness, and would offer this as my own solution: "Happiness comes only from a great love and much serving."

It seems to me that the more time we occupy in thinking of others, the less time there is to worry over our own troubles, and I am sure I am not the only one who has discovered this great truth.

I know those who have will agree with me when I say that no one can experience true happiness until she has, by her own actions, gained the love and faith of one who is dear to her.

Miss C. L. Sands, 219 Main North Rd., Nailsworth, S.A.

Study Self First

THE greatest happiness comes after you have achieved something you have striven for—realised some ambition solely by your own efforts. Also at the birth of your first-born, when again you experience that divine sense of achievement and self-fulfilment, which is the highest, indeed the only, happiness.

No; happiness is not got in helping others, but in helping self.

Mrs. Chisholm, Mayne St., Launceston, Tas.

What Women Gain by Leaving Erring Husbands!

MRS. WOODLAND (17/4/'37) asks what a woman has to gain by leaving an unsatisfactory husband.

Perhaps she gains little, but she retains her self-respect. What woman could take food and clothing from a man who no longer loves her? And would it not be best for children to suffer a little physical discomfort rather than to be reared in an unhappy atmosphere?

Mrs. Wilson, 132 Juliett St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Might Return To Her

I AGREE that a wife has little to gain by leaving a philandering husband.

Although the ties of mutual love and understanding between husband and wife are broken, still a woman is bound irrevocably to her home and hearth set up through years of struggling and self-sacrifice.

Would she not be more content if she retained her dignity as mother and mistress of her own home than if she retired, acknowledging defeat, leaving the field open to another?

After all, a husband, quite often disillusioned, finds true worth in wife and home, and so returns to the fold.

Mrs. James Pearson, Main Road, Fairy Meadow, South Coast, N.S.W.

Courtesy Pays!

IF people would only realise the value of courtesy in everyday life they would find living much easier.

Courtesy makes friends. Frequently people find that they are disliked because, through lack of this fundamental, they unwittingly hurt the feelings of those with whom they come in contact.

You will generally find that even the most ill-mannered person will respond to a courteous attitude, and will in return himself be obliging, if only for shame's sake.

So let us all follow the golden rule of "Courtesy to all." It pays every time.

Miss O. Short, 24 Nevorie Crescent, Maroubra, N.S.W.

No General Rule

THIS question rests entirely upon the kind of woman the wife is. She may still be affectionate towards her husband, no matter what his faults; or she may wish to stay with her husband because of children they possess; or, again, because of the financial security in which she is thus placed.

Those who leave their philandering husbands are usually those who either have too much pride to "stay in the same house" with their husbands, or those whose affections change when they learn their husbands no longer care. There can surely be no general rule in such cases.

Len Williams, 26 Thomas Street, Unley, S.A.

Maintains Her Pride

HOW could any woman, who at some time has held all her husband's love, be content with just "the crumbs of his affection"?

I do not think her pride would allow her to remain his wife just to be sure of having sufficient food and clothing.

Miss H. Hopkinson, Kitchener, via Cessnock, N.S.W.

She Gains Peace!

SURELY Mrs. Woodland cannot be serious when she advises any woman to waste her life and ruin the character of her children by accepting the "crumbs of her husband's affection!"

What peace or happiness could there be in a home of that kind?

Better, a thousand times, for the mother and children to leave and fend for themselves.

Mrs. Nellie Hendickson, Albert St., Speer's Point, Boolaroo, N.S.W.

Should Rewards and Prizes Be Cut Right Out?

I CONSIDER Miss MacDonald's statement (17/4/'37) that all rewards should cease is rather sweeping. It is a feeling of pride in something well done that urges most people to strive hard in whatever they undertake more than any reward. The prize itself is just additional reward for one's endeavor.

Mrs. J. B. Mylius, 23 Esmond St., Unley, S.A.

Why Bother?

MISS MacDONALD apparently means she would like to dispense with tangible rewards — money, gold cups, and the like. But the just praise of one's fellows, the consciousness of something well done, the sense of victory, are just as substantial rewards as any money.

Why begrudge the tangible reward?

So long as people get the results, what matter the form in which they prefer their reward?

Betty Winton, Adelaide St., Hobart.

Rewards Spoil Beauty

YOUR correspondent speaks very truly. A reward, especially a monetary reward, for a fine deed takes away all its beauty. The greatness remains, but the beauty has gone, and surely beauty is a thing we need to cling to in our everyday lives.

Mrs. E. Atkinson, 63 Victoria St., Potts Point, N.S.W.

PERFECT BLISS

I HAVE often wondered at the marital unhappiness of couples after the arrival of their children, and on more than one occasion have been asked for an opinion as to whether a wife and mother should give the greater affection to husband or to child.

But I consider that a sensible and well-balanced woman should know that her love for her husband is strengthened by her love for her child. With a child's arrival there comes that perfect trinity of father, mother, and child, which undoubtedly brings the greatest happiness and contentment.

Any other opinions?

Ara Montgomery, 456 Punt Rd., S. Yarra, Vic.

* * *

IS POESY DEAD?

IN this age of cheap fiction how many of us find time to read the beautiful works of the great masters of poetry? How many of us have ample time to pore over worthless books, while the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron and others are little more than memories of undesired homework while at school?

Even the wise words of England's greatest poet reduce the average young person to boredom.

What is wrong with us? Surely we have not lost our sense of beauty! Love of real poetry cannot be dead!

Miss B. Smith, 206 Shaftesbury Road, Eastwood, N.S.W.

* * *

MARRIED MEN FIRST

SINCE other countries have given us the lead in this respect, is it not time that Australian employers, too, gave preference to married men when engaging their staffs?

It is appalling to see so many of our married men with families working on relief jobs when there are so many young single men in employment, men who in most cases have only themselves to keep.

If we wish to populate our wonderful country, the employers must do their part and see that those who populate have some encouragement.

Mrs. A. Snellgrove, c/o James McKay, Swann Rd., South Toowong, Brisbane.

END YOUR SOUR STOMACH

Sour, acid stomach, burning pains soon after food is taken, griping, twisting agony, point most surely to the fact that the lining of the digestive tract is becoming inflamed or even ulcerated.

Sufferers should lose no time in getting a remedy which will not only give immediate relief but treats their stomach trouble in a common-sense way.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been specially prepared to meet the complicated nature of Indigestion.

For De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food without distress. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

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THE BLADE *of the* SPEAR

Continued from Page 18

"SOME of your black niggers may be hurt in the terrificness of it, so, but that cannot be helped. That is my way. I must have it—savage! Look, when I am leading my annihilated regiment in that last desperate charge against massed spearmen, I must feel that there is real slaughter before me, real death in the air. When I dash, fearing nothing, into the cannibal village to rescue Elveleta from the sacrificial knife, I must sense zizzing, bulling, hurtling spears, boomerangs, and things actually about my ears. But, take it from me, hell will be raised if I'm not satisfied."

Hannibal Klatly was doubtful about being satisfied also. He was never quite sure whether he had bought a genius in Savaran, or a lemon.

Hannibal came to Africa resolved to go to the Chellum country, where, report had it, there was the finest photographic scenery in the continent, plus a king, Quali, ready to be the good friend of any man with dollars to spend. This was true. Savaran admitted it. What he did not admit was that Quali waited for him with a hangman's rope, so, though he apparently worked hard for Hannibal it was not altogether surprising that the Chellum plan gradually vanished under an avalanche of difficulties.

Hannibal raved. Hannibal was used to getting his own way and had all the necessary permits and dollars to get it quick. But though he poured out the latter to Savaran for use as palm oil, nothing happened.

However, just as Hannibal made up his mind to write Savaran off as the world's vastest dud, the miracle clicked. Savaran suggested that it might be easier to go out through Portuguese Lumpull and so reach Gongoda where the scenery was also passionately primitive: should he try it? "Try it or Hades or anywhere that means quick action," snarled Hannibal, and got the startler of his life when, three hours later, Savaran told him that everything was settled and he could march for Gongoda in ten minutes' time if he liked. Nobody in Gongoda wanted to hang Savaran.

"It's all right," he said to Hannibal with his dry, fierce smile. "I've got six thousand Gongoda braves for you at half a dollar a man. They'll be waiting for us when we reach their territory. They're real fighting stuff, too, and will give us a better show than these Loanga he-women."

"Snakes," gasped Hannibal. "You're a wonder-worker."

"They'll be waiting for us where the Gongoda River skirts the Riad forest," Savaran continued. "I've also saved you the trouble of carrying all those Ross rifles. The Gongoda bring their own arms, mainly Mausers and Martinis."

"But all our blank ammunition is Ross," frowned Hannibal. "Except the machine-gun stuff."

"This is our lucky moon, then," grinned Savaran, "for I've found an Arab with a godown full of Mauser and Martini. Just give me the permits. I'll doctor them so that the Lumpull Customs will pass the stuff. I would have been the world's best forger if I hadn't had such a pronounced taste for Empires."

A marvel when he liked, Savaran, but heart-breaking in between. He organised the caravan and the head packs in a way to make the Hollywood property men, no mean experts, grin in admiration. He fixed every single detail so that there could not be a hitch. Then on the very morning of the march he failed them.

Please turn to Page 22

When Wintry Winds Blow

FOR HER sports ensemble Una Merkel chooses a cinnamon-brown woollen skirt, topped with a jacket of brown which features a shadow thread of light tan. Her tailored blouse and suede belt are also tan.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS FROM HISTORY

"Romeo and Juliet" — by Little

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR

MANDRAKE: Worthy magician, and his faithful servant.
LOTHAR: Giant Nubian, rescue
SEGRID: Prince dwelling in Egypt, from the hands of
KRIM: An evil Emir of Egypt. They also attempt to rescue
NARDA: Segrid's lovely sister, trapped by Krim in a pyramid, but Krim manages to take her off across the desert to Alradi oasis. Mandrake and Lothar follow, but Krim sends fierce Bedouins to intercept and kill them. They are attacked, and Lothar, trying to defend himself, is ridden down by Bedouin horse. Meanwhile, Narda, arrived in Alradi, learns that she has been brought to the home of the Great Sheik Nazdah, because the Sheik saw her once in Paris and took a fancy to her, and that she is to be taken to him immediately. NOW READ ON—

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE BLADE *of the* SPEAR

Continued from Page 20

HE sent a burly and bearded dragoman with a broken nose, an ebonite skin and the name of Tamaka to tell them that his departure must be delayed for a day or two owing to his being in the common gaol consequent on pulling a Cadi's beard in a moment of absent-minded elation. He begged Hannibal to start his journey, assuring him that as soon as his feet had recovered from the effects of the bastinado he would break out and overtake the caravan. Meanwhile Tamaka of the Wry Nose would act as his deputy and do all that was necessary to make smooth the journey.

Hannibal Klatly told the world that this was the last straw. He also kicked Tamaka into the nearest cactus, certain that the best way to avoid future trouble was to run the caravan himself. In this he erred. At the Lumpuli border trouble of particular virulence was waiting for him. Every Portuguese Customs officer in the colony seemed massed to receive them, while drawn up, barring their path, were two native regiments with machine-guns to match.

"What do they take us for, a royal tour or an invasion?" asked Elveleta Lawless, but presently found that all these armed forces wanted was to be certain she did not carry a lean, six foot four man in her vanity bag. They were so sure that such a man must be in the caravan somewhere that, even when rigorous search failed to reveal him, it only seemed to make them doubly certain.

"For it is useless to lie at me," the fat Portuguese commander of the post roared in Hannibal's face. "That we do not see him is nothing. He is like that, this devil. Hound, he is so slick he can hide behind a thought. That man—I think it was him who taught Satan half his art in cunning."

"THAT is probably true since it is of the lord Savaran you are speaking," said a calm voice in Swahili. "I know, for am I not Tamaka of the Wry Nose, my lord Savaran's chosen deputy?"

The jet black dragoman sat calm on a disconsolate donkey regarding the scene indulgently, and at the mere speaking of Savaran's name the whole Portuguese cohort rushed at him.

"Dog of dogs," snarled the fat commander. "What know you of Savaran?"

"I know much," said Tamaka, with a large pride. "I know, for instance, that he sits carefully in such a manner as to prevent the soles of his feet touching anything, save, maybe, those parts of the carcel wall that are cool. And I know this because I, too, have had the honor of the bastinado."

"Savaran in gaol! Savaran whipped!" cried the Portuguese, and, forgetting all save this marvel, they crowded round Tamaka, while the black dragoman, savoring to the full the uniqueness of his position, told with gusto a story of a cafe dancing girl who forgot she loved a Cadi once the bright eyes of Savaran had rested on her.

"My lord Savaran," said Tamaka, stirred by the shouts of laughter his story evoked, "was in a gay mood. He had money. He had this caravan to command. He was escaping from the garbage tin called Laonga. He was reckless, wild, his most abandoned self. The girl was not pretty, but a Cadi in a rage is an amusement, so, when that Cadi put his unsheathed dagger on the table before him and glared at my lord Savaran, my lord Savaran just naturally had to take the girl upon his knee."

"Disgusting," said Max Drelf.

"Good heavens!" cried the Portuguese commander. "That is Savaran! And then, you say, the Cadi struck, and then Savaran took hold of his beard and jerked him into the biggest drum . . . the scoundrel, the dog. But I would I had been there, for he fights like a bull, Savaran. Continue, scum of the pit."

Please turn to Page 26

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What Women Are Doing

Nurse-Airwoman

DARK-EYED Marie Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Williams, of Rockhampton, recently completed her training at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, and she has the distinction of being the only girl in Rockhampton to hold a pilot's licence.

She is very keen on aviation, and intends to combine it with her nursing career.

❖ ❖ ❖

Arranging Entertainment For Visitors

CHOSEN to fill the responsible position of honorary secretary of the Junior Committee of the British Medical Association in South Australia, Miss Nancy Gilbert is very busy forming a committee of all the doctors' daughters and women medical students in Adelaide.

Miss N. Gilbert —Kembrandt.

On this committee will fall the responsibility of entertaining the visiting doctors' daughters and the younger members of the medical fraternity when the B.M.A. meets in Adelaide for its annual congress during the last week of August.

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For Pan-Pacific Women's Conference

MISS DORIS McRAE, who is a daughter of the Director of Education for Victoria, has been chosen to go to the fourth Pan-Pacific Women's Conference, to be held in Vancouver in July.

Miss McRae is a member of the Victorian Teachers' Union and Teachers' Peace Movement. She studied at the Melbourne University and afterwards at the Bonn University, Germany. When on exchange service she taught at the Purriss School, North Aberdeen, Scotland, and delivered lectures and travel talks in the country.

❖ ❖ ❖

Kindergarten Work in Christchurch

VISITING her son in Melbourne is Mrs. R. E. Dunbier, of Christchurch, New Zealand, an ardent kindergarten worker, and for the past 10 years the honorary treasurer of the Phillipstown Kindergarten.

There are seven kindergarten schools in Christchurch and suburbs, six of which are owned by the union. Another school will be built at Brighton this year with the £600 given by Lord Nuffield.

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Preparing For Busy Musical Season

MISSES CONSTANCE PETHER, Hilda Reimann, and Clarice Gmeiner have been engaged by the A.B.C. to broadcast recitals with flute, violin, and viola, respectively. Miss Gmeiner is secretary of the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, but fulfils many musical engagements as well. She started to learn the violin with Herr Heinicke, then won a scholarship for five years' tuition with Miss Nora Kyffin Thomas. Later she returned to the Conservatorium. She has her A.M.U.A., L.A.B., and L. Mus. A. (with credit).

Miss Gmeiner. —Raeburn.

During vacations, Miss Gmeiner went to Melbourne to study the harp, and she is deputy violin and viola player for the Elder Conservatorium String Quartet. She is a member of the A.B.C. Symphony Orchestra which is to play with visiting celebrities this coming season, and a member of the South Australian Orchestra since its formation.

Graduates' Week

FOR the first time since its inception in 1920 the Adelaide University Graduates' Association is organising a "Graduates Week" to take place during the last week of first term—from May 14 to 21—when all former students will be welcomed to the University.

The only woman on the organising committee, Miss Roxy Sims, is busy arranging for teams of women graduates to compete against undergrads in hockey and basketball, and for the afternoon tea and subsequent inspection of the Varsity which will be the opening feature of the week.

Miss Sims graduated in Arts in 1932, and has just completed a two-year term of office on the Association's committee as representative of recent graduates.

Won Open Championship at Stanthorpe Eisteddfod

JOAN PEECK is a great asset to Stanthorpe, Queensland. Whenever there are any charitable concerts, she is most generous, either playing accompaniments, or contributing pianoforte solos. She received her early musical education in Brisbane, where she gained her A.Mus.A.

She attended the Brisbane Teachers' Training College, and went to Ipswich, where she taught at two schools. Music is her special bent.

At the Stanthorpe Eisteddfod this year she won the open pianoforte solo, and was a joint winner of the open pianoforte duet.

At present she is sole teacher at the Sugar Loaf school.

❖ ❖ ❖

Musician Wins Another Award

MISS WINNIE McDONNELL, young Melbourne musician, who went abroad two years ago to take up a scholarship in the Royal College of Music, London, has been awarded another year at the College.

Miss McDonnell —Francis Young.

She passed all class work and headed the list right through for oral work.

Her week's work consists of conducting and training a choral society at Earl's Court, and a permanent engagement with the Ganella School of Drama, with which she travels four hundred miles a week.

Other activities are on the staff of the League of Health and Beauty, weekly plays at Lady Bonser's Ladies' Social Club, Chelsea, and music mistress at Clerkenwell Convent.

She also arranged and wrote music for a film for recording.

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Taking Up Service in Eastern States

SEVERAL interesting officers of the Salvation Army have arrived in Sydney during recent weeks. Chief among them were Commissioner and Mrs. Dalziel, who succeed Commissioner and Mrs. McKenzie as senior members of the Army in the Eastern States.

Brigadier Gillam returned to Sydney after 20 years' service in China, and her mother, aged 83, and still an active worker for the Army, met her on arrival. Brigadier Gillam is retiring after 37 years' service.

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Returned From Mission Work in Abyssinia

COMING home on their first furlough is a sad matter for Mrs. G. Mitchell and Miss M. McMillan, missionaries of the Sudan Interior Mission. They returned by the Mongolia en route to their home in New Zealand, after having spent the past five and a half years in Abyssinia. They have had experiences they do not care to discuss.

Mrs. Mitchell's only child, a boy, was born there. Just after its first birthday Mr. Mitchell was killed during the massacres attendant upon the Italian entry into Addis Ababa.

Member of University Women's Committee

MISS MOLLY SHACKLETON, a fourth year Art student, was recently elected to the committee of Melbourne University Women as an Arts Faculty representative.

Miss Shackleton. —Antoine.

She is a prominent member of the Dramatic Society, and has appeared in many University plays, and is also secretary of the dramatic club.

Educated at Lowther Hall, she was head prefect and captain of the school.

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Woman Financier Finds No Sex Prejudice

MISS GORDON HOLMES, joint managing director of her own financial house in London, director of several companies, and financial adviser to two Continental banks, says that she has never found any prejudice against her on the part of men. She said it might be because she went into the world of finance during the war, when men were only too glad for women to take over.

Women, however, are still barred from membership of the London Stock Exchange.

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Australia Should Advertise Its Beauty Spots

MRS. G. H. TOWNSEND, of Montreal, Canada, said on her arrival in Queensland from the east: "Why don't Australians advertise the beauties of their land more?"

She is on a world tour with her husband. In the many years of her travelling she had met no land with such great potentialities, and so little advertisement overseas.

"Comparatively little of the marvellous beauty and coloring of the Barrier Reef is known in Canada," she added, "or the size and modern efficiency of your towns."

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Appointed to New Home For Crippled Children

SISTER CORA McNEILL, who for the last three years has been an important and much-loved nursing sister at Austin Hospital, Melbourne, left on April 26 to take up the matronship of the new Margaret Reid Memorial Home for Crippled Children, the first of its kind in N.S.W. She had to be there to equip and open this institution, which is on the North Shore line, and will be conducted on similar lines to the one in Frankston, Victoria. It will have forty beds.

Sister Cora McNeill. —Brooksbura.

After training at the Alfred Hospital (Melbourne), Sister McNeill (nursing all the while), travelled in England and South Africa, where, later, she volunteered for war service. On her return to Australia she was charge sister at Oodnadatta Mission.

Sister McNeill has relatives in Sydney, one brother being headmaster of Knox College.

Winner of Mollison Scholarship

THIS year's winner of the Mollison Travelling Scholarship for modern languages, valued at £230, is Miss Dymphna Lodewyck, the twenty-year-old daughter of the Associate Professor of German at Melbourne University.

Miss Lodewyck graduated recently from the German school. She won several exhibitions, took her B.A. degree with honors and won the R. G. Wilson scholarship of £60.

She will study for her Doctorate of Philosophy when she leaves for Germany in September of next year, and will take out the scholarship in Germanic Literature.

Miss Lodewyck will probably enter the Munich University, where she did a year in 1933. At present she is doing translations for the P.M.G.'s Department.

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Has Travelled in Many Lands

LADY EDMONSTONE, wife of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, London, who visited Tasmania recently, is a keen and experienced traveller, and before this present trip had twice been round the world.

She is forced to leave England each year for health reasons, but the fascination of strange lands has so grown upon her that her enforced yearly exile has become a delight. Unusual places attract her, and she has travelled 1000 miles up the Amazon, and, before the war, she crossed Asia on the Trans-Siberian railway.

Lady Edmonstone has also journeyed much in China and Japan. She knows Germany, Italy, France and other European States quite thoroughly, and has travelled extensively in Canada. On this particular trip she has visited New Zealand and Australia.

Reading, needlework and the theatre are amongst Lady Edmonstone's interests. Whilst in Hobart she enjoyed seeing "Whiteoaks" performed, and visited the Exhibition of Tasmanian art. Her husband is a keen patron of the arts, and has imbued her with his own enthusiasm.

Youthful Violinist Heard Over the Air

MISS JOY TULLOH, a young Melbourne violinist, has given several broadcasts over the national network.

Miss Joy Tulloh —Francis Young.

While studying at the University Conservatorium, Melbourne, she won a Wertheim Scholarship covering tuition for a year, and showed such promise it was extended for another twelve months.

Later she obtained her L.A.B. and for several years has been secretary of the L.A.B. Club.

She started out as a broadcasting solo artist, but later joined up with the Chanson Trio, the British Music Society Quartet, the Old World Quartet, the Ridente Trio, and the Elizabethan Quartet.

With the latter she recently returned from a broadcasting tour to Hobart and Sydney.

❖ ❖ ❖

Egyptian Women Like Modern Comforts

MISS CORBETT WILSON, an Australian actress who has been playing leading stage roles in England for the past seven years, returned by the Mongolia to visit her family.

Miss Wilson spent the winter in Egypt, and she reports that there is nothing of the tyranny of the harem and the veil for the modern women of that country.

The women there are thoroughly Europeanised and live in ultra-modern flats and villas in the most up-to-date style. They are very hospitable, but their emancipation is, however, too recent a thing to permit them to frequent restaurants and cafes. But their daughters are attending universities and taking up careers.

Egyptian women, she says, are very keen on aviation, and she knew one girl, only fifteen years old, who had her pilot's licence.

My grandfather—my father—and I—

owe kidney health to Warner's Safe Cure—

"Three generations of us have used Warner's Safe Cure—and been glad of it. My grandfather for rheumatism, my father for gout, and I for neuritis. These are all symptoms of kidney or liver trouble—and that's where Warner's Safe Cure scores off other prescriptions. It gets rid of *all* the symptoms of kidney or liver disorder—for good—by wiping out the *cause* at its root. That's why Warner's Safe Cure is still on the market after sixty years."

Other common symptoms of malfunctioning liver or kidneys are: biliousness, backache, insomnia, sciatica, dyspepsia, sick headaches, etc.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Original Form 5/- Concentrated 2/9

To ensure one free movement of the bowels daily, take Warner's Safe Pills, 1/- per phial.

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PREVENT many COLDS

IT is so easy to prevent many colds —if you heed Nature's first warning sneeze. Doctors and nurses recommend this new way. Simply put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

Helps Nature's Defences

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden passages where colds begin. Their tingling medication stimulates Nature to throw off the threatening cold, banishes the sneezy, irritated feeling almost instantly.

Clears "Stuffy" Heads, Too

Even when a head-cold or nasal catarrh has stopped up your nose, Va-tro-nol clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses, makes every breath cool and delightful.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
Great New Ally to Vicks VapoRub

READERS' REAL LIFE STORIES

A TOUCH *of Humor* WINS *Prizes* THIS WEEK

Great Flow of Entries Continues

Real life stories with a humorous twist are told by readers this week in our fascinating competition.

Stage, beach and farm provide the settings for the incidents that win the £1/1/- prize and consolation prizes of 5/- each.

THE prize of £1/1/- is awarded to Miss C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne C1, for the following:

The Crowd Roared

MY most exciting moment took place before a huge audience at the King's Theatre, Adelaide, some years ago.

The dense crowd—which proved anything but dense mentally—fairly howled with laughter and delight at my discomfiture.

I was working in an illusion act. Illusionists were popular and we were "billed big." Our reception was good. The act was going fine when we came to the latest box-trick.

It was a collapsible box, and, after the audience had been convinced of its emptiness, I stepped into it, crouched down and was handcuffed to the interior. The illusionist did his "hocus-pocus" business, then, at a given signal, I had to release a spring, free myself and crawl out of the box into the "wings," whilst a rug was flourished to cover my action.

Somehow I miscalculated!!! The rug was lowered just as I started.

There I was, in full view, ignominiously crawling off the stage instead of vanishing by magic!

The crowd roared, and what was said back stage couldn't be printed.

We cut out that trick from then and all went well the remainder of the tour.

Miss C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne C1.—£1/1/-.

Beach Godiva!

AFTER a day in the surf at Kirra, Queensland, "he" and I raced to the dressing sheds with barely sufficient time to dress and catch the only train to Brisbane.

"Over," I yelled, tossing my wet neck-to-knee costume over the wall, which, except for spaces between the boards, hid me from the eyes of civilisation. Jack caught it, and raced away to pack it with his own.

Then I turned to get my towel and clothes. I looked, blinked, pinched myself, and looked again. I rubbed my eyes that I might see better. But no—**everything had gone!** There was not even a piece of soap that I might have "slipped on." Sixty miles from home and I did not have a rag to my back. I just sat in my birthday suit and giggled.

Outside an impatient man kept whistling and calling urgently. There was nothing for it. Draping my long, thick hair about my nude figure, I called and explained to Jack through the cracks.

"Oh, whatever can I do?" I moaned.

Doubled up with laughter he said: "I'll go get you a horse Lady Godiva."

Could you forget it?

5/- to Miss Tania Reynolds, Box 6, P.O., Bondi, Sydney.

Mystery Footsteps

THE house we were renting in Moe, Victoria, a few months after our marriage was on a farm some distance from the township, and well back from the road. A lonely little place, certainly, but our first home.

We had not been there long when my husband's work took him out of Moe, and as it would only be for a few weeks we decided not to shift, but I would carry on alone until his return.

Will I ever forget the first night I spent alone! There were a bunch of keys hanging behind the kitchen door and I found that not one would fit any lock. Oh, well, I wasn't afraid, I told myself, and went to bed.

As I lay wooing sleep I began to remember tales I had been told of tramps camping in the house when it was unoccupied, and it suddenly struck me that I would be in an unenviable position if someone opened an unlocked door and decided to camp.

And then I heard it! Unmistakable footsteps were coming down the verandah. Gone was my courage, and I lay cold and shaking with fear as the pit-a-pat stopped outside my bedroom window.

Well, I thought, after a moment or two, I'd rather face danger than have it come on me, and I began slowly and cautiously to creep out of bed.

Suddenly I heard a sound which sent me, fear gone, tumbling back to bed laughing helplessly. A sheep had "baa-ed!" loudly, and in a flash understanding came. The owner of the house had his flock running in the paddock, and they, evidently attracted by our cabbages, had broken through the garden fence.

5/- to Mrs. Savige, Box 38, Moe, Vic.

Goat Race Mishap

AS a girl I longed to win one of the goat races which were held weekly in our little country town.

I rode the great racer known to the racing public as Ginger.

On the day of the race, it happened that Ginger had not quite finished his meal when he was taken to his pen to rest.

Places were drawn, and Ginger and I were on the fence side. "All ready," cried the starter. "Off!"

I was in the lead with hair flying and my toes out to keep my balance.

It seemed a sure thing for me—but someone had left the big gate partly open and as Ginger sighted this he swerved and simply flew through the gate.

Unprepared for this turn in events my big toe came in contact with the railings and I fell to the ground.

Annoyed, I caught him again and mounted, dug my heels into his sides and, as we came out into the open once more, the cheers of the young barrackers were deafening.

This spurred the old racer on to victory. It was worth it all, although as I rolled off his back on to the grass holding my foot and broken big toe, I could not see the humor until later.

Ginger, all unconscious of the trouble he had caused, marched back to his stable and finished his meal in peace.

5/- to Mary Barlow, No. 15 Milton St., Maryborough, Qld.

Cash Prizes Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories submitted by readers.

Although this week's prizes are awarded for stories with a touch of humor, there is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 2.

"Cream" away Superfluous Hair

THE LATEST BEAUTY TRICK

Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. *Never* have you known anything so easy.

This delightfully scented white cream is sold under the trade mark New 'VEET.' Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned nasty-smelling depilatories. New 'VEET' is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE.—By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd., (Dept. 387A), 168/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

If your dog is moody, bad tempered, listless or out of sorts generally—if his nose is warm or his coat harsh, and he constantly scratches himself—then you should act promptly. Start him at once on a regular daily course of BARKO Condition Powders. You will quickly notice a big improvement in his coat, his health and his spirits.

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CONDITION POWDERS
1/6 Box of 20 Powders — At all Chemists
For FREE Book on Dogs, send 2d. in stamps to Parry, Barker, & Co., 60 King St., Sydney. 9/3

To Mark the Occasion

Whenever the occasion arises to commemorate an anniversary, or symbolise an event, let it be a gift of jewellery. Nothing less enduring, less personal, can serve the purpose so well.

Orchard's diamond rings and watches are right in design, right in setting, and right for the occasion. We also know that you will find that the prices are right.

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You may not be a Peeress!

—but your Coronation Holiday will be a lot more enjoyable if you have a

"RINGLETTE" permanent wave!

Does your hair-style absolutely **improve** your looks? Or have you the nagging knowledge that "if it wasn't for my hair I'd look a deal better"? The Bon Marche Ltd., Hair Dressing Salon shows you the way to **better** hair-styling with their "Ringlette" Permanent wave. It includes 40 curls, a beautiful wave, and you may pay weekly at only 1/-.

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Viennese models

Which shall it be? With such an intriguing pair it's hard to choose. But as they cost so little, you could make them both with an easy conscience. And you'll be ready to face winter

And so inexpensive!

(*Left*) Free pattern made from fawn and brown mixture "Wendy" wool—ten skeins at 6½d., and two skeins contrasting colour ainlea at 9½d.

(*Below*) Four skeins of imported "Curlaine" wool at 2/0 each. Pattern is free.

Knitting Wools — Ground Floor

What Farmer's does for knitters

We toured the whole world to bring you piquant new wools and brilliant things to knit. Things we saw sparkling with zest and cozy colour in the Tyrol, having fun on the Continent, tripping round England . . vibrant new ideas we filched from all the smartest places. Over 200 wools!

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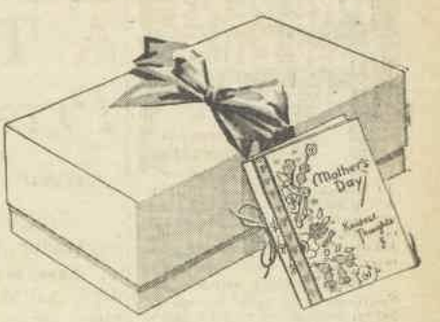
Even though you're only a very amateur knitter, you can now use the most intricate patterns and designs. Quite simple, really, when you can ask advice from Farmer's trained knitting experts. No charge. Lower Ground Floor.

Knitting books and patterns

Not only has Farmer's Sydney's best collection of the world's knitting books—but, choose your wool from our wide range, and you can take your pick of Farmer's exclusive patterns.



Felt Grecian. Grey fur collar. Padded soles, heels. Green, fawn, blue. Sizes 2 to 7.

3/9

Novit bootee. Blue, black, brown, red. Fitch fur collar. Halfs, 2 to 7. 12/9. Also padded heels, full sizes, 7/11.

12/9

Brocade albert. Black, green, pink, blue. Matching poms. Sizes 2 to 7.

6/11

'Cosy Corner 3rd Floor

Mother's day SLIPPERS

20,000 pairs of fireside slippers—each pair packed enchantingly in a special Mother's Day box, tied with an appropriate card, and wrapped with a fine bow of blue cellophane ribbon. Mail order stocks.

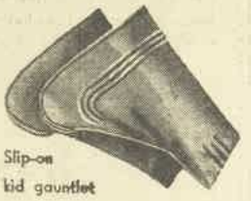
Let Farmer's experts bring your old scissors back to life. Perfectly sharpened for only 3d. Knives cost 1d. ea. Cutlery, grnd. flr.

19/- crystal

BOWLS, 9/6

Seven inch, crystal salad bowls with deep cutting. And it's only between you and Farmer's that you paid only a ridiculous 9/6.

Glassware, Ground Floor



Slip-on kid gauntlet

Gloves 10/6

Gay gauntlets of real kid that catch the restful swing of Autumn doings. In the up-and-coming colours of beige or black. Self trimmed. Why not lay by a pair?

Gloves, Ground Floor

"TRIPOLEY"

A new game of thrills for Winter evenings.

5/-

You've revelled in "Rummy," had nerves over "Newmarket," and plunged in "Poker." Tripoley, a new game that's creating sales records, combines all three, making one thrilling pastime for youngsters and oldsters.

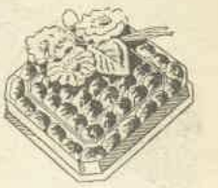
Stationery, Ground Floor.

Dull sheer

HOSE, 5/11

In a clear even weave. There's extra appeal in the panel heel and lace welt. In all colours.

Hosiery, Ground Floor



CHOCOLATES BOX, 12/6

Luscious liqueurs, fine fruit, nut caramel and assorted cream centers that are bound to please. All packed in a large, special box.

Confectionery, Ground Floor

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Coughs

You need have little fear of Pneumonia after Influenza if you have **HEARNE'S** Bronchitis Cure to take care of any chest condition.

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WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

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THE BLADE *of the* SPEAR

Continued from Page 22

"THERE is no more," said Tamaka. "Twenty Laonga fellahs threw themselves upon my lord Savaran and now he sits in the carcel most conscious of his feet."

Another shout of laughter at that. "But this is comic," the Portuguese roared. "Here is this rascal fat with pride at the thought of tricking us to-day imprisoned in gaol instead."

"But he will come," said Tamaka with a touch of melancholy. "In a few days, when his feet can bear the ground, he will follow." He sighed, looked slyly at the Customs man. "There is no doubt of that. Is there not much money to be made from these rich Americans? He will not leave that to me—if he can help it."

The Portuguese commander, wise in the ways of Coast Africans, who will sell even their sons for cash down, caught the note in Tamaka's voice, and said softly: "It is indeed an evil thing that a mere boaster and brawler should deprive the honest Tamaka of good dollars."

"My stomach is sore with the thought," said the dragoman.

"Still we may stop him passing," said the Portuguese.

"No," sighed Tamaka. "For he is Savaran, clever beyond all men. His disguise will beat you."

"And you will lose much money! Is this disguise so clever?"

"Marvellous!" murmured Tamaka, looking as crooked as his nose, for he was looking down it. "It will be the same as he was to use to-day. Dressed as an ordinary Laonga fellah he will mix with a caravan, then in the tumult by this gate he will slip off his long robe and lo! he will be dressed in the uniform of one of your own Portuguese Customs officers. Thus you will never notice him."

"It is truly a marvellous way to fool us," said the Customs man gravely. "Clear your caravan now, quickly, and travel fast so that at least you may get many days ahead of him. As for me, I must retire apart and ponder if it is possible to beat this Savaran's tricks."

So, leaving the Portuguese not unelated, Tamaka marched the caravan across Lumpuli so swiftly and without fault that Klatly decided the change was all to the good. For Tamaka had a genius, too. He handled the carriers like a master, and a glare and a word or two could smooth out almost any trouble. Indeed, he turned the difficult jungle trek into something like a picnic and he was, moreover, a vital and genial soul into the bargain, ready to talk about the wonders of the bush and himself at any moment, particularly to Elveleta, who found him thrilling. So helpful was he that when they had cleared the Portuguese Customs on the farther side of Lumpuli and gained a land of petty chiefs, all with the minimum of friction, Hannibal cried:

THIS FORMAL gown of ice-blue hand-quilted satin is worn by Eleanor Powell. The peplum jacket features fastenings of seed pearls and full sleeves in the fashionable length.

"An' I don't give a darn if that fellow Savaran never does turn up. You're a jewel Tamaka, and of the two I prefer you."

"That's a pity," said Tamaka, in English that was no longer beach pidgin, and he straightened his nose by removing certain particles of wax. Also he plucked the beard from his chin and gave them the full benefit of a genially ferocious eagle smile.

"Hades!" gasped Hannibal. "Savaran all the time."

"I always keep my contracts," Savaran grinned, "even when it's one with myself never to see the inside of a Portuguese gaol."

"Savvy—you beast," cried Elveleta. "It's you I've been flirting with all the time!"

"Yes," said Savaran, his teeth flashing. "My charm at least is beyond even my talent in disguise."

"WELL," growled Hannibal, after three hours staring at it. "Your scenery's great, but where's your darn war?"

Standing in a clump of tall, dense trees, he glared across a sun-washed plain of grass and bush to where a long hill ended sharp against the hard African sky. There was nothing in sight. Not even a leaf stirred. Even Savaran's six thousand Gongoda braves, duly collected, drilled by Max Dreif to do the goose step and form fours and then put into the quaint uniform proper to film armies, seemed to have melted out of sight. Only a hundred or so squatted back of the trees near the sand-bagged camp, scratching and dozing until that moment when Max would lead them in an heroic charge against impossible odds. Just those few fighters and large areas of wild scenery were all they could see of the really real war Savaran had promised them.

"Heavens!" groaned Max Dreif, impatient for heroism. "Was efer anything so silly? No regiments marching. Not one soldier in sight. Where have you got your ideas of war from?"

"Mainly from battles and sudden death," grinned Savaran, tall, thin and striking in his loose Arab robe, and suddenly he held up his hand. From a great distance there came a sullen bump, like a vanman dropping a packing case. There came another. Even there came as many as two more.

"It begins," said Savaran, his eyes bright.

"I don't see it," said Hannibal sullenly.

"It's beyond that hill," said Savaran. "My outposts are drawing the enemy towards us."

"Well, I'm glad something is happening at last," snapped Hannibal, and putting a megaphone to his mouth he called to cameramen on platforms high up in the trees to stand ready.

Please turn to Page 27

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BEMAX is unique. Every tablespoonful contains 200 units of Vitamin B_1. No other tonic can do *all* that BEMAX does. Remember—

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From Chemists and Stores.
3/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

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Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender or Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne will express your affection in a personal way, and in perfect taste. Both these exquisite toilet waters, as well as charming gift coffrets, are available wrapped and inscribed for this special occasion. See them at any store or chemist's and arrange for your selections to be sent direct. Potter and Moore's products are all reasonably priced.

Above: Potter and Moore de Luxe Talcum bottle in beautifully inscribed box available in Eau de Cologne and Mitcham Lavender fragrances. Bottles available in four smart colours, each 3/6

Right: Mitcham Lavender or Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, each in gift box, inscribed for Mother's Day. Prices: 2/3 and 3/6 per box.

Right: Delightful Mitcham Lavender Coffret, containing Toilet Soap and Lavender Water. Price ..... 2/6 Also obtainable in Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne.

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THE HOUSE OF QUALITY—LONDON

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THE BLADE *of the* SPEAR

Continued from Page 26

THEN he waited another hour.

"My sacred hat," he cried after that time. "What is it you are giving us, an international chess tournament, or a slow-motion exhibition of sleeping sickness? I'm about——"

He broke off to give a little yelp, for out of the very grass at his feet wriggled a lean, brown, naked man, ferocious with war paint and stabbing spears and almost unrecognisable from leaves and tufts of grass tied over him. He gave Hannibal a tiger grin that made the film man leap backwards, saluted Savaran with upheld spear and poured out a stream of Gongoda.

"Pass the word to your cameras," said Savaran, suddenly keen and fierce. "Fighting begins any minute now. Their first regiment has just come over the hill into the plain."

"And that's a lie," snapped Max. "I've been watching. I haven't seen as much as a marching squad."

Savaran ignored him; Savaran was snapping a string of calm orders. Hannibal gave another little squeal, for this time a whole line of Gongoda soldiers heaved themselves out of the grass and threw themselves on their stomachs, rifles at the ready.

"You look like the king-emperor of all Africa, Savvy," Elveleta said softly, her eyes on his exultant face.

"One's destiny is written on one,"

Young Leaf and Old

The young leaf of the tea-plant is rich in flavor.

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Young bud-leaves only, are picked for Bushells Blue Label. They are richest in the fragrant sap-juice which makes your cup of tea.

This is why Bushells Blue Label Tea gives you a finer flavor than ordinary tea, and more cups from a pound.

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he flashed back at her. "And then I must look a king, for certainly you are a queen."

Well, she looked it. Clad in barbaric robes, mainly feathers and beads, for she was to be shown rallying her warriors in several "cut-ins," she looked every inch a chieftainess. She laughed softly at Savaran's compliment, and Max Dreif, very pretty in a uniform utterly unsuited for tropic fighting, snarled:

"Seems to me this is the season for slush—in words and work. What's it all about? Where's this fighting you're supposed to give us?" He swung in fury on Hannibal. "I told you all along that this boob had no more idea of what real fighting is like than a fireside cat. He's a washout. I'm going to take over and get some guts into it. If I've got to be a hero, I've got to have it fierce and——"

He was interrupted by a high nasal call from a native watcher up with the cameramen. Savaran darted quick glances at the stagnant landscape, laughed in harsh savagery.

"There's your war," he cried, pointing.

"What? Where? Those waving bushes, you mean?" said Hannibal, staring hard and puzzled.

"Focus on those bushes," snapped Savaran to the cameraman near him. "Distance 780 yards. Start taking now." He called the same order up to the men in the trees.

"What do we do," sneered Max, "wait until they break into bud?"

Hannibal cried in a suddenly excited voice: "Gosh! They're—hell, they're walking across the plain towards us. Solid bushes strolling along."

"'Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane,'" grinned Savaran. "That's the oldest military stratagem in the world." He put a whistle to his lips and blew sharply and at once there came a slash of rifle fire away to the right and left of them as the Gongoda soldiers loosed off.

THERE came a wave of yells, and the moving bushes went down—and leaping through them, like warriors spring fully armed from dragon's teeth sown in the earth, there charged a thousand naked savages. Big, sinewy braves, their bobbing feathers making them nine feet tall, their war paint making them devils; their great red shields shone like blood in the sun, while massed spears swung aloft like the glittering spray of a wave bursting against a sea wall. A great roar came from them, the drumming of spear shafts against shields, and in a mighty surge they hurled forward.

"Gosh!" screamed Hannibal. "Camera . . . Cam-era! Get that, you sons of guns. Gosh! That's great stuff!"

"Soft," sneered Max Dreif. "Sort of thing they do in a circus. Thought you wanted real war Hannibal! Why, a spinster sisterhood could do better than that. Any mutt'll know it's mere playacting directly he sees it on the screen. Why—look at the way they're dying. Dropping forward like sacks—no drama. No action. No actuality. You've got to give me something better than that before I can get the real, red, hell-courage feeling in my bones. Unless I feel a kick——"

He stopped. There was actually a kick—the sound of a mule kicking the tree beside him. They all jumped and looked up, except Savaran, who merely smiled fiercely and gave orders to Gongoda runners, and looking up they saw a big ugly wound gouged in the bark of that tree.

Then, most emphatically, all became aware of many thin and vicious snake hissings in the air about them, then another something smacked a tree and a cut-off branch came crashing down. Looking across the plain they saw that the charging warriors had flung themselves flat and that many balloons of black powder smoke were breaking above their line, and as they looked a Gongoda soldier near them leapt to his feet and then fell like a sack—without action or drama, but in a way unmistakably dead.

Please turn to Page 28

COLDER NIGHTS AHEAD

LOOK OUT FOR COLDS & FLU

THERE is a nip in the air these mornings. Coats and wraps are wanted in the evenings. Events signal the changing season. It is warning time against Colds, Influenza, and Rheumatic attacks. Prompt action at the inception of an attack not only prevents complications but may save loss of time by laying in bed until recovery. At the slightest sign of a Cold in the head—Feverishness, etc., take 'ASPRO' for quick relief, according to the directions in the packet.

These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research investigations, and quick relief is obtained, because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a solvent of Uric Acid—a powerful germicide—an antiseptic — is anti-pyretic — anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. 'ASPRO' is a boon to women for Headaches, Depression, and Hysteria. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart. Always have 'ASPRO' handy for any emergency.

YOU GET QUICK & SAFE RELIEF WITH 'ASPRO'

"'ASPRO' KEEPS ME FREE from COLDS"

12 Forest Street,
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1/8/36.

Dear Sirs,
I take 'ASPRO' tablets at the least indication of Cold or Chill, and can say I go all the winter without a Cold. I have recommended some to very many who come into my little shop, who also have had similar results.
Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mrs. J. SLACK.

GARGLED 'ASPRO' AND OBTAINED RELIEF IN TWO HOURS

Knoll Avenue,
Amcliffe, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,
I would like you to know what relief I get from 'ASPRO' tablets. When I was suffering from a Sore Throat and Swollen Tonsils I read on an 'ASPRO' packet about Sore Throats. I dissolved three 'ASPRO' tablets in a half glass of hot water to use as a gargle every three hours, and gained relief after two hours. Now I am never without 'ASPRO' in the house.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) L. C. PEDERSEN.

Use 'ASPRO' with SAFETY for

TEMPERATURE	SORE THROAT	MALARIA	ASTHMA
RHEUMATISM	TOOTHACHE	COLDS	GOUT
SLEEPLESSNESS	NEURALGIA	HEADACHE	DENGUE
FEVERISHNESS	INFLUENZA	LUMBAGO	NEURITIS
IRRITABILITY	HAY FEVER	SCIATICA	EARACHE

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.
'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

"VICTIM OF 'FLU EPIDEMIC—'ASPRO' HAD ME BACK AT WORK IN THREE DAYS."

140 Park Road Section,
Ipswich Road,
Sth. Brisbane, Q'ld.,
12/3/36.

Dear Sirs,
During an Influenza Epidemic I was taken home with a severe attack. I immediately started dosing myself with 'ASPRO' according to directions and was able to go back to work within three days. For Colds and 'Flu I consider 'ASPRO' invaluable. We always have a supply in the house available for immediate use.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. L. MILLER.
16E/37.

'ASPRO' USED FOR SORE, INFLAMED THROAT — WONDERFUL RESULT.

East Greta, N.S.W.,
16/10/35.

Dear Sirs,
I had a very inflamed throat which gave great pain and discomfort, and robbed me of sleep for 48 hours. I had already tried throat paint and other gargles without securing relief, when it suddenly occurred to me to try 'ASPRO.' I tried by putting one in my mouth and letting it dissolve. The result was truly wonderful, as it took away the stinging and smarting pain, and after I had had a second I felt quite soothed and was able to get some very much wanted sleep. I kept on with 'ASPRO' for two days, at the end of which time I was perfectly well.
(Sgd.) M. BUNN.

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Watch out for the greatest enemy

TO A LOVELY FIGURE

WOMEN have learned that even having a baby need not ruin the loveliness of their figure. In fact, you have conquered nearly every enemy of your beauty except the one that will most quickly rob you of your youth. CONSTIPATION.

Constipation is Beauty-Killer "Number One"

Costly beauty treatments are wasted if your system is not regular. And the tragedy is that many women are constipated for years without realising that this vicious enemy is undermining their beauty. Stop fighting middle age. Fight constipation.

Constantly Taking Harsh Medicine is Dangerous

Pills and drugs have a very necessary place in medicine — but they should not be used continually except under strict medical supervision. How do you expect your system to function normally, if you are constantly shocking it with harsh purges? Intestinal muscles can't stand it. They weaken and go slack. Your condition becomes aggravated. You become "always headachy" — and the crows' feet creep into your face. You become tired. Your body sags. Body tissues lose their firmness and shape. Once more we warn you — CONSTIPATION.

The Sensible Treatment of Constipation

Most of the food we eat is lacking in "bulk." What is "bulk"? It's that element in food with which Nature intended to keep you regular.

Your doctor will tell you that there is little or no "bulk" to be had in white bread, milk, cheese, meat, fish, eggs and potatoes. Straight away you say — "What am I supposed to do — live on a 'back to nature' diet of lettuce leaves and bananas?" No. There's no need for that.

Scientists have proved that the best type of "bulk" is provided by bran — and bran is now prepared by Kellogg's in the form of a nut sweet breakfast cereal. All-Bran is not a medicine. It is a simple, natural food. Here is no harsh purging hitting the delicate intestines with explosive force.

How Kellogg's All-Bran Passes Through Your System

All-Bran forms a soft moist mass which thoroughly absorbs waste matter and gently sponges the intestinal walls. Keep healthy with this natural food? Don't risk wrecking your health with harsh medicines? You can't drug your way back to health. The one sensible treatment of constipation is to get "bulk" back into your diet.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, provides you with concentrated "bulk" in a tempting nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Start your breakfast with two tablespoonsful with milk and sugar. In a week you should be regular. Otherwise it will be advisable to see your doctor immediately. All grocers sell Kellogg's All-Bran.

THE BLADE *of the* SPEAR

Continued from Page 27

THERE came a little whimper, but it came from Max Dreif, not Elveleta, pale under her greasepaint. She gave a sound that was half-gasp, half-laugh. Hannibal Klatly on his part just swore, to himself and at Savaran.

"You absolutely insisted on its being—real," Savaran grinned. "I prefer it that way myself, too. Also, it fitted in with a long-thought-out scheme of mine for making the Gongoda the paramount fighting race in this area."

"You—you've risked all our lives," cried Max Dreif throatily.

"Not necessarily," grinned Savaran, straightening his turban, which a bullet had flicked. "That Mauser and Martini blank the faked permits got by the Portuguese—isn't blank. These Gongoda braves will use it like geniuses because a genius is handling them, and speaking personally, you'll be perfectly safe behind the sandbag square in the middle of the camp, if you like to retire there—you certainly must, Elveleta."

Elveleta certainly did not. Max Dreif went behind the sandbags at a run, but Elveleta stayed. She laughed in a queer, strained voice, "Savaran, you've a new thrill every trick you turn," but she would do no more than sit behind a tree trunk where she was reasonably immune.

And Hannibal Klatly would not even sit, though Savaran pointed out he could give his orders as well and very much safer that way. He snarled: "You're a darned murdering scoundrel—but this looks like being the fiercest, biggest, realest stuff in movie history, and Hannibal Klatly is not the man to fall down, or even sit down on it."

He stood and directed his camera work, and the cameraman beside him stood too—those high in the trees were safe. Savaran was not the only man heedless of all save his art on that field, even though bullets zizzed, and arrows and assegais came over in unhealthy numbers.

And Hannibal Klatly admitted that Savaran gave him his money's worth, and so has the public since. Savaran, being Savaran, seemed indeed to take a joy in proving that he could even manipulate battles to meet screen requirements

. a surging sea of warriors came splendidly on to the hard skyline of the far hill, thousands of sinewy silhouettes, lean, muscular, magnificent with their flaunting feathers and their upflung shield and spear arms showing sharp against the sky.

"Gosh!" gasped Hannibal. "That catches the throat! Gosh! If we could only have a 'retake' to make sure of it."

"We will," grinned Savaran, and snapped orders. The three mountain and five machine-guns which he had held silent until then suddenly came into play, spraying the hillside so heartily with shells and bullets that the savages went scurrying in a ragged mass back over the skyline.

"They'll come again in double strength," said Savaran. "You'll get a better picture: warn your cameras."

SAVARAN, in fact, seemed to be able to do what he liked with the enemy, and to revel in his mastery. He let the warriors charge right up to the cameras, until the very thunder of their feet and the dust they raised seemed about to engulf the defence, but a cloud of hand grenades burst in their faces, doing little harm save that the sheer dramatic shock of the explosions shattered the charge as a jet of water quenches flame.

At another time with his exploding shells heading it and herding it like sheep dogs, he sent the enemy mass streaming across the front, and Hannibal's cameras got magnificent shots.

"Mere tactical trickery," Savaran shrugged. "But, of course, one has to be master to do it."

"A little bit—savage?" panted Hannibal.

"Not half as bad as they hoped to deal out to the Gongoda," said Savaran grimly. "Also this is the Riad people, a tribe and a king needing a lesson."

Soon the battle dwindled. The Riad attack was broken. Only a big body in the centre maintained a long-distance fight.

"They've got to be scattered with an attack," said Savaran, and grinned. "This is where Max shows the hero stuff in him and leads his regiment in that last desperate charge of his."

"Yep," sighed Hannibal. "This is it—a peach of a picture, too. Only—only Max'll never do it."

"Lucky then that Savaran will," said the tall adventurer—with relish. He ripped the long robe from his body revealing the fact that he was clad in an exact copy of Max Dreif's pretty uniform—even down to the medal ribbons that were really Elveleta's garter. He also clapped on a duplicate of the neat moustache Max wore for military pictures, so that with the brim of his solar topee well down he became a remarkably good substitute for Max.

He blew a whistle, and his Gongoda, grinning like wolves, came to their feet at a bound.

"Savaran!" cried Elveleta, in a shaky voice. "Savaran! Don't . . it's death!"

"More the glory, then," he cried, with a flash of white teeth, "for I carry your ribbon over my heart!"

Then with a magnificent wave of his sword, he led his yelling Gongoda in that wild, brilliant and smashing charge which, millions of film fans have since agreed, showed Max Dreif as his most heroic self.

Please turn to Page 53

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

YOUR FUTURE

Your future depends on decisions you make now . . . . decisions on one of Life's problems which may be worrying you at this moment. If you have such a problem, you need sound advice to guide you. Confide in your friend, *Alice Tate* . . . She has solved thousands of similar problems and can help you overcome yours. *Alice Tate* will comfort and guide you through the most difficult time of your life. Write to her now and she will help you find the highroad to happiness. *Alice Tate* with her worldly wisdom can advise you on any problem at all. Let her help you. Don't delay securing advice that is so vital to your happiness. Write to-day.

Address your letter to *Alice Tate*, Dept. L, Box 3801T, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and postal note for 2/6. You will receive an early reply.

ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF COD LIVER OIL — WITHOUT THE TASTE OR ODOUR

To enjoy normal health and prevent colds and chills, Vitamins "A" and "D" must be taken regularly.
Vitapan Pearls are a concentrate of these vitamins in their most potent form. Each pearl is equivalent to 1½ teaspoonful of Cod Liver Oil, and is absolutely tasteless.

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Send 4d in stamps to cover cost of sample and postage to nearest Nestlé office, capital cities.

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

Did You Know—

That Mrs. Gwynneth Paul wore a most attractive velvet cloak of sapphire-blue and looked just as if she were leaving for a ball in her recent portrait painted by Tom Lee?

Ever So Many

IT is to be hoped that Lady Wakehurst has a good memory for faces, as she will meet ever so many important people at the reception being given in her honor by the National Council of Women this Wednesday.

Members of the Council are to be presented, and four members of each of the affiliated societies will also be afforded the honor of meeting the wife of our new Governor.

Other guests of honor will be the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Parkes), Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens, and Miss Jean Batten.

Leaving This Term

I WONDER does Sheila Living think her schooldays are the best in her life? In any case, they are coming to an end this term at Frensham, and Sheila will join her mother, Mrs. G. L. Living, and trip off for a Melbourne holiday.

Mrs. Living, who makes her home at Clifton Gardens Hotel, has just returned from Bowral.

❖ ❖ ❖

T. H. Kelly combined the strenuous jobs of producer, conductor, and prompter at the performance of "Il Maestro di Musica" at the Savoy Theatre on Thursday night.

❖ ❖ ❖

Redecorated

HAVING a short respite at Gundagai, her old home district, is Mrs. Frank Throsby, of The Mill, Moss Vale.

Mrs. Throsby, formerly Joan Robinson, arrived up country just when a number of cocktail parties were being given for Poppy Fraser, whose marriage to Tom Weigall took place in Melbourne last week. Mrs. Throsby has just had the whole of The Mill, the original Throsby property, redecorated.

Snow Was Falling

SNOW was falling in a most picturesque, if somewhat chilly, manner when Clare McMahon arrived in London, but her last letters are full of the beauty of the early spring and the crocuses in the woods and parks.

She is staying at The Milestones, which overlooks Kensington Palace and Gardens. Friends have booked her up for engagements ahead, and Clare is having the best of good times. Even a view of the Coronation procession has been arranged for.

❖ ❖ ❖

Special arrangements are being made by the R.P.A. Hospital Auxiliary to allow dancers at the Coronation Ball to hear the broadcast of the Coronation.

❖ ❖ ❖

Fishing Holiday

MRS. MONA OSBORNE recently went to Yass to spend a short holiday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Milson. Fellow guests were Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Thompson. The Peter Milsons are off to the Barrier Reef on May 11. They will take June and Pat with them.

Plans are not quite decided upon, as the feminine part of the family is not as keen on fishing as Peter, and may go sightseeing up Cairns way instead of "following in father's footsteps."

Popular Canadians

THE Canadian colony in Sydney will miss two of its cheeriest members in Roy McMorran, big chief of the Canadian Pacific railways, and his wife when they sail in the Changte on May 19 for their long leave. Schoolgirl daughter Norma will accompany them on their travels, which will take them to Yokohama, where they will join the Empress of Japan for Canada.

Part of their time will be spent with Mrs. McMorran's mother, Mrs. K. McCusker, in Vancouver. Farewell parties have already been given the travellers, and many more are to follow.

Farther Afield

WHEN the James McClure family lived at Natalie station, Wilcannia, they spent a lot of time at their Sydney flat, but now they have departed even farther afield to South Australia for their home. Their father has purchased the A. E. Holdens' residence at Netherby, Adelaide, and there the three sisters, Margaret, Jean and Edna, are making themselves at home.

As they are all keen tennis players they are having a first-class grass court put down.

Round of Visits

TASMANIAN residents in Sydney for a holiday include Sheila McKenzie, who will stay here for several weeks, and Mrs. Archie Cotton, of Swansea. Mrs. Cotton has friends in both Sydney and Melbourne and will pay a round of visits before returning home.

All Agog

JERILDERIE, a town in the pastoral district out west, was very much agog for the Central Riverina Picnic Race meeting held on the local course last week. Jerilderie has even more exciting memories than those associated with the gay doings of picnic race guests, as it was there that bushrangers made raids in the bad old days.

Mr. M. Prendergast, the secretary of the club, has been the busiest man in the district for many weeks past, and a good season assured a successful meeting.

Not Very Superstitious?

ELISE BUDGE, second daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Budge, says she is not the least superstitious, but for all that she borrowed an old but decorative handkerchief for her wedding to Dr. Harold Cribb, arranged for Friday night at St. James' Church.

Honeymoon plans include a motor tour of the southern districts, after which they will unpack their very lovely wedding presents in the newly-decorated house at Bexley. Green and beige have been chosen for the color scheme of the living-rooms.

MRS. CLAUDE VAUTIN, who, as president of the ladies' committee, is actively interested in the annual Flying Corps Association Ball, which will be held at the Trocadero on June 1

Doings of the District

IT seems only the other day that Desmond Stratton and his wife sailed off to the East, and I find that they are due back again this Friday. The travellers have done the tourist route of Singapore, Java and Japan, and they had an unusually good time.

Cootamundra, their home town, will be glad to see them back again, for Desmond, as was his father before him, is a staunch supporter of all the "doings" of the district.

Satin, Silk, and Wool

THE Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Street have given their patronage for the very smart Wool Ball to be held during Polo Week. Just how many dancers will wear wool is a moot point, but it is quite certain that there will be a lovely parade of silks and satins in the latest Coronation modes.

Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones, the president of the committee, has had to cease from her exertions of organising the ball while she recovers from having her tonsils removed. She arrived home at her flat at Wolseley Road, Point Piper, on Frday from Denholm Hospital, and is making plans for a short holiday at Bowral.

❖ ❖ ❖

A Tasmanian girl, Gillian Thompson, has recently announced her engagement to Charles Vincent, of Wambidgee, Gundagai.

❖ ❖ ❖

Quaint Derivation

WAGGA WAGGA is supposed to have acquired its name from the mournful cry of the crows. The poor birds, if there are any left in the district, must have had a bad spin last week-end, as the picnic races took place and their cries would never have been heard above the noise and tumult of gaiety!

Guests arrived from far and wide, and included members of well-known squatting families. The J. O. Robertsons, of Nargoon, motored a party from Gundagai. The Matt Sawyers were present, also the Beveridges, from Junee; the Horsleys, from Yabtree station; and the Gordon McKinnons.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Consul for Belgium, Jose Belthasar, left on Friday in the Narkunda en route for Belgium. He intends returning via America.

❖ ❖ ❖

Continental Travellers

MRS. JAMES SHUTE and her daughter, Valerie Daniel, send their last letters from Germany, where they are enjoying a short stay.

They have visited Switzerland, and have several other countries to see, but have allowed themselves ample time to return to London for the Coronation.

Mrs. Shute's son, Dr. Redvers Shute, hopes his mother will return immediately after the national celebrations in England, but she has made no definite plans to do so.

Have You Noticed—

That black is Mrs. Frank Penfold Hyland's favored color for the winter? With a double-breasted tailleur, Mrs. P. H. wears black patent shoes with a matching handbag, perfectly plain and very smart.

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Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

When Victoria the Good Was Crowned Queen

Coronation of a Century Ago

The Coronation is hard upon us. According to the cables, London is already filling up with visitors drawn like countless steel filings by the magnet of Coronation celebrations, pomp, and colorful display.

But this is no unprecedented phenomenon. Nearly one hundred years ago, Victoria was crowned Queen of England under similar circumstances.

THEN, as now, the ceremonies attendant upon such a solemn and yet joyful occasion filled London streets with out-of-town and overseas junketeers.

And, if Angela Thirkell's "Coronation Summer" can be taken as a true picture, these very early Victorian festivities were very little different to those which will mark the crowning of Victoria's great-grandson and his wife.

Here, for instance, is Miss Fanny Harcourt's description of portion of London on the eve of Coronation day, 1838:

"The town had a gay and festive air. Stands were erected in front of many of the clubs and shops, and workmen were putting finishing touches to the illuminations. Even by daylight, the hundreds of colored lamps were a very pretty spectacle, and if the gas jets were not so gay by day, they filled me with liveliest anticipations for the night."

On the great day, the ladies were awakened at 4 a.m. by the noise of cannon. It was raining, and "Our first thought was for our dresses, our second for the poor Queen." But all was well; neither the dresses nor the Queen's great day were spoilt. The major trouble experienced was with the crowd.

As for the procession itself, such was its magnificence that Miss Harcourt frankly admits the impossibility of describing it adequately.

"How can I describe our sensations," she writes, "as we saw the first soldiers turning the corner of St. James Street, and riding proudly along Pall Mall? It would be idle to attempt to describe the glittering throng."

She does, however, pick out highlights. French Marshal Soult, in a former Bourbon carriage, "Painted a rich cobalt relieved with gold," and with "A lamp with massive silver coronet at each corner, while the harness and furniture were white and silver"; the coach of the Belgian ambassador very fine except for the harness being tied up with string in places.

And the illuminations when the ladies, suitably escorted, ventured out that night to see them! They were "beyond my wildest dreams.

The Great Day

CORONATION summer for Angela Thirkell's two heroines, who saw the crowning of Victoria, was a time of gaiety, excitement, new frocks, flirtations, and love. A year hence, the author could write virtually the same story, altering only a few details, and she would be telling of the experiences of two visitors to London for the Coronation of 1937. There's very little new under sun.

All the clubs had vied with one another, and it was difficult to award the palm, though Crockford's, with the words, 'Victoria Regina,' in letters of fire six feet high, was among the finest. The Athenaeum had a large bulging British Crown all in gas, and the Ordnance Office was a blaze from top to bottom . . . We were particularly struck by the premises of the London Tea Company, who had a transparency tastefully outlined with colored lamps and the words, 'Our Angel Queen, Huzza.' "

Miss Fanny Harcourt's descriptions of the gaiety preceding Coronation Day are no less interesting and artless than her impressions of the big event itself. Just as thousands of feminine visitors to London are doing to-day, she and her friend, Emily, made their visit to the metropolis the occasion for a descent upon the fashionable dressmakers of the period.

For a few days, "Emily and I were fully occupied in visiting various modistes and mantua-makers . . . Especially did we doat upon a dress of white organdie embroidered with sprigs of colored worsted . . . It had a very low corsage en coeur, long full sleeves, and a ceinture of brilliant gorge de pigeon silk, and was worn with white silk stockings and black shoes."

The white organdie was a trifle too much for them, but each purchased "a handsome walking dress and dinner dress . . . besides hats, kid gloves, brodequins, shawls," not to mention other trifles.

"Coronation Summer." By Angela Thirkell. (Oxford University Press.)

YOU can't get any fun out of life if everything 'gets on your nerves'. In itself, that's a sign that you haven't the energy to cope with even trivial things. Probably you're not replacing, while you sleep, the energy used up — Night-Starvation, in fact.

Make your sleep *effective* with a regular cup of Horlick's at bedtime. Horlick's builds up your energy and keeps you fit and active. It's economical, too—just add water, the milk is in it. Prices from 1/6 — economy size, 2/9. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.

★ SPECIAL OFFER! — ½ lb. tin Horlick's — Mixer — Measuring Spoon — all for 2/-.

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MRS. LYONS *Popular Figure* IN LONDON

Daughter Sheila To Be Presented At The First Court

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

LONDON, Sunday.

A gathering of Cabinet Ministers, Foreign Office dignitaries and their wives, and hundreds of cheering people failed to perturb Mrs. Lyons when she stepped down, smiling, at Victoria Station, from Britain's crack express, "Golden Arrow," on arrival with her husband and daughter for the Coronation.

Looking slimmer, and smartly turned out in a jaunty navy hat, with a green coat over her navy frock, she was warmly greeted by Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Casey, and Lady Parkhill.

WITH her arms filled with flowers, Mrs. Lyons stepped forward to kiss a shy curly-headed youngster, who scrambled through the crowd with a posy for her.

Miss Sheila Lyons, who is accompanying her parents, seemed embarrassed by the scene, but was quickly made to feel at home when her mother presented her to Lady Astor, saying, "And this is my Sheila."

Later I had a long chat with mother and daughter in their suite at the Savoy Hotel. It was the suite Mrs. Lyons occupied on her previous visit.

Mrs. Lyons stopped at the doorway and exclaimed, "It's like coming home, and just to make it more homelike I am telephoning Australia in the morning to speak to my daughter Enid.

"I hope I won't cry like I did last time I phoned from London," she continued. "This trip hasn't so many terrors for me. I don't feel that Australia is so far away."

MRS. LYONS.

Mrs. Lyons told me that she herself is presenting Sheila at the first Court.

Sheila will wear an Australian white tulle frock, chosen because she heard this was the Queen's favorite material for Court.

Mrs. Lyons has ordered a London frock for the occasion.

Talking of the trip, Mrs. Lyons said: "The only hitch was at Milan, where we were held up for three days when Mr. Lyons contracted eye trouble. We had a most delightful time in Italy, where Mr. Lyons met Mussolini. We were entertained at the British Embassy at Rome, and bought many souvenirs."

Sheila is still a little shy. She is most anxious to see the English countryside. She has been writing a diary and sending many letters home.

Magnificent Suites

SHE gave an emphatic "No fear," when asked if she will deputise for her mother.

Mrs. Lyons and her daughter have been deluged with invitations. One function in Sheila's honor will be given by Mrs. Macfarlan at the International Club swimming pool, where Sheila will meet London's Younger Set.

Both are delighted with their flower-decked suites, which are soundproof, air-conditioned, and overlook the tree-girt, boat-filled Thames. Mrs. Lyons' suite is decorated with blue and pink-flowered bedcovers and grey and shot-pink curtains. There is a magnificent wall of Venetian mirrors, some opening on to wardrobes.

One leads to an ultra-modern bathroom decorated in palest grey marble inlaid with chromium.

Sheila's suite across the corridor from her mother is decorated in mushroom with beige hangings and covers. Her bathroom carries a color scheme of primrose and sapphire-blue.

Dreaded Meal Time

after taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia can eat anything

Nurse Ward Tells Her Story

The thought of eating roast pork three weeks ago would have terrified Nurse Ward, but to-day, thanks to 'Bisurated' Magnesia, she eats just what she fancies without the slightest twinge of that stabbing, gnawing pain which made eating a nightmare.

Another Triumph for 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Stomach pains, flatulence, indigestion, heartburn—these are all the direct result of burning, corrosive excess stomach acids. It is in these very acids that 'Bisurated' Magnesia dissolves, liberating the quickest and most effective antacids known to science. Don't suffer another day—get 'Bisurated' Magnesia now from your chemist.

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark BISMAG

SCIENTIFIC MANIPULATION REDUCES WEIGHT

Manipulative specialist, well recommended, twenty-five years experience New York, London, etc. accepts cases for reduction of weight; joint affections of all kinds; foot disorders (no chiropody); chronic ailments. CONSULTATION FREE. Telephone B1908.

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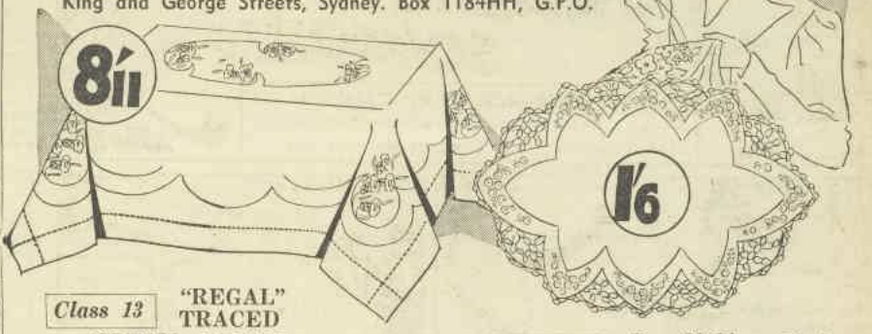
In sponsoring this NEEDLEWORK AND WOOLCRAFT COMPETITION, McDowells have endeavored to arrange the classes so that whether you are an expert or a novice, you will have an opportunity to share in the prize money. START NOW . . . Entries close July 19th, 1937. Write or Call Needlework Section, for full particulars. McDowells Ltd., King and George Streets, Sydney. Box 1184HH, G.P.O.



Class 13 "REGAL" TRACED CREAM LINEN DINNER CLOTH

For colored embroidery. Size, 54 x 72 inches for Crochet edge; 50 x 68 inches, hemstitched hem.

SPECIAL PRICE 8/11

1st Prize .. £4/4/-. 2nd .. £1/1/-. 2 consolation at 10/6 each.

Class 39 *For Children Under 15 Years of Age*

TRACED PURE IRISH LINEN CENTRES

Many designs in White or colored embroidery.

PRICE, each 1/6

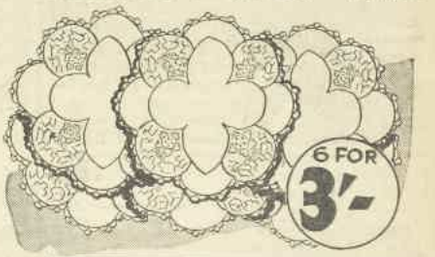
1st Prize, £1/1/-. 2nd, 10/6. 3rd, 5/-.

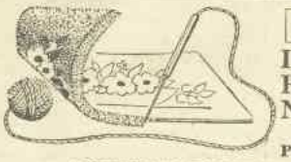
Class 16 SET OF SIX D'OYLEYS!

White or Cream Linen. A large variety of designs. Tatted or Crochet edge. To be worked entirely with Clarks or Coats cotton.

SET OF SIX D'OYLEYS 3/-

1st Prize .. £2/2/-. 2nd .. £1/1/- 3rd .. 10/6.





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PRICE 2/-

4-PLY WOOL FOR WORKING

PRICE 4½d. per skein.

Any size Rug worked entirely with needle and our Wool at above price.

1st Prize, £3/3/-. 2nd, £2/2/-. 3rd, 10/6

Class 25 LINCOLN MILLS "GOLDEN WATTLE" 4-PLY FINGERING

In all plain colors, also Heathers and Marl mixtures.

PRICE 6½d. per skein.

Boy's Pullover, Knitted entirely with "Lincoln" Golden Wattle Wool.

1st Prize, £2/2/-. 2nd Prize, £1/1/-. 3rd Prize, 10/6.

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The Treasurer reserves the right to close at any earlier date and partially to allot subscriptions.

(Prospectuses will be available at any Bank or Post Office.)

- Applications will be received by any Bank, Savings Bank, or Money Order Post Office, or by members of any recognised Stock Exchange.
- Proceeds of the Loan will be used for Public Works of the Commonwealth and States, and for other purposes.
- Subscriptions may be paid in full, or by instalments up to 3rd August, 1937.
- Interest will be paid on 15th April and 15th October of each year.
- Treasury Bonds are issuable in five denominations, commencing at £10; and Stock will be inscribed for £100 and multiples of £10 above £100.
- The Loan is secured, as to both principal and interest, upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund of the Commonwealth.
- Interest will not be subject to: (a) State Income or Special Tax; (b) Commonwealth Super-tax on property; or (c) Commonwealth Income Tax to a greater extent than that imposed by the Income Tax Act 1930, as amended by Section 2 of the Income Tax Act (No. 2) 1930.
- Bonds and Stock will be interchangeable, after the first payment of interest has been made, at any time on application through any branch of the Commonwealth Bank.
- The Loan is an authorised trustee investment under the Trustees Acts of all the States.
- Sinking Fund contributions at the rate of not less than 10/- per centum per annum will be paid into the National Debt Sinking Fund.
- Banks in Australia will not charge exchange on cheques for payment into the Loan, nor on interest payable on Stock or Bonds of the Loan.
- The Loan will be repaid at par on 15th October, 1948.
- The Loan is being issued under the authority of the Australian Loan Council.

Commonwealth Treasury, Canberra. ROBERT G. MENZIES, Acting Treasurer.

AMOUNT ASKED FOR

£7,500,000

HE smiled at her, the palms of his hands spread out downwards on each knee.

"There's not much romance about me," said Sheelagh, drying her eyes. "But there might have been," she added darkly. A girl has her pride, even if she is caught in a red and white check cotton dress at a party.

He said, "I'm waiting here to learn just everything about it."

So he heard the whole of that sad, early-morning idyll of John and Sheelagh, which was nipped so cruelly in the bud before it had flowered at all, while the first rays of the morning sun were just beginning to feel for it with long golden fingers, above the horizon.

"He was only first officer on the Warwickshire," said Sheelagh, "and that's not supposed to be good enough for me, though, as a matter of fact, he was far, far too good. Why, you've no idea what sort of a man he was. He stuck to his work the whole time and he never went ashore to the hotels when the ship was in port, and he was one in a million. But you see, my father is a judge, and it's very difficult. I daresay, being American, you probably don't realise all you have to suffer, if you are English, keeping up appearances."

"No. I guess if we like a man we just like him, right apart from his family tree, and, as a matter of fact, I came out on the Warwickshire myself, and I guess I can tell you the name of that young man myself for I singled him right out."

He referred to a little morocco-bound diary and said: "It was Mr. John Greatorex."

"There you are," cried Sheelagh's heart in wild triumph. "Millionaire's notice him!" Aloud she said, demurely enough, "Yes. That's him."

The stranger showed no desire to go. He remained talking to Sheelagh up there for a very long time. The saxophones blared alluringly at him from afar, but he heeded not their voices, and his eyes, twinkling through the thick horn-rimmed glasses as he looked at her, were so gentle and so kind that Sheelagh's spirits rose and she thought:

"He must like me a little. Oh, if only he would like me enough to marry me. I would make him such a good wife, and do all his mending and keep his house, and never get in his way. I'd do anything to get away from this life . ."

FOR, she thought sadly, there was nothing to be gained by clinging to that sad little romance that could never, never come to anything, and she would gladly have tried to erase the vision of that darling semi-detached villa from her mind, if only she could, for what was the use of being haunted and haunted by something you could never have?

To be sure, his conversation was quite impersonal. He told her about New England, and the maples that turned crimson in autumn there, and the white of the snow and the blue of the lakes in winter, with the fir trees standing out, black as etchings, all over the hills.

She never discovered his name.

"Who are you?" she said when, leaning at last over the stair-rail, she watched him go.

"I'm the Ice Cream Man," he said, and disappeared.

Mrs. Davis was in excellent bait next morning. The party had been a success. Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Desmond came in to lunch to talk it all over and help to eat up the remains.

"It was a great success, and I'm sure everyone enjoyed themselves immensely," said Mrs. Barber. "I do wish that tiresome man from the frontier would leave my Binnie alone, for she's too young yet for such nonsense, and there he was again, always hanging round her. 'She's just a child,' I said to him. 'Don't go worrying her like this and spoiling her fun.' 'Well, what do you bring a beautiful thing like that out here for?' says he, 'to break a man's heart!'"

Mrs. Davis said: "What about Marian? Did anything . . .? Are they . . .?"

THE *Ice-Cream* MAN

Continued from Page 16

Marian's mother sighed. "She never tells me anything. I don't think so. I'm sure I wish he would. All this tearing round and restlessness. I do envy you, Minnie, the way you've kept Binnie in hand. I don't know how you managed it. Marian is so wild. All these mad escapades they have will lead to trouble one of these days; but she won't listen to me. 'Mother, you're so staid,' she says."

"Daughters are a great nuisance," said Mrs. Davis. "I'm glad to say Sheelagh isn't old enough yet to be a serious problem."

Sheelagh sat staring at her plate, flushing, in silence.

"There was such a delightful man here last night," went on Mrs. Davis. "I don't know if you met him. From New England. He came with a letter of introduction from mutual friends, and we struck up quite a friendship."

"You and your conquests!" said Mrs. Barber, genially. She was a kind, roundabout little woman, and always tried to say what she knew would give pleasure.

Mrs. Davis bridled.

Please turn to Page 35

Puts the SUNSHINE

in your hair

CAMILATONE is a combined shampoo and rinse that brings new glories to your hair. It not only cleanses the hair gently, leaving it delightfully soft and glossy, but also brightens and enriches its tones and brings out those hidden lights that give to hair its life and charm. Try Camilatone just once — you will be fascinated by the change in your appearance.

You can obtain Camilatone at all chemists and stores at 9d. a packet, including special rinse to suit your shade of hair.

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Camilatone
BEAUTY SHAMPOO

DO YOU SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET?

If So You Need

Zam-Buk

DO you throw off your shoes with a sigh of relief as soon as you get home from work, shopping, or after a dance? Nine times out of ten it's not the fault of your shoes, but simply that you're not looking after those hard-worked feet of yours.

If you want feet in perfect condition, free from soreness, pain, and other discomforts, bathe them in warm water each night. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, instaps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened; chilblains are healed; and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. *Of all chemists & stores*

"My daughter's chilblains were so painful she couldn't wear shoes. Applications of Zam-Buk removed all itching and swelling and healed the chilblains" —Mrs. W. G.

"My feet were so painful it felt as though there were stones in my shoes. I also had a bad corn. Thanks to using Zam-Buk regularly my feet are now as sound after a hard day's work as when I got up." —Mrs. E. M. B.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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KING'S NURSE *Remembers* DIGGERS

Sister Catherine Black, M.B.E., R.R.C., who nursed the late King George from the time of his first serious illness until his death, is now in Australia.

ON holiday bent, she hopes to enjoy some of our winter sunshine, and to renew acquaintance with men of the A.I.F., whom she met when nursing during the war.

Sister Black, who travelled in the Ormonde, was with the King at Bognor when a staff of four nurses were in constant attendance. The services of the other nurses were gradually dispensed with as the King's health improved, but Sister Black remained with her Royal patient until his death eight years later.

Maintaining the high ethical standards of her profession Sister Black does not talk of those eight years.

"Unruly Patients"

"I REALISE the King belonged to us all," she said when interviewed by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, "and I was greatly privileged to know so closely a wonderful personality which could make him loved so much these thousands of miles away.

"He was just a patient to me and I was just a nurse, but he was the kindest person in the world and the best of patients. My eight years at the Palace were very happy, for I experienced every consideration."

Sister Black has a quiet, charming personality, gently humorous.

She was an Army nurse during the war, and for her services was awarded the Royal Red Cross. She nursed a great many Australians while on active service, and while admitting a deep regard for them personally she adds whimsically, that "they were the most unruly patients I encountered."

"TRUCK IN" *the Latest* DANCE

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London, by Air Mail.

"Truck in," the latest American ballroom invention, will be introduced to Australian dancers by Mr. Rory O'More MacDermote, who—as you might have guessed—is the son of Irish parents. He sailed from London in the Moreton Bay.

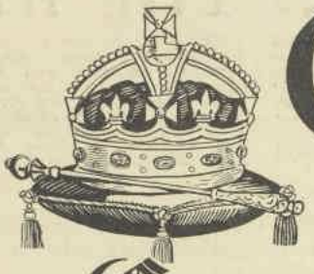
FIVE feet eleven, fair and good-looking, Mr. MacDermote has been on the staff of Henri Jacques' School in London for several years.

Starting out with stage ambitions he gave up acting for dancing, was a cabaret dancer for several years, then took up ballroom dancing, taught in the provinces and London, and has coached many competitors for the Imperial Society of Dancing examinations.

He described the "truck in" as a spirited dance that is a combination of tap-dancing modified for the ballroom, with a dash of the charleston to give it extra verve.

It is danced to a special number of the same name and is guaranteed to brighten any party.

Mr. MacDermote will teach the quickstep, a new Viennese waltz that is the old-fashioned waltz modified to make fewer demands on energy; the tango, rumba and rhythm dancing. He is confident that swing music will be with us for some time.



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Coronation Carnival

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DZ10—**A SNAPPY SPORTS SHAPE in FELT,** with Feather trimming at side. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Beige, Lido and Wine. Sizes 21½ & 22½ inches. **Usual Price** - - 8/-. **CARNIVAL PRICE** - - - **6/-**

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DO4—**DRESSY and SERVICEABLE COAT of Heavy All Wool Brushed Marle Tweed,** showing new large treated revers and Pockets. In Brown/Beige tonings. 33, 36, 39 ins. **Usual Price 28/11** **CARNIVAL PRICE** . . **18/11**

MD35—**A serviceable ALL WOOL BELTED CARDIGAN,** buttoned to neck, raised stitch design. Collar softly brushed, can be worn opened or closed. In Rust, Royal, Nigger, Fawn and Black. SW, W, OS, XOS. **Usual Price 19/11** **CARNIVAL PRICE** **14/-**

ME138 10/-

MR5 30/-

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ME138—The larger sizes in styles most suitable. Will wear and wash. V-neckline, finished with pleating and soft pleated jabot. Skirt has inverted pleat back and front. In Black and Navy, and sizes to fit

	Bust	Hips	Size
SPECIAL CARNIVAL PRICE 10/-	38"	41"	W
	42"	45"	SOS
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	48"	51"	XOS
	52"	56"	XXOS
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2GB—The Favourite Station

BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

What Do Trainers Care for Champions? . . . They Just Roll Them in the Dirt!

By BETTY GEE

So absurd! Why, the horses carry no saddle-cloth numbers and the jockeys look like apaches or cat burglars or something.

It all arose out of a party, when Dickie and I were invited to go to the track next morning to see the horses gallop. It appears that a member of the A.J.C. can stroll on to Randwick at any hour of the night or day. This night his klaxon stirred me out of my slumber at 4.30 a.m. and off we went into the cold dawn.

MY dears, you'd never back another racehorse if you'd once seen them undressed, but unashamed, like I did.

And as for jockeys and trainers! Well, I've certainly seen better - looking men — and that's not booming anybody.

I suppose one shouldn't have gone there expecting top hats and frock coats. Not that you ever see those even on race days, but in England all the trainers of any account wouldn't dream of going to Ascot or Newmarket without those accoutrements.

"That," said our member, "is Oro," pointing at a huge chestnut who came trotting on to the track.

"How do you know?" we asked. "He's wearing no number-cloth."

"They only save those for the races," he answered.

No Beau Brummels

Then he pointed out Micawber, the crack winter two-year-old, ridden by Darby Munro, unshaved, black-jowled, muffled up in a huge pull-over and a Bill Sikes cap that came down to his nose. All the romance gone with the absence of those neat white silk breeches and the brilliant colorings of race-day satins, alas!

And the trainers! Unshaven, too, and wearing old hats and other stormshields, they looked like Cromwell's Ironsides armed cap-a-pie against the weather.

In his famous black velour, Jack Jamieson superintended the work of twenty horses. He has one of these fluffy fur hats for every occasion—even the dawn gallops.

Then up came Mick Polson, no less, with Verberry and Barak, and you'd have been surprised if you'd seen what Randwick's best-dressed trainer had on.

Some ride hacks into the centre of the course to watch their racers work, and when, cropping the grass, these move suddenly to a new patch while the rider has his stopwatch on a fast trial, they do get annoyed.

Shabby Treatment

BUT you haven't heard anything yet! Wait till I tell you how they treat champions. You'll never want to back a horse again.

The gallop over, all warm and steamy, they come back to the stripping sheds (sounds nudist, doesn't it?), and are taken to the sand roll. As if they're not dirty enough already!

When they've grunted and wallowed in that for ten minutes, they go to the hosing dock, and, without so much as an "If-you-please," or any other warning, a freezing cold hose is squirted at them, all over, and even their tails get wet.

Then they're wiped off with a bit of old bagging. If I owned them they'd get Terry-towelling.

There are no lawn handkerchiefs for their noses either. Nostrils are just wiped out after the bath with the same bit of old hessian.

I tell you they do things to these glossy beautiful champion racehorses that you would not do to your husband.

I even saw them being scraped down with a piece of hoop-iron.

A few kick, and some try to stamp on the person's toes who submits them to this dire indignity. But, generally speaking, they take it like lambs, the fools. If they only had the intelligence man's best friend is supposed to have, they could be demanding Turkish baths, cashmere bouquet, cold-creams and other sweet unguents instead of this rough usage.

I did hear it said that the Melbourne trainer, Lou Robertson, shampoos his horses with some soothing skin-cream, and treats them generally like real ladies.

Wouldn't a horse hate to leave his stables?

Well, it didn't benefit me much seeing what I saw. They all went as fast as each other, so I still don't know which will win races and which won't, except the tips I've picked up far from the purlieus of Randwick.

Up Darlinghurst way there's a florist and the girl at the counter gets her "oil" from a cousin of the stable-lad who's going with her sister, and she says Fair Diana's "a sitter" for the Jas. Barnes Plate at Randwick next Saturday.

Fearless is the tip I've had from the butcher for the Two-year-old, and our favorite waiter won't have anything but Edible for the Novice.

★ When guests say, "What delicious savouries," you can be sure of one thing . . .

. . . of course they are made with PEEK FREAN CRACKERETTES

There's no mistaking Crackerettes. Compare them with other savoury biscuits. You can see and feel—as well as taste—the difference. Look at their golden-brown colour, feel how light and puffy they are . . . yet so easy to butter because they never crumble.

The delicate flavour of Peek Frean Crackerettes blends with any savoury mixture, and is equally delicious with butter and cheese.

Serve Crackerettes for supper and afternoon tea, with cocktails or at lunch. Be sure you ask for Crackerettes. Never accept substitutes.

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THE *Ice-Cream* MAN

"HE'S giving us a large dinner down at the Strand to-night," she said. "Americans are so hospitable. I liked him so much. Such nice manners. Such a sense of fun."

Mrs. Barber said, kindly: "Sheelagh, my dear, I don't think you are looking very well."

How could she guess that the reason for Sheelagh's sudden pallor was her mother's last remarks. The American was giving a dinner-party, and no doubt he had asked if Sheelagh might come, too, and no doubt her mother had refused. And Sheelagh wanted to go, as she had never wanted to go to anything before, because she knew so well that he liked her a little and she wanted a friend so much.

She braved her mother later, in her bedroom.

"Mother, why can't I go to this dinner-party?"

"Because you were not asked," said her mother coldly.

Sheelagh just did not believe that, but she dared not sa yso.

"He was so kind to me last night," she said. "I don't believe he would leave me out."

"He came upstairs?"

Mrs. Davis turned on her dressing-table stool, and stared at her daughter. "What were you doing to make him come upstairs?"

"I didn't do a thing. He followed a dish of ice-cream. But he stayed ages, and I know he likes me."

"There is nothing so disastrous as a plain girl who imagines that every man who is polite to her has fallen madly in love with her, Sheelagh."

"Oh mother, I didn't. . . . Only I know he wouldn't leave me out, because he was surprised I was up there, all alone, at a party."

"So you've been taking the role

Continued from Page 32

of the interesting martyr, have you? First you flirt with a stoker, or something of that sort, then we have this new departure. Children are indeed a joy!" said Mrs. Davis, so angry that she could not trust herself; and she went away.

But later she calmed a little, remembering that the charming American had invited her to the dinner-party after he had discovered she had a grown-up daughter, and he hadn't asked Sheelagh, in spite of the child's idea he had. So that everything was evidently all right.

The long, not day wore to a close. No word came for Sheelagh and she had to resign herself to the prospect of remaining at home. She told herself that he had been just a kind-hearted man, sorry for her and nothing more, but, ah, the bitterness of being the sort of girl men practise their kind-heartedness upon! thought Sheelagh.

Now it was night, and the rear-light of the car had long disappeared Rangoonwards along the road, and she was all alone. She cried a little, but that was a waste of time, so she curled herself up on the sofa, and closed her eyes, and called back her favorite day-dream once again.

That was why she did not open them at once when the voice said, "Sheelagh."

She had been had so often that way, before. She had half thought, a dozen times, that she saw him standing there, square and dependable, his eyes very blue with all that looking at nothing but sea, and sea. . . .

Only this time, strangely enough, it was true.

Now she was in his arms. Not very coherently he was telling her that he had news, that something had happened, that everything was different. In the end it all boiled down to a letter which they had to hunt for frenzledly because in his agitation he could not remember in which of his many pockets he had put it.

They curled up together side by side on the big sofa where often she had been so lonely. "I know I shall wake up," said Sheelagh. But the dream went on and on.

The letter was written on paper so thick, so affluent and determined that it was almost a day's work, to tear open the envelope. Inside, in spidery slanting writing, she read:

"Sheelagh, from the Ice-Cream Man, who is also fond of romance.

"Mr. Greatorex is going to explain everything to you while I hold your family hostage in the town. I'll see to it they don't get back till long after midnight; so, Cinderella, get busy and call that coach!

"On second thoughts I'll lend Mr. Greatorex my car. It will be quicker. There is a ticket enclosed in this letter and enough money to help you along until your John can take over. God bless you and lots of fun. Gather rosebuds while you may, Sheelagh, for if you don't do it young, maybe you never will, and at any rate later on they don't smell near so sweet. This is your wedding present from

"ADRIAN CANE."

Sheelagh said nothing much but, "Oh . . . Oh . . . Oh . . ." The dream went on and on.

"He came out with us and seemed a nice sort of fellow. We had long talks. He's one of the biggest shipping men in America. We talked quite a bit about cargoes and so on, and when we were in Colombo he asked me to dinner but I couldn't leave the ship. Yesterday, in he came and offered me a shore job in Liverpool in their new office there. 'Eight hundred a year,' says he, 'to start. But he must be a married man, and that,' says he, 'is the one thing against you, but take this letter along,' he says, 'to this nice young lady and I daresay she will help you out. See you in the summer some time when I'm over,' says he, and goes out."

Please turn to Page 36

Keep those hands young and lovely

– by constantly renewing Natural Moisture!

Your hands are part of your own special characteristic beauty — don't let them grow red and rough and old before their time! It's lack of natural moisture that destroys their beauty, you know — return this moisture by using Pond's new Lotion daily and they'll always be as soft and white and lovely as they are now. Pond's Lotion is entirely new. Its smooth fragrant cream sinks deep into the skin, nourishing, softening and whitening. Keep a bottle where it's convenient to use after washing the hands. Use on all skin surfaces — it's cooling after sunburn too!

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IT is a priceless boon to all who use it, for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you. It is! EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and Testimonials.

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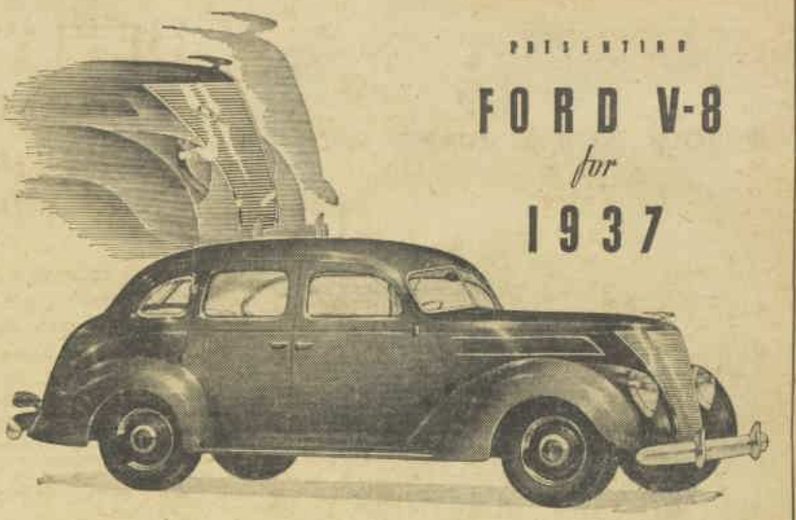

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For 1937 Ford also introduces two new body types—the Club Coupe (illustrated) and the Club Roadster. Each seats six adults *inside* the body. The back seat may be removed giving extra luggage accommodation extending from front seat to rear boot.

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NEW EASY ACTION SAFETY BRAKES.
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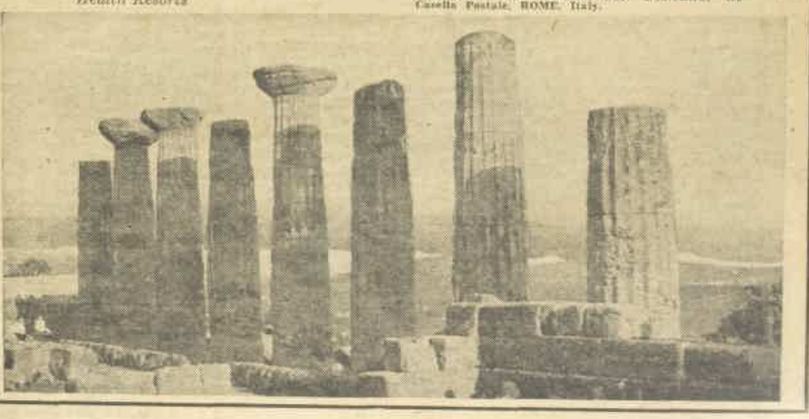

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Sound, Steady 'Ovaltine' Nerves

—they mean so much

A MAN needs steady nerves to cope successfully with the rush and bustle of modern life. Clear thinking, bold decision, rapid action, depends so much on a healthy state of the nervous system.

The all-important essential for strong, steady nerves is correct nourishment. But ordinary foods are not sufficiently rich in the nutriment necessary to make good the abnormal wastage of the nerve cells and tissues. What you need is "Ovaltine".

Scientifically prepared from malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" is abundantly rich in nerve-restoring nourishment. It is unequalled as the daily beverage for maintaining perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves. And "Ovaltine" is the world's best night-cap for ensuring sound, refreshing sleep. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover the cost of packing and postage. See address below.

Nett Weight INCREASED 12½% in all sizes.

Small Size:	Medium Size:	Large Size:
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Listen to the KRAFT MUSIC PARADE
Australia's Biggest Radio Programme

THE *Ice-Cream* MAN

Continued from Page 35

THE moon, like an orange lantern hanging out over the water, helped Sheelagh to pack her bag. She was far too flustered to turn on the light, and anyway it did not matter much what she took with her. All her clothes were terrible.

"You know what it means, my lovely," said John, holding her for a moment at arm's length. "Eight hundred a year isn't riches, compared with this. There'll be no cocktails and fine clothes and parties and high doings such as you've been accustomed to; but if my love can make up to you for all you're giving up for me . . ."

She said: "Oh, John, John!" and shook her head, half-laughing and half-crying, because it was all so lovely and it was all so funny, and she could never really make him understand.

So hand in hand they crept away and no one saw them go save the orange and scarlet cannas and the fruit bats and the big moon that hung like an orange lantern out over the waters, but never told any tales.

MRS. DAVIS wondered why Sheelagh was so late for breakfast next morning, and she wasn't going to stand any sulking and went upstairs to tell her so. Mrs. Davis' temper was not of the best, for the evening had not been as exciting as she had anticipated, and the American gentleman had been in a queasy, enigmatical mood she could not understand, and appeared to be chuckling quietly at a good joke all his own.

Instead of being attentive to Mrs. Davis, he had looked at the moon and talked impersonally about youth and romance a great deal more than she cared for.

So she went to take it out of Sheelagh, but all she found was an empty room and a note pinned on to the pincushion in the best romantic style, which said:

"Mother.

"I am going back to England to marry John. He has got a good shore job through Mr. Cane, who has been too wonderful to us. We shall live in our own little house John is building. It has cromium-plated taps and every labor-saving device, and we shall be very happy. I am sorry I have always been such a disappointment to you, but it couldn't be helped, and now you need not worry about me any more.

"Sheelagh."

As she stood there letter in hand she heard, faint and far off, the siren of the Warwickshire, which had sailed at dawn down the river and, to her straining ears, it held a derisive, mocking note. She closed her eyes, and saw the white ship headed for home, and a little house, and the ox-eye daisies and dog roses and crimson poppies of an English summer.

Perhaps it was rage that suddenly made her cry. Perhaps it was not.

MR. ADRIAN CANE sat in his luxurious New England home behind a large heap of golden-brown pancakes and maple syrup, and at his elbow was that sort of cup of coffee they cannot know in England who only England know. He was reading a letter and his face was screwed up into so many wrinkles over it that Mrs. Cane said mildly:

"Say, Adrian, is there anything wrong?"

She was a charmin[illegible]ade, with that soignee appe[illegible]nly American women can [illegible] in the early morning.

"I've got it," he said. "For a while I couldn't remember. You'll laugh."

He threw it over the table to her.

"My Dear Ice Cream Man," it said, "how am I ever going to thank you? Indeed, it is a waste of time to try. But if ever you are in England I hope you will come and see our little house, which is adorable. I just can't thank you enough for making things come out right for us.

"Sheelagh Greatorex."

"And who," said Mrs. Cane, "was she? You've mentioned so many . . ."

"Why, she was just a little girl crying on a sofa in a great big house, because nobody loved her. The sunset and the temple bells, and the moonlight on the water over there made me feel so romantic that I just had to do something for her, so I got hold of her young man, and I lent him my car and I pulled a few strings . . ."

"Was she—pretty?" She loved him very much, so she was always a little jealous, and she had never been at all sure of the wisdom of letting him go off on that long trip all alone, who was just a child at heart.

He sat with his hands palm downwards on each knee, the light shining on his glasses, his eyes screwed up, trying to remember.

"Dog-gorn," he said. "Ask me another. I'm sunk if I know."

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Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood, New South Head Rd., Rose Bay. Age 53. Taken July, 1936.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood, after 10 applications of New Plasmic. Taken August 18, 1936.

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Yet once he was a "dud" at sports

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
Saturday, May 8, 1937. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Those Old-Fashioned FIREPLACES

Suggestions for Remodelling or Redecorating to bring into line with Modern Furnishings of Rooms

The great days of mantelpieces, lintels, and grates were the Georgian. They knew how to make a grate and mantelshelf a decorative feature in perfect proportion with the room and of perfect proportions themselves.

By Our Home Decorator

THE lintel and shelf were of marble or carved and moulded wood. These are expensive to come by now, but imitations are obtainable.

In newer homes fireplaces are simply designed and pleasing to gaze upon, and a well-proportioned mantelpiece needs no ornaments on it, unless it be a clock for practical purposes and a vase of flowers as a color note.

Unfortunately, in many homes, especially those built 40 and 50 years ago, the fireplaces are often monstrosities. The color and design are appalling, and the mantel is designed to hold dozens of ornaments which take half an hour to dust.

You may have redecorated the rest of the room, and now the fireplace absolutely refuses to harmonise with the new scheme. It remains a perpetual eyesore. The overmantel you detest, but don't know what to replace it with.

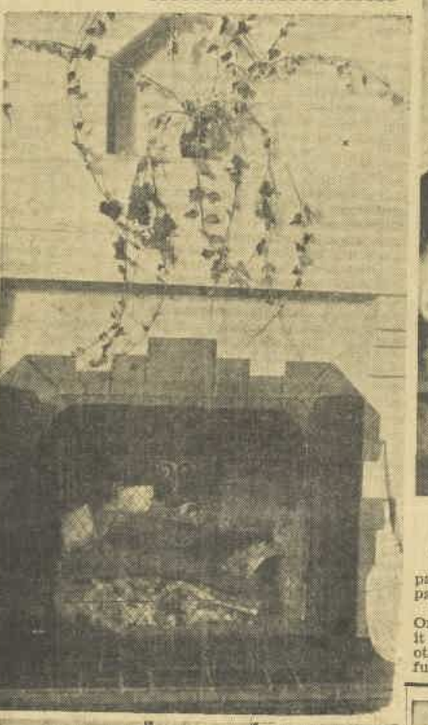
The best way out of the difficulty if you don't want to take it away is to have plain walls and then to paint the mantel all over with exactly the same color as that used on your walls.

Sometimes the fireplace and mantelpiece in the bedroom are out of place. You don't have the fire there. When you want the room warmed you use a gas stove or an electric fire. The grate creates a draught and the whole thing seems too big for the room.

If you want to get rid of the draught and to eliminate the intruding decoration, box the whole thing in with plywood.

Bring the plywood up to the level of the mantelshelf. Leave an aperture at the bottom of the casing large enough to fit the gas stove or electric fire, so that the fumes may go up the chimney.

Paint the plywood the color of your walls. If you have patterned paper on the walls, white, grey, or pale olive green are good colors. A fender is unnecessary before an electric stove.



ANOTHER pleasing fireplace. The mantel is of synthetic stone with a niche in the wall above for holding a vase of flowers.

In living-rooms the problem of the ugly fireplace is not so easy to solve. If you want to have a coal fire in the grate in winter, a plywood casing is ruled out. Let's take in order the things most likely to give offence.

(1) The grate may be surrounded with tiles of a really fearsome nature. Perhaps they are multi - colored, like Russian cake, or plain, but of so staring a red, green, or blue that they clash raucously with the rest of the room.

Tiles can easily be painted an agreeable color. Do not try ordinary paint. There are special hard gloss paints for tiles which are heat-resisting.

When you choose your paint for the tiles, don't go in for gay colors. They will not look well. If possible, select a paint with a flat finish rather than a glossy one. Neutral tints look far better, especially grey. Avoid reds, greens, or blues, and on no account use orange. Black sometimes looks well.

(2) The surround is that part of your fireplace which is neither tiles nor grate. It may be of wood or it may be of metal embossed with wriggling designs, or it may be of marble.

If it is of marble leave it alone and make your tiles and walls throw up the stone. A white or grey marble mantelpiece is a handsome feature if you give it a chance.

True, there are some hideous ones, and these need a coat of special paint.

Ugly wood surrounds and ugly metal ones should certainly be painted over, and the mantelshelf painted to match.

There are two courses to take. One is unoriginal but safe—paint it the same color as your walls. The other is bolder and more successful if it works—paint it stone color or grey, but not the same grey as your tiles, rather a lighter and bluer shade.

Never paint a surround a bright color that does not exist in wood or stone. The effect will be amateurish and disquieting.

WHEN SIMPLICITY IS CHARMING. Gloria Stuart, Fox actress, beside the fireplace in her home in Hollywood. Notice the circular hearth of bricks and the attractive circular mirror on the wall above.

TWO FIREPLACES created in synthetic stone. The one on the left, adapted from a period design, is suitable for the room furnished in old-time style. That on the right is essentially simple and modern and equally suitable for coal or for gas or electric fire.

By courtesy Grace Bros.

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Not half so much as good health and good food. It's the things he *enjoys* that do him most good, and there are very few things he enjoys half so much as sandwiches of Peck's Anchovette or Salmon and Shrimp. Give him Peck's when he's peckish and he'll be fine.

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M1373 B

DELICIOUS *Home-Tried* RECIPES

Entries in Our Best Recipe Competition

Here is something to please every housewife. Delectable dishes, tried in home kitchens, unusual and simple to make.

They have been selected as the best of the recipes sent by readers as entries in our big recipe competition.

TRY these, then send us your own very best recipe.

Every week a first prize of £1 is awarded for the best entry received, as well as consolation prizes of 2/6 each for every other recipe published.

All you have to do is write out a good recipe, attach full name and address and send to The Australian Women's Weekly, with envelope marked "Best Recipes." It's a chance to win a little pocket money, and a happy way of helping others.

JELLY SANDWICH

Three and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 4 dessertspoons sugar, 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons red wine, 2 cups water, 1 cup milk, vanilla to taste, some stewed fruit, or 1 tin preserved fruit.

This pudding is made in layers like a rainbow cake. For the first of these take the juice of the stewed fruit and lemon, and add to water with 3 dessertspoons of sugar, 2½ dessertspoons of gelatine, and pinch of salt. Stir all over fire, until gelatine is dissolved, then pour half into a round cake tin, in which you have arranged the fruit.

Make the second layer of the milk and remainder of the gelatine, sweetened with the rest of the sugar and flavored with vanilla. Stir sugar into milk until dissolved, melt gelatine in little hot water, and when nearly cold mix into milk. When jellied fruit has set, pour this on top and let it set before adding the third layer.

If the jelly left from the first mixture has set, melt it, add wine, and pour on top of the second layer. When turned out of the cake tin onto a glass dish, the fruit layer will be on top.

Decorate top with whipped cream, put on in spoonfuls and either cherries or strawberries on top of cream.

£1 for this recipe to Mrs. A. C. Chapman, Braemar, Pomona, N.C. Line, Qld.

ORIENTAL SUNDAE

Four bananas, 3 passionfruit, 3 apples, 2 oranges, and any other fruit in season, 1 stale sponge cake, 1 pint of hot water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup sugar, juice of 2 lemons, cochineal.

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water, add sugar, lemon juice, and few drops cochineal. Have a large dish lined with sponge cake fingers, and pour jelly over. Prepare fruit as for a salad and place in layers over jelly, leaving passionfruit for top layer. Leave until jelly is set firm, then serve with whipped cream.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Holmes, 37 Harvey St., Prospect, S.A.

CURRIED MUSHROOM SAUSAGES

One pound mushrooms, 2oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon raw grated onion, 3oz. brown breadcrumbs, 1 slightly-beaten egg, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon marmite, 1 saltspoon curry powder, pinch nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, frying fat.

Clean, peel and cook mushrooms in butter for 6 minutes. Allow to cool, then mince very finely. Grate hard-boiled eggs. Dissolve marmite in a spoonful of hot water. Mix all ingredients together thoroughly, then turn out on a floured board and shape into sausages. Fry in deep boiling fat, using a frying basket if possible. Drain well. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Cropper, 5 Bennett Avenue, Lakemba, N.S.W.

OMELETTE ROYAL

Two eggs, separated, 5 teaspoons flour, 5 teaspoons cornflour, 2 cups milk, salt and pepper.

Beat egg yolks lightly, add flour and cornflour. Slowly add milk, salt and pepper. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into two buttered cake tins and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. This omelette will not fall and may be served with many different fillings between the layers, such as mushrooms, chicken and asparagus.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss G. Evans, c/o Miss Maley, Bay View Terrace, Claremont, W.A.

BANANA SOUFFLE

Beat 2 ripe bananas to a pulp, add 2 cups finely-grated breadcrumbs, pulp of a large baked apple and grated rind of half lemon. Beat all lightly together with a fork; add yolks 3 eggs (well-beaten). Pour into a piedish, and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Beat whites to stiff froth, add 6 tablespoons sugar. Place on top and bake till hard in slow oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Ransom, Campania, Tas.

CALF'S LIVER PATE

One and a half cups cooked calf's liver, 2 tablespoons lean ham, 2 eggs, 3 slices of fat bacon, 2 teaspoons minced parsley, 1 dash ground mace, 1 small onion, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and paprika to taste.

Put liver, uncooked bacon, and ham twice through mincer. Add parsley, mace, salt, pepper, paprika, and onion finely minced. Beat eggs and stir into mixture. Mix thoroughly, then turn into a mould or baking dish, well greased with butter or oil, and thickly sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Bake in slow oven for one hour. Cool, unmould, and serve cut in thin slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss T. Renfree, 27 Cairns Grove, Bentleigh SE14, Melbourne.

PEAR AND PARSNIP CHUTNEY

Two pounds cooking pears, 6 large parsnips, 12oz. sugar, 2½ pints vinegar, 4 small pieces garlic, 1 Spanish onion, ½oz. cayenne pepper, ½oz. mustard seed, ½oz. allspice.

Pare and core pears, scrape and pare parsnips. Boil together gently until tender, then strain and chop into small pieces. Put into pan and add onion, which has been minced, salt to taste, and then the rest of ingredients. Bring slowly to the boil, stirring constantly, and allow to simmer gently for 30 minutes. When cool, bottle mixture and make jars airtight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Forlonge, 23 Nancarrow Street, Dubbo, N.S.W.

THIS WEEK

EGG DISHES

Eggs are one of the most nourishing foods, and there are dozens of exciting ways of serving them. For this reason, this week's section is devoted to a variety of recipes for using eggs.

EVERY week our cookery expert selects one popular subject from recipes sent by readers and special cash prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every recipe published.

Here then is a very good reason why you should enter our recipe competition right away.

EGG RISSOLES

Boil 4 eggs hard, remove shells, and chop finely. Mix with 2 tablespoons fine breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon curry powder, and a little nutmeg. Beat an egg well and with it bind mixture, using a little milk if necessary. Form into balls, dip each in egg and browned breadcrumbs and fry in deep boiling fat till a golden brown. Drain and serve very hot.

2/6 to Mrs. R. Gloster, Ormiston, Qld.

EGG PIE

About ¾lb. flaky pastry, 3 eggs, 1oz. cheese, salt and pepper.

Roll out pastry and cut fairly thick round large enough to fit top of sandwich tin. Roll out remainder of pastry until thinner; cut a larger round and line the tin. Grate cheese finely. Break eggs each into a cup and then pour whole into the pastry-lined tin. Sprinkle them with the cheese and season with salt and pepper.

Dampen edge of pastry and cover with thicker round, pressing edges well together. Brush top with milk to glaze pastry, and put into hot oven to bake for about 20 minutes. Can be served cold; sufficient for four persons.

2/6 to Mrs. W. L. Anderson, 160 North St., Rockhampton, Nth. Qld.

POACHED EGGS IN ASPIC

Poach as many eggs as required. When done, slip on slide into cold water. When cold, trim nicely. Lay in a long dish as many slices of lean ham (each trimmed to size of the egg) as there are eggs. Arrange eggs on ham, cover gently with another thin slice, then submerge all in aspic jelly, flavored with tarragon vinegar. Serve in dish or cut out each egg and serve separately.

2/6 to Helen H. Nickels, Willow Glen, Forreston, S.A.

CURRIED SCRAMBLED EGGS

Four eggs, 4 teaspoons cornflour, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 dessertspoon curry powder.

Beat eggs and cornflour, add salt, pepper, curry powder, and milk. Melt butter in frying-pan, add mixture, and stir over fire till it thickens. Heap on rounds of hot buttered toast and serve.

2/6 to Mrs. S. Joel, Quaniang, via Harsham, Vic.

CREAMED EGGS

Have pan of a size to keep eggs from spreading too much. Butter thoroughly and break eggs in carefully. Put small pieces of butter and tablespoon of cream over each egg; salt and pepper, bake for about five minutes or until eggs are done.

2/6 to Miss Phyllis McGillivray, 140 Bell's Rd., Lithgow, N.S.W.

LYONNAISE EGGS

Six eggs, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1½ cups milk, 1 chopped onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper to taste.

For four persons: Cook onion in butter for 10 minutes. Add flour and cook until mixture is smooth, stirring constantly. Gradually pour in milk. Cook 3 minutes, still stirring. Season with pepper and salt and pour into deep hot baking-dish. Carefully break into it the six eggs. Cover eggs with bread or, if liked, cream cracker-crumbs can be used. Bake for about 10 minutes in moderate oven, until eggs are set. Serve with a green salad.

2/6 to Mrs. D. T. Landers, Capeton, via Inverell, N.S.W.

Baby Enjoys Peaceful Sleep

A Mother writes from Enfield, N.S.W., as follows:—

"I think Ashton & Parsons Powders are the best I've used. I have tried others, but they had no effect whatever on Baby, whereas your powders seemed to soothe and take all fever out of him. Also, until I tried Ashton & Parsons, Powders, Baby never seemed to be able to sleep, but since giving him your powders he sleeps quite peaceful. I can thoroughly recommend Ashton & Parsons Powders to any mother whose Baby is teething."

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are intended to ease pain, soothe the child and check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers, ensure the best protection and comfort for Baby by using Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders, which are perfectly harmless.

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20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131-133 Palmer Street, Sydney.

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When your dog begins to lose hair at base of tail and surrounding parts, attended by intense itching, he is almost certainly suffering from worms and should be promptly treated. BARKO Worm Mixtures and BARKO Worm Powders are safe, speedy and certain in action. They definitely rid your dog of worms, thereby laying the foundation of perfect health and fitness.

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Twelve distinct Herbs banish gloom and restore the joy of living.

For more than 70 years Mother Seigel's Syrup has been known all over the world as the finest of all family remedies for Biliousness, Pains after Eating, Flatulence, Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Acidity and Liver and Stomach Disorders.

Remember, good health and an optimistic outlook on life are founded on good digestion. Let Mother Seigel's Syrup bring these gifts to you by stimulating your Liver, regulating your Bowels and giving you new strength and new life. For Sluggish Liver, Disordered Stomach and impaired Digestion there is nothing to equal Mother Seigel's Syrup. At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/-.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

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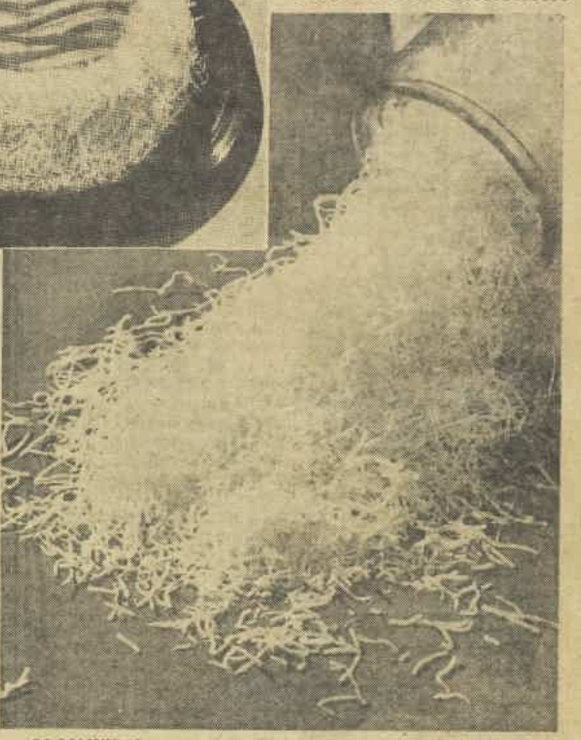
ALL THESE RECIPES HAVE BEEN TESTED IN OUR KITCHEN

COCONUT *Adds Fine* FLAVOR

Nourishing too . . . this food has myriads of uses in cooking and its addition greatly improves many dishes

By . . .
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



COCONUT IS a general family favorite, and nourishing, too. In addition to being useful for flavoring, it is useful for decorating. Two examples are shown above—one a cake coated with shredded coconut except for the centre which is filled with lemon cheese, and the second, garnished with desiccated coconut on top.

Coconut adds interest to all kinds of cakes, small and large, biscuits and tarts, giving them a delicious nutty flavor, as well as being invaluable in making puddings, sweets, pies, and even curry—not to mention the old favorite—coconut ice!

FOR use in cooking, coconut is sold by the pound in three grades—fine, medium or coarse—or can be bought in packets.

Coconut can be used in cakes, puddings, pies, tarts, sweets, sprinkled on icing, and improves a curry when added to it.

COCONUT SLICES

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1½oz. butter, 5oz. sugar, yolk of egg, milk if necessary, whites 2 eggs, 1 cup coconut, 1 dessertspoon cold water.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add 1oz. sugar, make into a dry dough with the egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, roll into a square about 8in. deep. Lay in a greased swiss-roll tin, spread thinly with jam or lemon cheese. Beat whites stiffly, add remainder of sugar, coconut, and water. Mix well. Spread evenly over jam. Place in moderate oven and cook slowly about 25 minutes. When cooked, mark into finger lengths. But leave on tin till cold.

COLORED COCONUT

For decorative purposes coconut can be tinted and used for garnishing various dishes.

Sprinkle coconut on a flat plate. Pour over small quanitty of coloring. Rub it well in till required shade is obtained. Store in airtight jar.

COCONUT OYSTERS

One and a half ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, white of 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. coconut, 4oz. self-raising flour, whipped cream.

Cream butter and sugar, add milk, then white of egg, lastly sifted flour and coconut. Three parts fill plain round patty tins with the mixture. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. When ready for use cut through the centre and fill with whipped cream and sprinkle with icing sugar.

COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH TART

Shortcrust, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup brown sugar, essence, shredded coconut, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter.

Bake pastry case. Boil milk, add blended flour and sugar. Cook till thick, add butter and egg-yolks. Cook 1 minute, then add coconut. Pour into pastry case, cover with meringue made of egg-white and 1½ tablespoons sugar. Sprinkle with sugar and coconut, and bake in slow oven to set meringue.

COCONUT MERINGUE TARTS

Half-pound shortcrust, jam, whites 3 eggs, 6oz. sugar.

Make shortcrust, roll out thinly, cut into rounds with fluted cutter, line deep patty tins with the rounds and place little jam in each. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar, mix well, then coconut (use medium coconut). Place dessertspoon of mixture into patty tins. Bake in moderate oven from 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to sieve to cool.

COCONUT PIE

Shortcrust, 1½ cups milk, heaped tablespoon cornflour, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup coconut, yolks 2 eggs, vanilla, whites 2 eggs, sugar.

Blend cornflour, pour on warm milk and cook over low gas till thick. Stir in sugar, coconut, and yolks. Cook for 1 minute more, and add vanilla. Make pastry, and line a deep sandwich tin with it. Prick centre of the pastry. Bake till pale brown in moderate oven. Pour in custard mixture. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar, and heap roughly on the custard. Return to oven till meringue is pale brown. Serve hot or cold.

COCONUT BREAD PUDDING

One cup breadcrumbs, ¼ cup coconut, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch salt, nutmeg, vanilla essence.

Soak crumbs and coconut in the milk for 15 minutes. Add beaten eggs, sugar, melted butter, and essence. Pour into well-greased piedish. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven till the custard is set. Serve either hot or cold.

COCONUT SANDWICH

Half cup butter, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup coconut, soaked in a little milk, 1¼ cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ cup cornflour.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, coconut, and lastly sifted flour, baking powder and cornflour. Place in two 7-inch square sandwich tins, and cook in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

COCONUT KISSES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. cornflour, 2oz. coconut, jam, icing sugar.

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating in well. Add the flours, which have been well sifted, then coconut. Put small spoonfuls of mixture on well-greased swiss-roll tins. Bake in a quick oven 8 to 10 minutes. When cold, join two together with jam or mock cream, and sprinkle with icing sugar.

COCONUT SHORTBREAD

One cup self-raising flour, 1½ cups sugar, little milk, 2 eggs, 2 cups coconut, 1 tablespoon butter, yolk 1 egg, jam.

Sift flour, rub in butter. Add ¼ cup sugar, mix into a dry dough with yolk and milk. Then turn onto floured board, roll out into a square, and lay in greased swiss roll tin. Spread with jam. Beat eggs. Add remainder of sugar and coconut. Mix well. Spread over jam. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into finger-lengths and leave on tin till cold.

COCONUT BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 9oz. sugar, 1 egg, 12oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. coconut, 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, milk, sifted flour and coconut. Take piece about size of a walnut and roll into a ball. Press down on sugar and place on greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in slow oven till a pale straw color. Leave on tin till cold.

COCONUT ICE

One pound sugar, 1 gill water, 2 teaspoons glucose, 4oz. coconut, essence, carmine.

Boil sugar, water, and glucose to 240deg. F. or till it boils. Remove from flame. Beat till white, add coconut, kneading in well. Color half pink. Press white portion into square, damp with a little water. Press pink portion into square the same size. Lay it on the white. Leave till set, then cut into squares.

Women who are martyrs to PAIN

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Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
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A cup of BOURNVILLE is a cup of FOOD

"That's right, give her plenty of Bournville Cocoa. It's been the making of her. There must be a lot of goodness in it to give her those rosy cheeks."

There *is* a lot of goodness in Bournville Cocoa. Doctors will tell you it is a valuable food. It has a high mineral content and children must have minerals to build up sturdy constitutions. Give your children Bournville Cocoa regularly—they love its "chocolaty" flavour—and made with milk and a little sugar it is 45% more nourishing than milk alone.

MAKE A BIG JUGFUL TO-NIGHT

Bournville is so good for everybody and so light and easy to digest. And it's economical; a ¼-lb. tin provides 20 breakfast cupfuls.

Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA for extra nourishment

C3.247

ONE OF THE children's favorites, little Jane Withers, 20th Century-Fox film player, who has her own little garden, which she tends with great enthusiasm.

GARDENS *for the* CHILDREN

Plan a plot and grow your own flowers. They will make charming gifts for mother—says The Old Gardener

Because next Sunday is Mother's Day, the Old Gardener this week makes a special appeal to the children to show their appreciation of mother by cultivating a garden bed for her. He also gives simple advice on growing carnations, the emblem for Mother's Day, that should be helpful to both adult and the little gardeners.

HULLO, children! It is to you I wish to talk this week, because next Sunday is the day set aside for tribute to all mothers throughout the world, and I think it is a fitting moment now to remind you how much you can do for her in the garden.

The first Mother's Day service was held in a little Methodist Church in Philadelphia (U.S.A.), under the auspices of Miss Anna Jarvis. Miss Jarvis decorated the little church throughout with white carnations, and ever since then the second Sunday in May has been Mother's Day, with the white carnation as her special emblem.

So, children, do not forget to wear the white flower next Sunday—a carnation if possible, but any white flower will serve.

Your Aid

TRY all the year round to help her in the garden, for it is here she will appreciate your aid. If you wish to do your bit, plan a garden bed yourself. Begin now, you will find it interesting and delightful to be able to pick flowers which you yourself have grown, and your mother will get great joy from the thought that you grew them for her.

And as a happy gesture why not cultivate carnations in your garden plot? In many colors, they are always attractive, sweetly perfumed, and easy to grow.

The soil of the garden bed should be fairly light, not too sandy, and not too heavy. Medium soil is best. If the soil is heavy, mix sand or horse manure with it, if light, sandy soil, mix in well-decayed, cow manure or a little heavy soil, and bring it to the right tilth to suit them.

Carnations can be planted the whole year round, so that, if you put in the young plants now, they will be flowering this time next year, just when you will be wanting them, providing that you keep them nipped back during the growing period—until about March. Then let them form their buds.

Carnations are lime lovers, so sprinkle a little lime around them from time to time, and fork lightly in; also dust the foliage to keep down insect pests.

LISTEN-IN to the gardening talk given by the Old Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly every Sunday at 4.30 p.m. from station 2GB.

There are three methods of growing them. And once you have planted one plant of each kind you can go on propagating until you have as many as you require.

Propagation is done from seeds, cuttings, and layering. Growing from seed is most interesting, for you may often secure a bloom that no other person has procured before.

Growing from cuttings is very simple. Make a nice little bed in a sheltered corner of the garden, place on top of the bed about an inch of sand, and water well. Then break off from an old plant the little grass-like shoots growing at the side. Firm these into the moist bed, keep damp but not too wet, and in about four weeks the young plants will have rooted sufficiently to transplant them to their permanent home.

Layering requires a little more skill, but with practice it soon becomes easy. Layers are usually made from the little tuft-like shoots that appear after the flowering period has finished. Bend the long stems down that have these grass-like shoots, making a slit or tongue underneath, and bury the whole stem in the ground, leaving the grassy tufts showing above the surface. The stem is kept in position under the surface of the soil by pinning down with a piece of wire made like a hairpin or with a hook on the end. This wire is pushed right down to the layer. By this process the whole layer is kept firm.

Now children, why not begin your garden plot right away? If you are a little doubtful how to go about it, just write to the Old Gardener, c/o. The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, for free advice.

End Pain Quickly
SLEEP SOUNDLY

"Now that pain will go in a few minutes. All it needs is a little Sloan's."

"The sore spot feels better now. Thank heaven it won't keep me awake!"

SORE MUSCLES

— aches, pains

Ease the pain — Sleep!

Aching muscles need warmth—fresh blood to ease the stiffness. To rouse fresh blood *quickly*, pat on Sloan's. No rubbing needed—Sloan's goes right to the sore spot. Pain is *killed*, muscles relax. You sleep. *Get a bottle of Sloan's to-day. 1/9d.*

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with this new South Sea colour that's better than lipstick . . . and oh, so kind to your lips!

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Now...for your lips...allure from the bright red moon that lights the paths of romance in the glamorous South Sea Isles. TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea colour... luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Softening and moistening to lips instead of drying. And tattooed lips have a brilliant, shimmering lustre. Put TATTOO on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the colour stays! Tattoo your lips once and you'll never go back to old-fashioned lipstick again! Test all five of TATTOO'S thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Colour Selector displayed in your favorite store.

CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

Send 1/- for Introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Doward & Co., 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. 1.

TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips

Michel

The King of Lipsticks

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

Preparing for... A PARTY!

How to look your loveliest even after the busiest and most trying day

You cannot enjoy any party unless you feel your best and look your best. Here, then, is a practical and simple routine that will help you to completely revive in body and spirit—and it shouldn't take more than an hour.

SIX O'CLOCK! And you're completely tired out after a busy day in the city.

"Bother that party," you say, as you cast one horrified glance in the mirror. You feel the weariest of work-worn mortals, and will be expected to look like a leisured butterfly.

Well, you've got an hour to be ready for a big night—a dinner dance—and marvels have been worked in less than that. Turn on the bath, and while the water is running peel off your clothes, bind a towel round your head and cleanse your face of all make-up.

Relax the muscles of your neck where those little devils of fatigue seem to congregate. Drop your head lifelessly upon your chest, pivot it round and let it collapse upon your left shoulder. Let it flop back, to the right, and then to the front. Do this five times—even if your bath is overflowing. You will feel a new woman.

If you are one of the wise, you will have on hand a bath sachet containing epsom salts, fine oatmeal, borax and orris root—a wonderfully rejuvenating mixture, or an oxygenated bath cube, or some of that invigorating pine oil. If, however, the cupboard is bare, you must sacrifice that bottle of eau-de-cologne—or even some milk—anything to make your bath luxurious and memorable.

Don't shirk the cold rub down which should complete your bath, for it is an important part of the reviving treatment. Follow it with a brisk rub with a rough towel and an all-over massage with eau-de-cologne or toilet water.

Mouth-wash and eye-bath come next on the programme. Fill the eye-bath with warm water and hold this to your eyes two or three times, with a final bath of undiluted witch-hazel. This will bring back the sparkle to your eyes.

The silken touch of bath powder follows, and you slip into your clothes feeling distinctly better. This is the moment when you begin to feel excited about the party.

Your foundation goes on now, either powder or cream, and while it is settling turn your attention to your hands and nails. The nail tips must be whitened, and a vivid cream polish substituted for the work-a-day variety. To make back, neck, arms and hands match your new face, use a liquid powder in your skin tone, or a good finishing lotion.

Rub With Silk

NOW for your hair. Brush it till the scalp is tingling, finishing with a rub with a silk handkerchief. Spray with setting lotion and finger the waves into place, pinning your curls firmly to your head.

Your dress goes on before your make-up, but before you do your face slip on a make-up cape or loose dressing-jacket. Rouge first, of course, and blow out your face when you apply it, being careful to blend it into the skin, and thus eliminate all hard lines.

A lot of powder. Start at the neck and leave the nose till the last. A downward movement with a powder brush will remove all surplus.

Eye-shadow next, and the new brighter colors are perfect for evening. Generally speaking, shadow should match your eyes; but at night the fair-skinned look lovely in iridescent jade, amethyst, or sheer silver. The brunette can toy with gold-shot green or just plain gold.

Accent your brows with an eye-brow pencil. Put a drop or two of brilliantine on the mascara block—you are using blue or green, of course—for this gives the lashes a most attractive sheen.

Use your perfume with subtlety, pack your belongings into your bag, and take a last look in the mirror. The same you that only an hour ago were dead to the world—all in? No, for a modern miracle has been accomplished, and now you're fresh and lovely and keenly excited about the party.

THE MOST IMPORTANT part of party preparations is a bath or hot shower with invigorating bath salts, says Helen Wood, 20th Century-Fox.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is it necessary for the average person to know his or her blood pressure?

A BLOOD pressure higher than it should be is often an early and significant sign that all is not well with an individual, especially as regards the heart, blood vessels and kidneys.

Blood pressure is determined by means of a so-called spygmomanometer, or blood-pressure machine. A bag-like rubber cuff is tied around the patient's arm above the elbow, and the doctor, reading on a dial or scale of the apparatus, finds the blood pressure.

I mention how simple this method is because some persons seem to have an idea that, to take the blood pressure, blood must be somehow withdrawn from the body. Hence they fear the procedure and do not have their blood pressure taken.

Yet it is most important that everyone of mature years, especially past middle life, should know what his or her blood pressure is.

Such information helps to keep a check on general health, and may be the "stitch in time" that prevents chronic illness.

There seems to be a popular notion that the blood pressure should be 100 plus one's age. This is quite an inaccurate way of figuring it out.

Although wide variations may exist, and the normal for any one individual may be five or even ten points higher or lower than listed, such variations, if normal, should be certified by the physician.

Blood pressure may vary from day to day and also within a few minutes, depending on whether the subject is of a nervous temperament.

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Foods for the Two-Year-Old

By MARY TRUBY KING

Many people make the mistake of thinking that after the second birthday the toddler's meals require no thought at all.

THUS we find what were once beautiful babies suffering from malnutrition in their third year—not from too little food (as a rule), but from the wrong kind of food.

Once the child is two, he may be promoted to the adult dining-table. This is an advantage, for it means you have him under your eye all the time and can keep a check on what he eats, and, of growing importance at this age, how he eats it.

He should now be past the milk-spilling stage, but if he is still a bit uncertain with his hands you can protect his end of the table with a piece of balze.

Promote him from balze to a large finger-napkin spread under his plate and when he has learnt not to make this grubby, take the finger-napkin away and let him use just the general family tablecloth.

The ordinary meal hours are now suitable for him, namely, breakfast about 8 a.m.; dinner about noon, and the evening meal about 6 p.m. If it fits in better with family arrangements, he may still take his evening meal alone, at 5.30 or so, and be off to bed by the time father comes home. If eating at 6 p.m., he should have his bath beforehand, and be ready to pop straight into bed after tea.

If your food is wholesome and plain it will not be necessary to make special dishes for him; but remember to give him his largest meal in the middle of the day—not at night.

For breakfast he can partake of some of the family porridge. This should be followed by a crust of bread or toast and butter, a drink of milk, and a piece of raw ripe apple or other fresh fruit.

By way of a change, the porridge may sometimes be replaced by any of the good breakfast cereals on the market, eaten with a little stewed fruit. Marmite or honey may be spread on the toast or bread. Always give the child a drink of milk and a piece of raw ripe fruit at the end of the meal.

The thing to remember about breakfast for the two-year-old is not to give any meat or egg dish, or any drink other than milk.

Nothing should be given during the morning but water and fruit juice. Never indulge the child between meals with biscuits or odd scraps of bread and jam. Three good meals a day are quite sufficient for him.

Light Meat

FOR the midday dinner the two-year-old may have a little light meat, such as lamb or tender mutton, or steamed fish, or a poached egg. Vegetables must be given at this meal. They should be freshly cooked (not heated up.) Spinach is an excellent vegetable, but it is NOT the only good vegetable. It is a mistake to give too much of any one food.

Give potato at this meal, every day; sometimes boiled in its jacket (remove jacket before serving), sometimes dry-baked in its jacket (add a little butter and salt), sometimes steamed. Serve with a little good gravy.

The second course of the dinner may be stewed fruit with milk or cream, or some simple steamed pudding, or junket and stewed fruit or fruit salad, or a well-cooked milk pudding.

Do not allow the toddler to hurry over his dinner. He should be taught to masticate well. Don't cut his meat up into very tiny pieces. He has good teeth and should be allowed to use them. He will masticate better if, at this age, you do not insist on his keeping his mouth shut when eating. That can come later.

For the evening meal, give toast and butter, a baked apple, a drink of milk, and a little raw ripe fruit; or, semolina pudding or milk jelly, bread and butter, drink of milk, piece of raw ripe apple; or, a salad with brown bread and butter, drink of milk, and raw ripe apple.

The only fruits which are risky are strawberries and rhubarb. Do not give more than one NEW fruit or vegetable at a time. Get the child used to that before introducing another new food.

Start with only very small quantities of each new food, and watch for adverse effects.

If food is refused, do not press the child to eat. A day now and then without quite as much food as usual will do no harm.

It is a mistake to get the child into the habit of thinking that what he eats and how much he eats is of great moment to his parents. If he is allowed to think that you don't mind at all whether he eats or not, he will soon think the game isn't worth the candle and eat what is given him with a hearty appetite.

Sparkling Health!

You also can be Happy and Well !..

To be well is to be happy; and to take Cream of Yeast is to be well! See, when you take this modern remedy, how aches and pains vanish; how weariness departs; how appetite improves, and how the joy of life comes back! Cream of Yeast is the world's greatest tonic and invigorator, conveniently available to all. Cream of Yeast makes you feel better and look better in a few minutes—*it's a wonderful lightning pick-me-up!* Never disappoints; forms no habit; no harmful drug-content. Let Cream of Yeast improve your health at once. All chemists and stores sell it—24 Tablets 1/11, 48 for 3/6, 125 for 5/9. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

SIMPLE, INEXPENSIVE PATTERNS— AVAILABLE NOW!

PLEASE NOTE!
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

SWAGGER!

WW1596.—This season's swagger with back slightly flared, and front fitting. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WINTER STANDBY.

WW1591.—A simple tailored outfit, with contrast coat suggested, and divided skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¾ yards for coat, 36 inches wide, and 2 yards for skirt. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

INSOUCIANT!

WW1592.—Tunic frock—with a difference—namely, back slightly flared, and longer than the front. Attractive. Bust sizes, 32 to 38in. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BOLERO BACK AGAIN

WW1593.—Boleros are back again, and here to stay the winter. This is a very lovely example. Note, too, the ever-popular swing skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide, and ¾ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

STRIKING ENSEMBLE

WW1594.—Lovely ensemble for dressy occasions. Cape is lined with contrast to match bodice of very sweet frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide, and 2¼ yards for bodice and trimming. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EVENING SLIP

WW1595.—Well-cut slip for evening wear, backless, and with uplift bodice. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHILD'S FROCK

WW1597.—Every little girl will adore this clever style. It's right up to the minute in mode. Size, 6 to 12 years. Material required: 2½ to 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

MAN'S PYJAMAS

WW1598.—The cut's the thing in pyjamas, and these are very tailored and trim. Size, 34 to 44 chest. Material required: 5½ yards, 30 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

TRIM SUITS FOR SMALL BOYS

With Coupon, Patterns Cost 3d.

ILLUSTRATED at right: 1, shirt and trousers, 2, ranger shirt and trousers, 3, tunic and trousers, the three snappy outfits for little boys that may be made from this week's splendid three-in-one concession pattern. It is cut in three sizes, 1-2, 2-4, 4-6 years, and each three-in-one pattern in each one size costs 3d.

To obtain, fill in coupon at left, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Full details for cutting-out and making and material required are given with each pattern. Send in now.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 5d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 400F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 165, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 4916, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.

Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

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Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 8/5/'37.

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An ENCHANTING Supper CLOTH

In Ecru Linen with medallions and edging in crochet . . . .

THIS LOVELY CLOTH in ecru linen is finished with medallions and edging in crochet in the same shade. Directions for making are given here.

YOU can obtain the cloth all ready for crochet from our Needlework Department, while full directions for making the medallions and edging are given here.

The price of the cloth, size 36 by 36 inches, in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow or green linen, traced with design, is 4/6. The same cloth hemstitched over the tracing, all ready for crochet, is 6/11, from our Needlework Department.

Materials Required: 4 balls D.M.C. crochet cotton, No. 12; 1 crochet hook, size 5½.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; d.p.l., double picot loop; v.l.tr., very long treble—thread 4 times over needle.

If you buy the cloth traced only with design, you will need to have it spoke-stitched over for the crochet. It will be advisable before sending linen to be spoked to work several of the medallions. Press out well and compare size with circles traced on linen. The medallions should be about 1-8 of an inch smaller than the circles. If any larger they may not set in the cloth without bulging.

Medallion.—4 ch., join. Work 5 d.c. into ring. Continue working d.c. round and round, increasing enough to keep it flat until there are 12 d.c. around the edge.

1st Row: 5 ch., * 1 tr. into next d.c., 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c., 3 ch. Repeat from * until 8 spaces are formed. Join.

2nd Row: 3 d.c. into each space.

3rd Row: 4 ch. and 1 d.c. into each d.c. of last row.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into 1st loop, 7 ch., 3 v.l.tr., pull all these off needle at once, then 7 ch. and 1 d.c. into same loop. Miss 1 loop and then repeat into every alternate loop (12 petals).

Slipstitch

5th Row: Slipstitch up the side of 1st petal until centre of petal is reached. * 7 ch., 1 d.c. back into 3rd ch. 7 ch., 1 d.c. back into 3rd ch., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into top of next petal.

Repeat from all * round (12 d.p.l.).

6th Row: Slipstitch to centre of 1st d.p.l. made. Then work as follows: * 7 ch., 1 d.c. back into 3rd ch. 8 ch., 1 d.c. back into 4th ch., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of next d.p.l. Repeat from * all round and then fasten off.

To Insert Medallions: Cut circle of linen out and crochet row of d.c. into spoking. If liked, another row of d.c. may be crocheted into the previous row. Be careful not to stretch work while doing these rows.

Sew medallions into hole by catching the picots to the d.c. at regular intervals all round.

Edging.—Commencing about the middle of an outer scallop, work one row of d.c. all round edge of cloth.

2nd Row: 5 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c., * 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c. Repeat from * until the centre of an inner scallop is reached. Then work a flower in the scallop as follows:

1st Row of Flower: 3 ch., 1 d.c. back over last space worked.

2nd Row: Work 4 d.c. into loop formed.

3rd Row: Turn and work 7 d.c. into last row and then work 1 d.c. into top of tr. just below it.

4th Row: Turn and work 12 d.c. into last row and then 1 tr. down into 2nd d.c. from last tr.

5th Row: 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c. of edge. Work 6 more spaces over semi-circle of d.c. and then join to edge.

6th Row: 3 d.c. into each of the 6 spaces.

7th Row: Turn and work 11 4 ch. loops into last row. Work 1 ch., and then 1 d.c. into top of next space along edge.

8th Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st loop, then make petal as follows: * 7 ch., 3 v.l.tr., 7 ch., 1 d.c. back into same loop, miss 1 loop, 1 d.c. into next loop. Repeat from * until 6 petals are completed. Then work 1 ch. and 1 tr. sideways into last space along edge. Then miss 1 d.c. and work 1 tr. into next d.c.

Continue working spaces round edge until another flower is reached.

When flowers and spaces have been worked all round, work 3rd row as follows:

3rd Row: * 1 dc., 4 d.c. into 1st space, 2 d.c. into next space. Repeat from * until 5 or 6 spaces from edge of flower. Then work as follows: 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next space, 1 d.c. into next space, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into top of 1st petal, ** 8 ch., 1 d.c. into top of next petal. Repeat from ** 4 times, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th space from edge of flower. Repeat from beginning of row.

4th Row: Commencing from d.c. between 2 picots work as follows: 11 ch., 1 d.c. back into 7th ch., 3 ch., 1 l.tr. into place where 11 ch. commenced, * 1 l.tr. into d.c. other side of picot, 7 ch., 1 d.c. back into 3rd ch., 3 ch., 1 l.tr. into same place as last l.tr.

Repeat from * until flower is reached. 1 l.tr. into 1st loop of flower, ** 1 l.tr., 7 ch., 1 d.c. back into 3rd ch., 3 ch., 1 l.tr., 7 ch., 1 d.c. back into 3rd ch. 3 ch., 1 l.tr. all into next space. Repeat from ** 4 times, 1 l.tr. into last loop. Then repeat from * again.

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Start the Catarrh Clysmac treatment to-day, and enjoy the comfort that it is guaranteed to give. The cost is only trifling—1/9, or nearly three times the quantity for 4/6. Simply ask your chemist for Clysmac, or write to Sanatox Chemical Co., Box 1035H, G.P.O., Sydney.

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STEELO

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Resent a substitute.

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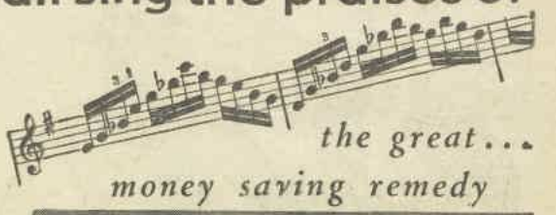

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It is not too early—even for Xmas. Write your own Bureau for details of inclusive holidays offering. State number of people (and sex) travelling.

Here are some Recommended Trips:

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EVERY DAY.	To Orange by car and 8 days at Orange	£5 5 0

JUNE 11	BARRIER REEF CRUISE	Returning June 21 From	£16 0 0
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AUG. 19	LORD HOWE ..	Returning Sept. 7 From	14 0 0
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Women's Weekly Travel Bureau

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

BEAUTY in QUILTING

It adds exquisite distinction to garments and soft furnishings.

Here are two lovely examples—a quilted bedspread and a quilted dressing-jacket in new and exclusive designs—ideal for the woman who loves beautiful things.

QUILTING designs for both articles are obtainable from our Needlework Department, stamped on muslin ready for making-up and working.

That fascinating form of needlework, quilting, is a favorite with those who like things in good taste with a touch of distinction as well.

The bedspread shown here is very lovely, yet the basket and flower design is quite easy to work. The adorable dressing-jacket which would appeal to any woman is also simple yet completely charming.

The prices, from our Needlework Department, are:

Bedspread design, traced on muslin, ready for working and making up in single-bed size, 60 by 72 inches, or three-quarter bed size, price 7/11.

Dressing-jacket design stamped on muslin, with pattern already cut out, in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust, price 4/6.

MAKING: The quilting, which is stitched through three materials, is done before the outer material and lining are assembled for finishing: the thin muslin on which the design is stamped and which acts merely as a guide, a middle lining of wadding or thin wool which gives warmth and the bubbly appearance, and the outer silk of which the article is made.

All the stitching is worked on the wrong side on the muslin pattern. When finished, all surplus muslin is cut away. The lining covers all rough edges.

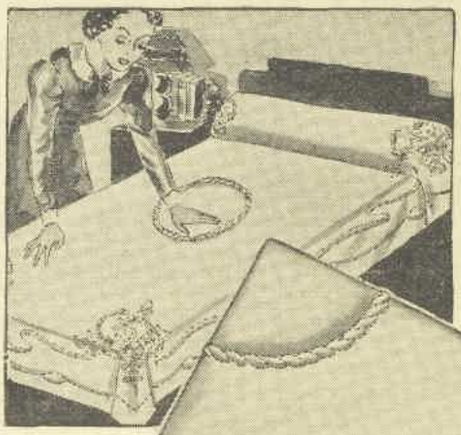
WOULDN'T YOU LOVE to own an exquisite quilted dressing jacket like this? You can make this design yourself by obtaining pattern for the jacket and quilting from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. (Interstate postal address on pattern page.)

First place a thin layer of wadding or extremely thin woollen material all over the back of the silk where the quilting is to appear or, if desired, over the whole of the article, to make an inner lining for extra warmth.

Now place the muslin pieces bearing the pattern over the wadding or woollen cloth and tack all three materials securely with white cotton. You are now ready for stitching.

STITCHING: Thread a strong needle with stranded cotton, sylko, or filoselle to match outer silk, and run over all the lines of the design with small neat running stitches, always taking every stitch through the three materials. Make an occasional back stitch to save breakages later, and now and then give the stitching a slight tug to draw up a tiny bit. This gives the charming puffed appearance for which the stitching is done.

Suitable materials are pale pink crepe-de-chine, satin, or taffeta for the dressing-jacket, and satin or taffeta in any desired color for the bedspread.



THE LOVELY quilted bedspread, the design for which is also obtainable from our Needlework Department. The pretty quilting design is quite simple to do, and, made in satin or taffeta, such a quilt would be an asset in any home.

★

He wants to meet you

"I suppose," said Janie's mother, "if I produced a good sound young man with tons of money, you wouldn't consider falling in love with him?"

"Well——"

"He's been bothering me to know you all evening. I think he's in love with you.

"You know, darling, Creme Charmosan has made you look awfully pretty again. It has given you back Youth. And charm.

"You NEVER look 33 now."

The ageing face made young again. The THRILL of a pretty skin. That is the story of Creme Charmosan.

Greaseless. The Star's powder base.

Creme Charmosan

A charm for your skin against dust, the heat of Summer and the cold of Winter. Big jars for your dressing table 2/6. Handbag tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

P.S.—Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It's the best powder money can buy and costs only 2/6 for a large box. You get it in all shades, including sunlan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin no matter what your age. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.***

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LADY *with* CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 6

SHE sighed, and, rising slowly, began to toss the last few articles into her travelling case. Nancy had already left for the theatre and would probably not be free until after the time of sailing. Her success continued and, for the present, blazed across the sky. Apparently she had not sacrificed Madden in vain. The contract with Zucco was signed. She was going to Hollywood in the spring and at a salary which satisfied even her exorbitant demand. Moreover, despite her allegiance to Zucco, she had played Bertram cleverly, too, arranging that he should handle the theatrical side of her work. He had altered the structure of the play, amplifying her part, giving her extra and more telling lines. He was full of enthusiasm and plans. Nancy was to lead, for certain, in his next production. He had given a special Press interview under the heading: A New Star Rises, which dealt exclusively with Nancy—and his own unerring faculty for discovering genius. Nothing was said on the sad psychology of toothache, nor of that recalcitrant molar on which the whole affair had so absurdly turned. It was, reflected Katharine, the little things of life which swayed the greater ones, the silly trivialities which moved the destiny of man.

She snapped the cases shut with a kind of melancholy finality. It was finished now. Nothing remained but to ring the office, give her instructions to the porter and silently depart. It was very quiet in the bedroom. And extraordinarily still. Softly, from a neighboring apartment across the corridor, the muted sound of a radio came stealing in, an almost ghostly music, familiar yet curiously remote. Instinctively Katharine listened, then with a shiver of pain recollection came to her. It was the refrain to which she and Madden had danced upon the Pindaric. Silly words and sentimental music. Yet scalding tears filled Katharine's eyes. She dashed them away. Courage! That was all remaining to her now. Yet the melody held her, played upon her heart-strings with haunting, desperate insistence. She put on her hat, threw on her coat. She took a last look round the bedroom and made to wrench herself away. Her limbs were heavy, her head light. She walked into her sitting-room. And there, just inside the door was Madden.

Her heart stood still within her, then raced with quivering life. So unexpected was the sight of him, so painfully and suddenly disturbing, that she felt it as a trick of vision or perhaps some wild illusion of her fancy. But it was he. And with a grave composure that made her own agitation seem pitiful and absurd he advanced towards her.

"I couldn't let you go," he said in a tone of quiet friendliness, "without calling round to say good-bye."

So it was that! He had come merely to say good-bye. Her throbbing pulses stilled again and upon her there settled a white, unnatural rigidity.

"After all," he went on, more lightly, "we mustn't bear each other any hard feelings over what's happened. That's all finished and done with. And now we want to part good friends."

Her face was stiff and pale. Yet she saw that some answer was demanded of her.

"Yes, we must part as friends," she managed to say.

"That's right." He glanced about the room with unusual briskness and demanded, "Where's Upton got to?"

"Gone down to the ship." She answered blindly.

"Ah. That's a pity. I wanted to take good-bye of him, too."

HEAD averted, eyes still upon the floor, she flushed slightly. His aggressive cheerfulness, never apparent to her before, bludgeoned her. Yet, because she suffered, her pride rose to support her.

"I'll give him your message," she said quietly.

"Thanks, Katharine." He paused, rubbing his hands together with that incredible alacrity like a boy on Christmas morning. "He's a lucky fellow—travelling back with you like this."

"I'm glad you think so." The words, into which she struggled to infuse a carelessness matching his own, stifled her. There was a hollow silence. She felt that if she did not terminate the interview she would die. Dumbly she raised her head and forced herself to look at him.

"I'm going now," she declared. "I don't think we have anything more to say."

He interposed.

"Please! Just one thing." He had seated himself casually upon the edge of the table and now, with a show of indifference, from the outside pocket of his overcoat he produced a paper parcel. "Besides saying good-bye, I want to give you a little keepsake."

She stared at him with suffering, wounded eyes, snared by the pitfall of her own contrivance. Mechanically she accepted the small package he held out to her. Under her stiff fingers the untidy wrappings and loosely knotted string fell away. Then a sort of vertigo possessed her. Giddily, she contemplated the familiar green case. With a cry she opened it. Inside reposed the Holbein miniature.

"You!" she gasped at last, in an extinguished voice. "It was you who bought it!"

"Why not?" He answered easily. "It's one of the little things I can well afford."

She simply could not speak. In a daze of flashing light she perceived that his intervention had saved her from disaster. Upon the news of Brandt's death, he had acted instantly through Ascher. But how? Bewildered, her poor mind, groping between fact and all her earlier suppositions, could not cope with it. She trembled upon the brink of tears.

Please turn to Page 46

Watch your complexion improve as mine did..

when you begin using these creams

Women who have tried many vanishing and foundation creams know from experience that no other cream can compare with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. It *protects* the most delicate skin from exposure to the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust. It is an ideal powder base because it lends a smooth finish to powder and make-up. It conceals skin imperfections and imparts a soft natural tone to the complexion. Start looking your best through the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.

Daggett & Ramsdell

COLDS AND FLU

HOW TO STOP THEM !

Important Statement by Discoverer of "BIDOMAK"

Colds and influenza are caused by germs and no completely successful treatment for them has been discovered. A perfectly healthy body, however, will not let cold or 'flu germs take hold. It kills them off by dissolving them in the blood-stream, and throws them out of the system.

COLDS MORE PREVALENT IN WINTER

During winter, however, bodily resistance is lowered for three main reasons.

(1) There is less sunlight.

(2) We spend more time indoors.

(3) And expose ourselves in the course of our daily life to many considerable variations of temperature.

The difference between a warm room and cold outdoors relaxes the membranes of the nose and throat and leaves them more susceptible to attack by bacteria.

NEED FOR A TONIC

It is therefore absolutely necessary to take a good tonic through the late autumn and winter months, so that the resistance to infection is well built up and the system rendered comparatively immune to attack by infection

NO TONIC SO GOOD AS BIDOMAK

Bidomak is an ideal tonic for such a purpose because it provides all the valuable health-guarding mineral foods in a pleasant, easily assimilable liquid form, and thus it feeds the system with ferrum, calcium, potash, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose.

REMARKABLE TWIN BENEFITS

Bidomak cleans the body of waste products by increasing the supply of oxygen in the blood-stream.

Then it stimulates every cell of nerves, stomach, liver, and kidneys.

It makes it easier to digest your regular food, and to take advantage of the health-giving vitamins which this contains.

You feel WONDERFUL

No other preparation provides so many *protective foods* in such a pleasant form. No other preparation does you good so quickly, or guards you so well from illness. Bidomak makes you well and keeps you well. Take it yourself and give it to your family regularly all through the winter. You'll all feel better for it.

IF YOU DO CATCH COLD OR 'FLU

If you do happen to catch a cold or 'flu whilst taking Bidomak, the attack will be much milder than usual, and Bidomak will build you up quickly afterwards, and guard against a relapse.

Bidomak is the most wonderful restorative known to science and everyone should take it during convalescence. It's amazing how quickly it brings you back to full health and strength.

RUN DOWN, NERVY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Should take Bidomak regularly. It re-invigorates, charges the whole body with living vital force. It changes depression, irritability, chronic tiredness to bright, happy, bubbling health.

GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY !

YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you do not benefit by taking Bidomak we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty Bidomak bottle to the Douglas Drug Co.

AMAZING CASES !

(Original letters on our files)

GASTRIC 'FLU

Waratah,
29th January, 1936.

The Douglas Drug Co.,
Dear Sirs,—A few months ago I had gastric 'flu, which pulled my weight down and left me suffering from loss of appetite and weakness.

I grew tired of trying other tonics, which had no effect, so taking my friend's advice, and as a last resource, I tried "Bidomak."

I have only taken one bottle and it is hard to realise the difference that one has made in me. I am beginning to put on weight, and to eat the meals set before me. The signs of weakness I had have completely left me, thanks to "Bidomak."

I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful tonic, and I am sure all "Bidomak" users will agree with me.

Miss C. C.

BIDOMAK

"The Tonic of the Century"

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

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Here's why MODESS is so much softer... safer ...

Yet costs less than others ....

FILMATED GAUZE

ORDINARY GAUZE

Modess alone offers you that complete comfort, with sure protection, you need. Only Modess has this special feature — filmated gauze — a silky soft layer of cotton over the gauze to assure utmost softness.

Modess has other distinctive advantages, too. It is safer — far more absorbent. It is surgically clean; completely disposable. Inconspicuous at all times.

Yet Modess costs less. Use this quality product always.

1/- BOX OF 12

Price throughout West. Aust., 1/3.

A product of Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

O1.37

LADY *with* CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 45

HE shook his head.

"You got me wrong, didn't you, Katharine? In London and way up in Vermont, too. But I'm not a poor man. I'm rich—so rich I don't have to bother to look it. It isn't a little outfit I belong with. That's how I began, but I guess I've worked it up some in these last ten years. I fixed the last amalgamation before I sailed for Europe. Now, if it interests you, Katharine, I'm president of International Adhesives."

She stared at him, stunned. The name he mentioned devastated her. It stood, like Cosmopolitan Nickel and United Steel, a mammoth corporation, a foundation of international solidity and fame.

Vaguely she remembered seeing photographs of the giant plant in some magazine—the acres of factory buildings, the foundries, tan-yards, shops, and packing house, the canteens, the rest-rooms for employees, the playing-fields, gymnasium, and swimming-pool.

Its debentures and preference holdings were a gilt-edged quotation on Wall Street, in London, on the Bourse.

And he, Madden, whom she had fancied poor, was its head, the sole controller of its power! It was too much for her suffering, baffled comprehension.

"I must go," she whispered. "It's time. Charley will be waiting." Unseeingly, her head lowered, she placed the miniature upon the table and started towards the door.

But quickly he came forward, intercepting her. His manner was quite changed. All his earlier levity was gone, his casual inconsequence fallen from him like a mask. Now there dawned upon his face a great tenderness, and in his dark eyes a look which strangely illumined them.

"Upton isn't waiting," he said steadily. "He's going on to Florida by the night plane. But he's booked two passages upon the boat, sure enough. Your passage, Katharine—and mine."

She gave a little anguished cry.

"Chris! You don't mean that?"

Gazing deeply into her eyes, he said slowly:

"Did you think I would really let you go?"

She gazed at him blindly, her vision blurred by tears, her heart straining in her breast, as though unable to sustain the joy which filled it. Then she was in his arms. He held her close to him, feeling those wild heartbeats against his own, soothing her.

"Did you expect me to believe your fairy stories?" he murmured gently. "You're going to marry me all right. In your little old church, Katharine, just round the corner from Staple Inn. That's where I first fell in love with you—though I didn't tumble to it at the time.

"We'll stop a bit in London, settle up that old business of yours for good, then take the jump back to Vermont. I know some folks that'll be mighty glad to see you there. After that, maybe, you wouldn't mind dropping in on Cleveland. There's a pretty fine site there, Katharine. Right up on the hill. I guess we could build a home there we might be happy in."

Now You Are Here

Now you are here
Brilliant the day with gladness;
Laughter and joy of life
Bubbling on,
But through my ecstasy
Stabs a deep sadness—
How will I bear the days
When you are gone?

—Yvonne Webb.

She did not speak. Her heart was too full for speech. She pressed her cheek against his coat. And then her eye caught the miniature which lay, in its still-open case, upon the table. Another wave of happiness mingled with relief rushed over her. How had the mad illusion ever possessed her that her destiny was bound by sadness to the miniature? It was bound by joy alone. That other was only a fantasy of her own foreboding. It was over now—a nightmare that would never come true. Loneliness would not be her portion after all. The eyes of Lucie met hers without sadness, without rancor, smiling.

TWO hours later they stood upon the top deck of the Pindaric watching the slow recession of the spangled squares and rectangles, the glittering sky pattern of New York.

It was a night of velvet, soft and darkly luminous, filled with the play of water and the quiet pulsing of the engines. A white moon shed a soft radiance over them and made a long, straight pathway upon the waters, down which the ship, bearing them, seemed silently to pass. They stood together at the rail. Madden had linked her closely to him with his arm. There was no need for words. But suddenly he was conscious of a faint spasm traversing her, as though at the impulse of some secret thought she was shaken by emotion.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked quickly.

She turned up her eyes to him, sparkling with happiness and amusement, her lips parted, the moon setting a lovely lustre upon the delicate oval of her cheek. She laughed joyously.

"Darling," she whispered. "It's too wonderful for words, going to London, going back with you. But when we tell them at home . . . I can't help thinking," another spasm shook her, "I can't help thinking of Mabel's face!"

(Copyright)

your "MAKE-UP" MUST BE IN Style TOO!

● Be colorful, yet never look "made-up." Gaudy make-up has vanished! The Color Change Principle available in Tangee Lipstick, Rouge, and Powder brings natural loveliness — it intensifies your own coloring, and you'll never have that "made-up" look.

How To Be Lovelier

• Tangee your lips — don't paint them. The magic of the Color Change Principle is that Tangee changes color as you apply it, to the blush rose of your own lips.

• Because Tangee Face Powder blends *naturally* with your own skin tones your skin looks fresher, younger, with never a trace of that "powdery" look.

• Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with delicate color. In Creme or Compact form.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Aust. Agents, Turnleys, Melbourne & Sydney.

MAKE THIS YOUR GIFT TO MOTHER

"Elizabeth"★

A Warm, Flattering Flesh Shade of Dignity and Charm

★ At the recent British Industries Fair, Her Majesty the Queen bought 37 pairs of stockings, all in the one shade—

ELIZABETH is a duplicate of this, and the only hosiery shade authentically known in Australia to be worn by Her Majesty the Queen.

It is Correct because fashion this year will be dictated by court.

This Treasure Box is given FREE

Mothers, young and old, like beautiful hosiery.

HOLEPROOF present ELIZABETH in four famous styles.

ALL-IN-ONE . . . the new crinkly crepe with the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h that allows knee action.

BLACK MAGIC . . . the gloriously bewitching sheer for wear when you want to look your loveliest.

GAY DECEIVER . . . the exquisite sheer with "stamina" alluring yet enduring . . . correct to wear at any "tick of the clock"

SHEER LOVELINESS . . . Australia's best long wearing sheer . . . just right if you're hard on hosiery.

These delightful stockings are suitable for all Mothers—they'll love them at first sight.

HOLEPROOF

The Loveliest Hosiery in the World.

Assure YOUR Silver's Lasting Beauty — with SILVO

Silvo is gentle in its action; cleaning, polishing and restoring lustre and beauty. Silvo is quick, kindly and efficient.

Silvo contains no acids and no mercury; neither can it scratch. Silvo safely reveals the true delicate beauty that is Silver's real charm.

SILVO

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the Makers of Reckitt's Blue

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

"DALZO" BRITISH STICKING PLASTER

FOR FIRST AID — ALL CHEMISTS

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THE MOVIE WORLD

May 8, 1937. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Judy Kelly Touring

AUBURN-HAIRED Australian Judy Kelly has temporarily forsaken films for the stage. She is at present touring South Africa in "The Frog" and "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse."

In a letter from the Cape, Judy writes that she is enjoying the change, and tells of a terrible moment. Her dramatic role in "The Frog" calls for an ear-splitting scream.

The moment came, and Judy opened her mouth — but no scream. Her horrified astonishment showed on her face, and so served to convey the effect.

After the performance she dashed to a doctor. He assured her that there was nothing serious amiss, and had her screaming again in fine style in a couple of days.

Paulette Goddard For Big Role?

● *With every other girl in America trying to get the role of Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind," news of the possibility of Paulette Goddard for the part comes as a surprise. Small and dark, she certainly looks the part.*

Charlie Chaplin approves, but insists that she must first star in the picture he has just written for her. He has at last completed work on the story, and it is planned for immediate production. "Gone With the Wind" can't possibly get under way for several months.

Of Possible Interest

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, appearing in Universal's "Oh, Doctor," had to don an upper to his bathing suit for the first time in years. The usual male California bathing suit consists of shorts, but the censors feel that the general public would find the full view of Horton's torso too upsetting. No, there is no one called Spooner on the Censor Board.

Elizabeth Allen is the first of the Hollywood stars to leave for London and the Coronation. It's a little early to say just who of the film celebrities will be going.

GALLERY OF STARS

Margot Grahame

Blonde Beauty of R.K.O. Studios

Titled

MARGARET IRVING, now playing the role of the Duchess in "Outcasts of Poker Flat," has been notified that she is a duchess in actuality and heir to the title, Duchess De Navarre.

The family crest and a complete geneology arrived from France a few days ago. The ancestor from whom the actress traces her descent was Margaret of Valois, sister of Charles IX of France.

She married Henry of Navarre.

Duplicate Homes

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, so he won't be homesick for his early American farmhouse in Connecticut, is duplicating it in every detail in Holmby Hills. His new Metro contract allows him three weeks in the East each year.

Grim Joke

FRANK MORGAN'S wit is such that he can laugh even at the threat of death. He had a heart attack on the set at M.-G.-M. the other day, and in the excitement of trying to get him to a hospital quickly they borrowed a hearse from the funeral parlor across the street from the studio. When he was being carried to the vehicle he took one look at it, and remarked: "What, no angels?"

The studio has given him three weeks' leave of absence to rest up.

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FROM World's CORNERS

Hollywood Draws Talent From Every Country

By . . . Louise Nettley

HOLLYWOOD! Mecca of tens of thousands of good-looking young men and women who continually make pilgrimage to its pearly gates in search for the elusive fame and fortune!

From the rocky coast of the Baltic to the arid wastes of desert lands; from cities of skyscrapers to tiny hamlets, it makes its tempting call to those who feel in their hearts that they can break down the sturdy barrier that jealously guards the wealth and adulation which are the rewards of the artistically ambitious.

THE glamor, the wealth, the excitement, the success of Hollywood ring the door-bell of every home in every land where there is man, woman or child who wants fame. Through its portals come those who have answered the call, an endless procession of talent, crossing mountains and seas and oceans to win celluloid distinction and the importance that goes with it.

And that is why in Hollywood, a wee dot on the west coast of a great continent, there is a greater cosmopolitan population than in any other city of similar size anywhere else in the world . . . a small city which comes closer to the international mind and true international harmony than ever Geneva can hope to achieve.

Where else in this turbulent universe, all too frequently the scene of strife and racial hatred, would you find an Englishman and a German working under a Russian director, with a Chinese cameraman, a Jewish supervisor, and a French designer . . . all amicably pulling their weight to make their ultimate job a triumph of teamwork. Nowhere else but Hollywood, where class prejudice and international distinction are forgotten because of art and a common goal.

Melting Pot

PERHAPS you thought that the example which I just quoted of so many nationalities working on one picture was a little far-fetched. Perhaps it was a little, but it served to illustrate the point at which I'm driving. Here is a concrete example, that of "The Great Ziegfeld," which is the first picture that comes to my mind . . .

Firstly, the members of the cast come from California and all points west. Bill Powell hies from Kansas City; Myrna Loy, from Montana; Director Leonard, from Chicago; Frank Morgan, from New York; Luise Rainer, from Vienna; Reginald Owen and Ernest Cossart, from England; art director Cedric Gibbons, from Ireland; cameraman Karl Freund, from Koeniginhoff, Bohemia; Charlie Judels and Marcelle Cordays, two of the crew, come from Amsterdam and Belgium, respectively.

And there you are, in a concrete, positive illustration! "The Great Ziegfeld" is not an isolated instance of Hollywood's world-wide selection of talent, but it is a timely one.

Every film that emanates from the cinema capital of the world attests anew to Hollywood's never-ending search for new talent!

With the result that the ol' town is the melting pot for all nations. What a fascinating picture is conjured up in one's mind when thoughts wander to every main street and garish thoroughfare in Europe, Asia, Australia and Hoboken, disgorging thousands into the Beverley Wiltshire Boulevard. One would think that there are little sign-posts dotted here and there, all over the world, with the words "This Way to Hollywood" gleaming in white letters from the finger-board.

And in many instances this little guiding sign has meant a pilgrimage of 5000 miles or more. Take, for instance, the case of Greta Garbo! The little Swedish hat-seller heard the call, followed the sign-posts, and reached stardom . . . a fact which we accept as commonplace, but which, in reality, is even more remarkable than the travels of the celebrated Gulliver.

Ship, plane, train, car . . . even by foot . . . these thousands of hopefuls pour themselves into the Hollywood arena and prepare themselves for the fray which they know is coming, but which they think they can lick! Each has some talent, and it is that which is calculated to lever open the doors of the studios. Eddie Cantor followed the posts from New York's Ghetto, Al Jolson heard the call in a Baltimore orphanage, Maurice Chevalier from a Parisian cafe, Ronald Colman from London, and Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, the late Marie Dressler and others from Canada.

Not only are the stars elected on the basis of talent, but so are those men, the directors, who help them over the stiles of achieving film fame, and point out the short cuts to stellar recognition. These clever men come from all over the world, with their knowledge of entertainment and showmanship values, and an astute sense of the artistic as their only entree to Hollywood.

World an Oyster

FRANK CAPRA, one of the greatest in the film capital today, is an Italian; Ernst Lubitsch is from Berlin; Von Sternberg is Viennese; Michael Curtiz is English; Rouben Mamoulian is from Tiffany, Caucasus; Mark Sandrich, who directed "Top Hat," is from New York. They come from all points of the globe, to leave their mark on the ancestral halls of whatever is great in screen entertainment.

And this cosmopolitan collection is, if you analyse it, a grand thing for the world's entertainment, for the directors encourage the talent of their own countries . . . and they know better who will be good box-office than those executives in the front office ever will. It was a Swedish director who brought Garbo to Hollywood; George Cukor insisted on signing Katie Hepburn; Clarence Brown "made" Clark Gable.

The world, indeed, is Hollywood's oyster.

One Picture... Three Nations

Top: **Reginald Owen,** *English.*

Centre: **Luise Rainer,** *Viennese.*

Below: **Myrna Loy,** *American.*

All appeared in "The Great Ziegfeld," a truly cosmopolitan picture.

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WOMEN STARS ADMIRE

● *LEFT: Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. And Clark wanted a home-town girl!*

Girls They Talk About Not the Girls They Marry

By Jeannette MacMahon

● *RIGHT: Tyrone Power, jun., who likes his girls alive, healthy, and vital.*

☆

● *BELOW: Joan Blondell, who proved herself to be Dick Powell's type by marrying him.*

IF a male film star MUST fall in love, what attributes does he demand in his loved one? Must she be coy and retiring in comparison with his hectic public life, or must she be of the type that can keep up with it, or even two jumps ahead?

The answer to this, with Our Most Popular Young Men, was a dim, dark secret . . . until your favorite sleuth got on the job and either made them tell or found out for herself by astute observation.

I WELL remember talking to an up-and-coming young man who may rightfully be called the Debutante's Dream, as he was comfortably seated in his elegant dressing-room, with cherrywood pipe clenched firmly between those "firm white teeth."

"Waal," drawled the Lady Killer, "the world is full of sweet women and mean women, pretty and plain women, but I seem to prefer ordinary women. Of course, if anybody told me that I liked women who were too conspicuous, whose nails were too red, who dressed too flashly, who laughed too loudly and who smoked too much, I'd say they were plain, stupid, and would probably deny it. But it must be true, because every time I find myself really serious about a girl, she's usually this type. So I must like them best!"

Right in Theory

YOU'VE got to give that lad credit! That's devastating—especially after the reams of copy that go out from Hollywood about the Shy Little Violets and the modest Little Mabels that most actors are supposed to admire and respect as a type.

I recollect reading some hooey about Clark Gable, in which he said he often wished that he stayed right back in his home town of Cadiz, Ohio, and married the girl of his childhood dreams. It immediately conjured pictures for me of a sweet little lass with pigtails and a gingham gown, all coy and retiring. But though Clark's ideas may be all right in theory, that's about as far as they go.

Because, though he may profess to prefer this type, the ladies who have really attracted Gable share one particular quality in common; they are intense, vivid, even dominant personalities, mature in their experiences and their outlook on life. Remember the cultured, clever Josephine Dillon, Clark's first wife, against the "girl in the gingham dress"? Or Rhea Gable, his second wife, whose personality is so vivid that she rates as one of the few non-professional women to emerge from the stigma of "just an actor's wife." Then there's Carole Lombard, in whom Clark is currently vitally interested, with wedding bells possibly in the offing. Carole's forceful, vibrant, worldly personality needs no explanation. So, with Gable it seems to be a case of "Please Omit Ingenues!"

Another gentleman who has considerable "word-eating" to do is Gary Cooper, who once went on record as a great admirer of the type of girl whose heart was in her home, fireside and children, "just like the girls back home in Montana."

Well, perhaps these clinging vines and cake-bakers may be Gary's dream, but they certainly are not his experiences. Or am I seriously mistaken about Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, a very wealthy and dynamic titled lady, and last, but far from least, Sandra Shaw?

But don't get too discouraged, you nice little girls with nice homes and neat little thoughts; because Bob Montgomery apparently finds you the most satisfactory of all. If you have a grand sense of humor and real poise along with your petiteness, you're just about tops with Bob. The girl to whom he's married, Betty Montgomery, is a walking model of just about every quality that he admires in a girl.

Young Tyrone Power told me the most attractive qualities a woman could have as far as he was concerned were vitality, aliveness and good health. But where he likes them animated and vital, Maurice Chevalier is reported as having said that no woman intrigued him in Hollywood so much as Marlene Dietrich, "who had learned the secret of complete repose."

Dick Powell likes pretty girls who are "good scouts," and he married the personification of his ideal in Joan Blondell. Nelson Eddy likes mature women who have achieved something in their own life, particularly in the literary or musical fields.

Taylor's Record

I'VE saved Robert Taylor, current heart-throb of the girls from Pawtucket to Poughkeepsie, till last, because Bob seems to like all the girls, in all types, colorings and moods. Though he's been consistent with Barbara Stanwyck for a considerable time now, he has been attentive to the widest variety in the short time he has been on the screen.

But that's the way it is in Hollywood, where they talk one Dream Girl for publicity purposes—and get engaged to, or marry, two or three other types.

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● BORIS KARLOFF—Undisputed Prince of Horror. Maybe he'll yet come into his own.

WILL HORROR COME BACK?

U.S. Magnate Says "Yes"

By JOHN B. DAVIES, Our Special Representative in New York

American male movie-goers now prefer horror to sex in their films, according to Arthur L. Mayer, New York theatrical magnate and self-styled "Merchant of Menace."

It is probable that this extraordinary reversal on the part of picture audiences may result in revolutionary changes in American motion pictures.

"AN exhaustive study of the tastes of masculine film fans," says Mr. Mayer, "shows that stark horror ranks first, mystery is second, coarse comedy third, and sex comes in a poor fourth."

There can be no doubt that Mr. Mayer speaks with authority on this controversial subject. He operates the Rialto Theatre, Broadway and 42nd Street, in the heart of the world's gayest amusement centre. In keeping with the new trend in picture preferences, his famous theatre has been renamed "The House of Horrors," with the slogan, "Glorifying the American Ghoul."

"Women," continued Mr. Mayer, "still must have romance and they want it served in its most syrupy form. But men—murder, treachery, torture, arson, that's what they like."

It appears that the movement is really a throwback to the early film thrillers. The period when romantic love stories ruled as favorites was simply a temporary lapse from normal. As Mr. Mayer points out, the first pictures were all good, virile yarns with lusty titles—"A Lynching in Cripple Creek," "Trapped by Bloodhounds," "The Great Train Robbery," and countless Western dramas featuring two-gun bad men, cowboys and strong but silent out-of-doors heroes who might kiss the fair heroine in the final fade-out, but that was all.

Feminine Influence

"BUT about the time that 'talkies' came in," says Mr. Mayer, "the feminine influence got the upper hand and virility took a holiday. Those gorgeous picture palaces, with their marble staircases, deeply carpeted aisles, high-brow decorations and Grecian-profiled ushers dressed like admirals of the fleet, had the effect of softening both producers and audiences alike. The salon took the place of the saloon and the hard-bitten, gun-toting rider of the range gave way to the suave Beau Brummel of to-day, whose activities are chiefly confined to the boudoir."

The "Merchant of Menace" emphasised that a title may mean success or failure to a picture in some cases, and admitted unashamedly that he sometimes alters the names of films to suit his customers' tastes. For instance, "A Son Comes Home" was expanded to "A Son Comes Home From Gangland," and "Hollywood Boulevard" immediately became "Hollywood Diary" when the sensational Mary Astor case became the talk of the nation.

"We showed a picture called 'The Jungle Princess,' which didn't do so well," said Mr. Mayer regretfully, "but if I had only thought to change that title to 'Toots Among the Tigers' we should have had to turn the crowds away.

"Bachelors and husbands, too, want strong stuff in their movies. They would sooner see Schmeling connect with a stiff right to Louis' jaw than listen to a half-hour of sophisticated chatter over the teacups. They would sooner hear the rat-tat-tat of a machine-gun mowing down gangsters or cops than watch a tender or even a torrid love scene acted by the screen's handsomest couple. I don't say that our men have lost interest in love films, but I know that the censors are still too strict to pass the sort of material that would appeal to our robust patrons."

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

MADELEINE CARROLL has thrown the male element of the film colony into a state of confusion by her selection of the "ten most handsome men in the world." Not one movie star is included.

Mere good features, says Madeleine, do not mean attractiveness. True handsomeness is acquired after a man's courage has been tried and his intellect developed.

This is how she ranks the best-looking ten:—

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
George Bernard Shaw
Anthony Eden
Averill Harriman, American railway magnate
Winston Guest, polo star
Baron Gottfried von Cramm, German tennis player
Charles A. Lindbergh
Gene Tunney
Admiral Richard E. Byrd
Arturo Toscanini, symphony conductor

THE elaborate coiffure Luise Rainer wears in "The Emperor's Candlesticks" is driving the little lady insane. In fact, she begged the studio to reshoot scenes in which she had already worn it, so she could wear something simpler and easier to keep in place. Naturally the answer was no. Which should add to the girl's woes—and she already seems to have plenty.

In fact, a little bird told me la Rainer is developing a first-class temperament, and has flatly refused to do several scenes, demanding that they be re-written. I could suggest a good remedy for that—give her Woody van Dyke for a director. There's never any temperament on a van Dyke set—he's boss, what he says goes, and that's all there is to it.

❖ ❖ ❖

TEDDINGTON STUDIOS have decided to close down for a fortnight in the beginning of May, and everybody from the call boy to the stars will go on holiday.

The reason for this revolutionary move—for film holidays are generally spread over the year, with employees going when they can be spared—is that the Coronation and Whitsun together will make serious work impossible.

All the film folk insist on seeing the Coronation, so the studios are making the best of a bad job.

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A CONTRAST, indeed, are Shirley Temple and Victor McLaglen, now working together in "Wee Willie Winkie." Shirley can't accustom herself to McLaglen's six feet three inches, his immense shoulders, and deep chest. She asked the huge actor to lift her up on his shoulder. McLaglen didn't suspect the tot had an ulterior motive in mind. When she got up there she pounded her little clenched fists on his chest.

"Is that really real?" she asked, quite seriously.

McLaglen smiled assent.

"Don't believe it," she replied, with a toss of her curly head. "Bet it's just stuffed!"

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The title "Things to Come" was a good omen for Margaretta Scott. Her part in the Wells film has netted her a big role in "Action for Slander," which Tim Whelan is to produce at Denham. The film is based on Mary Borden's recent best seller, and Margaretta is delighted, "as," she says, "I was afraid I was going to be slated for costume roles."

She will play opposite Clive Brook, and her costumes will be strictly modern.

❖ ❖ ❖

NOEL MADISON, whom Australians call Nat, has made 70 pictures in seven years, has never been a hero, and hopes he never will.

At present he is the murderer of "The Man Who Made Diamonds," at Teddington Studio. Noel says that Adolphe Menjou is responsible for his philosophical outlook on film fame.

"He made me see that a good character actor can work for years while the career of a hero is a precarious and often very brief one."

Noel is feeling very triumphant about the fact that his 64-year-old father, Maurice Moscovitch, who opposed his son's decision to leave the stage for the screen, is now becoming a film actor himself.

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MORE news on Ginger Rogers' new house. She has a genuine soda fountain built in the playroom—and a special feature of the house is that there isn't a door knob in it, because there are no doors.

Ginger's bedroom will have satin walls.

DOTS... *and* DASHES

● Bob Montgomery distributing real New England sausage meat from his Connecticut farm to lucky pals. ● Luise Rainer taking her own salad dressing into a local restaurant and instructing the waiter to bring the salad plain. ● Jean Harlow going in for daily cold showers. Brrr. ● Jimmy Cagney taking guitar lessons. ● Kay Francis and boy friend Delmar Daves going in for pinochle to while away the evenings. ● Olivia de Havilland selling a Western she wrote to a movie producer.

SIMONE SIMON may be Hollywood's most temperamental star, but she is also the most modest. When she arrived at the Press preview of her picture, "Seventh Heaven," she was in a flutter of nerves. She kept taking off her coat and putting it on again, and confessed that she was "scared to death." In fact, she was frightened ever since they gave her the role of Diane.

After the showing, she was asked for her personal opinion of the film.

"I think Director Henry King did a brilliant job," was her self-effacing reply.

She was dressed in simple, girlish white, with a bit of ribbon in her hair.

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REMEMBER that grand film, "Crime and Punishment"? Well, its author has written another titled "The Gambler," and Warners will bring it to the screen. Bette Davis will star, and it should be a nice dramatic role for her, and none other than the famous impresario, Max Reinhardt, will handle the directorial end.

It won't start for a little while, as Bette still has "That Certain Woman" to make. Meanwhile, studio heads are trying to anchor Walter Huston for the male lead.

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MADELEINE CARROLL'S apartment in London is right on the route of the Coronation procession, and when she was last there she invited over a hundred children of the slums to be her guests on Coronation Day so they might see their King.

But unfortunately Madeleine is all tied up in Hollywood making "Prisoner of Zenda." She couldn't bear the idea of disappointing the children, so cabled instructions to her London friends to open the apartment just the same and invite them in spite of her absence.

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IF your loathing of flies doesn't prevent you, you might like to play a silly new game called "Fly Loo," invented for the Will Mahoney-Will Fyffe comedy, "Said O'Reilly to MacNab," now in production at Gainsborough Studios.

O'Reilly and MacNab have in front of each of them a lump of sugar on the bar counter. Each wagers that a fly will land on his lump of sugar first. O'Reilly's sugar lump wins every time—because he has dipped it, unknown to MacNab, in cocktail cherry syrup beforehand. "Stay as sweet as you are," hums Mr. Mahoney as he pockets the Scotsman's money.

The studio had great difficulty in obtaining the "extras" necessary for this scene, as the whereabouts of flies in the winter time still remains a mystery.

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Six hundred yards of narrow Valenciennes lace was used in the creation of the wedding-gown which Katharine Hepburn wears in one of the scenes of "Quality Street," in which she co-stars with Franchot Tone.

Twenty-four seamstresses worked for six days to complete the dress, and every yard of the lace had to be sewed together by hand in accordance with the design of the gown.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

How to Lose Fat A Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do Just One Simple Thing and Fat Just Melts Away

NO starvation or dieting, no going without foods or drinks. Instead, eat what you want with never a rebelling, upset stomach. Yet ugly fat quickly goes. You can easily lose from four to seven pounds a week. See the ugly fat replaced by a beautiful slim figure—and feel stronger, better and more energetic than you ever have in your life before—

What You Do

There is just one simple thing to do. Give your system the minerals and herb conditioners contained in BONKORA, obtainable at any chemist shop. Take two *teaspoonsful* preferably in a glass of orange juice, before meals three times daily, a pleasant and inexpensive drink. Then eat whatever you want and watch the fat harmlessly and healthfully disappear.

7 to 10 Pounds Lost in 7 Days

At the end of one week you'll see the scales drop seven to ten pounds—according to how much overweight you are—from what you were the day you started. Your health, too, will be much better. You'll have more strength and energy, your complexion will be improved, nerves will be far calmer, your stomach won't be upset, and friends will comment about how much younger and better you look. You'll soon avoid the constant embarrassment of being fat and ugly. And you'll do it without going on a starvation diet.

BONKORA supplies the system with minerals, stimulates a normal functioning of the body. BONKORA also clears the system of accumulated poisons most over-weight people have.

Start to-day. The BONKORA way is the safe way for men and women to take off fat. Test it for two weeks.

BONKORA is absolutely harmless, safe and effective. It definitely does not contain thyroid—consisting only of natural and mineral ingredients.

You can secure BONKORA at any chemist shop. Insist on the genuine BONKORA and refuse all inferior substitutes or imitations.

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Tot up your A.M.P. Bonuses and see how they've grown

IT is a pleasant occupation for an A.M.P. member occasionally to tot up his bonuses, and to see how they have added to his estate.

Three old members were comparing notes in a solicitor's office recently. They were all enthusiastic holders of many A.M.P. policies. Mr. R. took out his first policy, for £1,000, when he was 25. He showed that it had grown to £3,225. Mr. B. took out his first policy when he was 22. It was for £500 and has grown to £1,577. Mr. C. also took out his first when he was 25. It was for £1,500, and has grown to £4,768. A wonderful return for an investment of £8 a quarter. Tot up your bonuses and see how good they are.

When you have done this totting, consider well whether you should invest in **more** A.M.P. policies, if not on your own life, then on your sons' and daughters'. There is no better investment in the world. No other investment has shown such a consistently good return. Send to your nearest A.M.P. office for an experienced adviser to talk this question over with you. You will find him helpful and you can trust him with your confidences.

Get in touch to-day. Even to-morrow may be too late—who knows?

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

★★ THE SHOW GOES ON

Gracie Fields, Cyril Ritchard. (A.T.P.)

GRACIE FIELDS' admirers will find a lot to please them in this offering. Even those who, hitherto, have done a bit of private, or public, flinching when the Lancashire comedienne confronted them, will not find this film quite so hard to take. It is, in my opinion, the best she has done. It will be good entertainment for Fields enthusiasts (hence the two stars), f.a.q. for ordinary mortals.

As Sally Lee, stage-struck daughter of the Midlands, Gracie graduates from pantomime to beach shows, thence to music halls, and, finally, in a blaze of triumph, to the West End theatres of London. Her career is one long struggle to combine her artistic (!) ambitions with the demands of the boy-friend who wants her to leave the footlights and settle down to domesticity as the wife of a promising mill engineer.

This love interest is pretty clumsily woven into the picture; in fact, it is just dragged in by the hair as the occasion demands it. But that doesn't matter—much. Gracie is the show; it stands or falls by her. Cyril Ritchard appears as Jimmy, Sally Lee's accompanist. He turns in a very natural and competent job.—Lyceum; showing.

★ HEAD OVER HEELS

Jessie Matthews. (G.B.D.)

AS a song and dance picture, this offering just gets by—only just. The musical numbers are dull and lifeless; Jessie's dance routines are so uninteresting that they wouldn't get representation in a fifth-rate Hollywood short.

The story concerns a little cabaret singer who gives her love to a good-looking egotist, while all the time unselfish Pierre is breaking his neck to look after her. Marcel (said egotist) goes off to Hollywood as leading man—and other things—to a glamorous movie Queen who encounters him in Paris, leaving little Jeanne to sob her heart out on Pierre's homely breast. Things are just straightening out, and the local sexton putting in some practice with the wedding bells, when, presto, back comes Marcel and nearly mucks everything up. But a good left to the chin lays him cold, just in the nick of time.

Well, there you are. Take it or leave it. But remember, Jessie Matthews can't take all the blame. She looks as if she should have had a longer rest after her illness before tackling another picture.—Embassy; showing.

Week's Best Release

THE SHOW GOES ON. A.T.P. feature. Best of a commonplace bunch.

★ MIDNIGHT COURT

John Litel, Anne Dvorak. (Warners.)

THERE'S no doubt about it, Warner Brothers maintain a very even level in their crime pictures. This little offering is very reasonable entertainment for those who like this type of picture. It has a good story, a competent cast, a slightly different angle, and plenty of action.

Theme is the regeneration of a brilliant lawyer, who, after sinking to the lowest depths of alcoholism, links up with a big-time racketeer, wins case after case for the crooks he is defending, and . . . But it's not fair to give away the denouement.

John Litel, who plays Victor Shanley, said lawyer, does a very good piece of work; he is worth watching. Anne Dvorak supplies the necessary heart-appeal.

"Midnight Court" stands at the head of the one-star class.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ UNDER COVER OF NIGHT

Edmund Lowe, Florence Rice. (M.-G.-M.)

THERE'S enough sudden death in this opus to satisfy even a gangster chief of the good old prohibition days. Within the space of a few hours we are presented with four murders, one attempted murder, and, last, but not least, the sudden death of the killer. Not bad going, particularly as there's a spot of insanity thrown in.

And the whole business of killing, and so on is confined to a little group of university people.

Edmund Lowe appears as the "old boy" turned detective. He does a reasonably good job—as good as the part allows. Everybody else is adequate, too, with Henry Daniell as Doctor Griswald grabbing off the honors.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

Edward Everett Horton, Genevieve Tobin. (Twickenham Films.)

HERE we have an amusing fantasy, a gentle satire, with Edward Everett Horton at his best, plus a good supporting cast. Slackness of action, repetition of scenes mar it.

Horton, at his most restrained and likeable, plays a dual role: Jeremy Tilke, partner in a firm of brokers, fussy, forgetful, lacking in confidence, and The Man in the Mirror, a self-confident, even swashbuckling fellow, a devil with the ladies, and always successful, the type of man Jeremy longs to be, who steps out of the mirror and takes full possession of all Jeremy's goods and chattels, including his very attractive wife. The real Horton, thus deprived, protesting, is forced to skulk in hotels and byways while he observes his Other Self carrying all before him. The scenes between Horton and Horton are very funny.

Genevieve Tobin, prettier than usual, but restrained, plays the wife, Ursula Jeans does well as the designing wife of Jeremy's partner.

And you remember the old anecdote of the student who hoaxed London by dressing up as an Indian prince? Delightfully presented here, it is one of the jewels of the piece.—Embassy; showing.

★ THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS

Preston Foster, Barbara Stanwyck. (R.K.O.)

R.K.O. have come in very late on the wave of Irish rebellion pictures, and they have come in badly. With a story of the 1916 rising, which could have been made into as splendid a screen play as, in O'Casey's hands, it did a stage play, the handling of the material has resulted in something which, at best, is a one-star adventure film.

Theme is the struggle between a newly-married couple—Foster and Miss Stanwyck—over the husband's conception of his duty. As a commandant in the I.R.A., he takes part in the rebellion, refusing to heed his wife's pleas to the effect that he should stay by her side. At the close, after some fighting and many tears, Foster is envisaging still more fighting for himself, still more tears for his wife.

The director and Barbara Stanwyck must take the blame for most of what is bad in this offering. The direction is weak. As for Barbara, her role has proved quite beyond her. Given the opportunity of showing true emotional power, she gives a performance which defeats the object of the story; she displays weakness instead of strength, hysteria instead of sorrow, and tears at all times.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

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The STAR GAZER

IRVING BERLIN'S "ON THE AVENUE"

WHEN a film has song hits by Irving Berlin, a cast of brilliant stars headed by Madeleine Carroll, Dick Powell, Alice Faye and the Ritz Brothers, and Darryl F. Zanuck to produce it—we may expect something exceptional in the way of motion picture entertainment.

"On The Avenue" has more than its share of everything. Six song hits equal to any that Irving Berlin has ever written. Dick Powell—star of a dozen musicals—at his best, and Madeleine Carroll—brilliant and beautiful—giving an unequalled performance. This film is a delightful satire involving the richest girl in America, Madeleine Carroll, and a musical comedy star, Dick Powell, who, in company with Alice Faye, stages a burlesque of Madeleine Carroll and her father, George Barbier. The story makes no pretentions of being serious, and is from start to finish a succession of side-splitting laughs, gay romance and snappy tunes.

The Ritz Brothers prove themselves to be even greater comedians than you ever thought they were, and by the time the film is half-way through you won't care what they do, so long as they keep on doing it.

Every one of Irving Berlin's musical numbers is destined for tremendous popularity, and include "He Ain't Got Rhythm," sung by the Ritz Brothers; "This Year's Kisses" and "I've Got Love To Keep Me Warm" by Dick Powell; while Alice Faye does justice to "Slumming on Park Avenue" and "You're Laughing at Me."

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Results Evident in One Week.

Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe, and if, in 30 days, you are not satisfied, the cost of Le Charme Eye-lash Grower will be refunded in full.

All Le Charme preparations are obtainable at leading stores, chemists, and beauty salons—Eyelash Grower, 1/6; Eyelash Cosmetique (with brush and comb), black or brown, 2/6; Eyeshadow (blue, brown, grey, green, silver-grey), 1/6; Eyebrow pencil (black or brown), 2/-. Or write direct to Box 2236LL, G.P.O., Sydney.

Le Charme

BLINDING HEADACHES MADE HER HELPLESS

Forced to Lie Down For Hours at a Time

The severity of this woman's headaches can be easily imagined from her statement that she seemed to lose her sight, and all power in her hands. Other sufferers from headaches will be interested to read her letter:—

"Until last summer I was subject to terrible headaches. While they lasted I seemed to lose my sight and all power in my hands, and was forced to lie down for hours at a time. My aunt (who has taken Kruschen Salts for 12 years with beneficial results) suggested my trying them. I did so, and I've not had any return of those terrible headaches for months, in fact I feel quite cured. I shall always take Kruschen regularly in future."—(Mrs.) M.W.

Headaches can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach, and to the unsuspected retention in the system of stagnating waste material which poisons the blood. Remove these poisons—prevent them forming again—and you'll never have to worry any more. And that is just how Kruschen Salts bring swift and lasting relief from headaches.

Millions Prefer this Cough Drop

to Quick Gulp of Old-Time Syrup

As a handy Vicks Cough Drop dissolves in your mouth, it applies time-tested, throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub direct to irritated throat membranes for 12 to 15 minutes! No wonder so many people prefer it to the quick gulp of old-fashioned cough syrups.

Medicated with Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

THE BLADE *of the* SPEAR

Continued from Page 28

THAT charge crushed the Riad and rounded off a peerless battle picture, but Savaran did not see the rout driven home for a panting messenger had brought him a woeful story.

Four hundred yards from the camp he came upon a shivering Max Dreif telling a stammering story to Hannibal Klatly, while a hundred Gongoda looked on with bewildered eyes.

"A big, buck nigger with a score of other fiends at his heels crept up to the camp and sprang into the sandbag square so suddenly that it was only by sheer luck that I escaped with my life. And let me tell you, Klatly, my contract——"

"There was a camp guard," said Savaran harshly. "What happened to it?"

"Lot of darn fools," cried Max "One jabbered something at me, and I told him to get to the devil out of it—and he did, with all the others!"

"They thought you were a real soldier giving real orders," snarled Savaran. "What then?"

"Why—why, these black devils made a sort of little fort in the middle of the camp, and strapped Elveleta to a pole——"

"They've got—Elveleta!" cried Savaran. He caught Max Dreif, shook him until his false moustache fell off, threw him aside and made for the camp at a run.

When Hannibal Klatly and the others reached the sandbag wall, Savaran was standing a little inside it, facing across a bare, sun-stark place a grim little group of savages who glared ferociously back. There were less than a score of these, but they were all giants, young, lean, bronzed creatures, superbly muscled, barbarically arrayed, and grouped—a king's picked bodyguard about a king.

And their king was there, a huge bull of a man with a lioness' skin about his magnificent torso and a vehement sunray of scarlet plumes about his great and ferocious head. And that head was turned, watching Savaran with a wary stealth, while his thick right arm was fore-shortened ready to stab the shovel-broad blade of his spear pointed straight at the breast of Elveleta, standing bound hand and foot to a post.

"Gosh," gasped Hannibal, as he looked over the sandbags, "here's hell! But it's the 'rescue shot' from the scenario better than written, too."

"So," Savaran was saying quietly, to the big king. "Mindipi I- the Fox to the last, and prefers to fight women to men."

"Stand back, Zavaran!," growled the big chief, not altering his pose. "And make but one evil movement and the white woman dies."

"And Mindipi the Fox will be given to the Gongoda women so that his death may be more slow and more shameful," said Savaran.

"What matter," snarled the Riad king, "for she dies first."

They glared at each other like two tigers meeting in a death struggle. Mindipi's eyes wavered.

"I am standing still," said Savaran softly.

"Then I will tell you what you must do," said the big chief. "You will march your Gongoda away leaving all your guns behind. You will leave my land in peace. When I know you are beyond the river boundary I will send the woman back to you unharmed."

"Truly you are called Mindipi the Fox for good reason, since you think to escape the vengeance of Savaran by a trick and a woman," jeered the spider-lean adventurer. "But that is not Savaran's way. I have broken your people, and you, too, I will break, Mindipi, for you have shown treachery to Savaran."

"Then the woman dies!" growled Mindipi the Fox, and he would have stabbed then and there only a crash of metal at Savaran's feet brought him round with a bound.

SAVARAN with a quick gesture had unbuckled and dropped his belt, his sword, his two pistols falling with it. Savaran stood before his foe weaponless and with folded arms. It was magnificent and it was also Savaran.

"I am unarmed, Mindipi," he said evenly. "You should find me as worthy of your steel as a woman."

Laughing softly into the face of the huge king, he walked quietly forward.

Hannibal Klatly gave a little gasp. Even the cameraman beside him swore—but he kept on grinding. The savage bodyguard stood back in awe, leaving a wide space about the two men—as Savaran knew they would. And Mindipi the Fox stood, taken aback, hesitant by such cold daring—while across that stark, sun-bright space Savaran walked calmly on to the poised steel.

Savaran walked on, slow, smiling, to certain death. Mindipi the king wondered what trick of cunning was behind that calm eagle smile. He hesitated, he hesitated just a fraction too long. Suddenly, and with a shout of impulsiveness, the savage swung his arm. Elveleta screamed "Savaran!" Mindipi ducked a little at the scream, and as he ducked Savaran, like a leaping cat, was under the blade, had the great arm forced up, had the great leg back heeled, and in one tremendous twist, more trick than strength, had Mindipi the king on his face, nose in the dust; and as the big king went down, Savaran wrenched the big stabbing spear free, and with the whetted point against the brown and brawny shoulder blades he cried:

"Savaran wins as Savaran meant to. Move not, O guards, or your king dies. Hannibal, when you think you've shot film enough, let the Gongoda come to me."

"Great fella," cried Hannibal, wringing his hands thirty seconds later. "Great fella walking straight on to that blade made my blood run cold, but it'll make a dandy picture and, see here, I guess it's you we'd better take releasing Elveleta from the sacrificial stake."

"No," said Savaran, with an eagle frown. "No, I think not . . . undignified. I'm a king again—Savaran, first king of the united empire of Gongoda and Riad . . . I've got to think of my prestige."

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VERSATILITY *of* BARBARA SMITH

Small Parts Mean Big Opportunities to Radio Girl

BARBARA SMITH, versatile radio star of 2GB.

Hollywood, it is said, has a horror of small-part actors who steal shows from the stars.

But in radio drama small parts and big parts are of equal importance.

FOR this reason Barbara Smith must be considered a valued star of the B.S.A. Players, heard from 2GB, for she has the ability to make a good job of the smallest part.

Not only can she play the heroine with telling effect when tense dramatic acting is required, but she can also fill the no less important character roles and play, with equal ease, young girls, middle-aged spinsters, and old crones.

"That is the beauty of radio," this young and versatile actress confesses. "It enables you to play a range of parts impossible on the stage. In one night I may play the imperious Queen Elizabeth, a sophisticated modern miss, a sinister old woman, and a giggling young flapper."

In fact, there are few actresses who have developed so infectious a radio giggle as Barbara, and even over the air she has the knack of making it as catching as a yawn in a crowded tramcar. Comedy is just another of this clever girl's accomplishments.

"Of course," she adds, "it is much more difficult to create a character over the air than on the stage. The microphone does not register mannerisms or gestures, and one cannot rely on make-up."

It must not be imagined that radio players sit quietly around a microphone and address it as though it were entirely blind.

Watch Barbara Smith playing an old crone and you will see her hump her shoulders, screw up her face, and emphasise each line with a gesture, just as though she were before an audience.

"Radio acting," she explains, "demands absolute sincerity, whether one is playing a small part or large, and a wrong inflexion before the all-hearing microphone can mar a part just as surely as a wrong gesture or movement on the stage."

Barbara does not come from a theatrical family, although she is one of a trio of sisters who have made good in the arts of the screen, the stage, and the radio.

One sister is well known as Nancy O'Neil, the Australian girl who has featured in a number of successful English films; her other sister, Lorraine Smith, has made a place for herself on the English stage, whilst Barbara represents the family in radio here in Australia.

Besides gaining considerable stage experience in England, Barbara Smith has appeared in Australia with those unique modern troubadours, Joan and Betty Raynor, who have created something entirely their own in their presentations of folk songs, nursery rhymes, and fairy-tales, for the young in heart of all ages.

Barbara has no desire to resume her interrupted stage career abroad, now that she has found radio so attractive a medium for her versatility.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier).

WEDNESDAY, May 5, 11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, May 6, 11.45 a.m.: Our Radio Interview. 2.45 p.m.: "Swing Time" Musical Presentation.

FRIDAY, May 7, 11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, May 8, 6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Great Artists of To-Day.

SUNDAY, May 9, 4.30 p.m.: The Old Gardener. 6.10 p.m.: A Cavalcade of Variety.

MONDAY, May 10, 11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, May 11, 11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Things That Happen.

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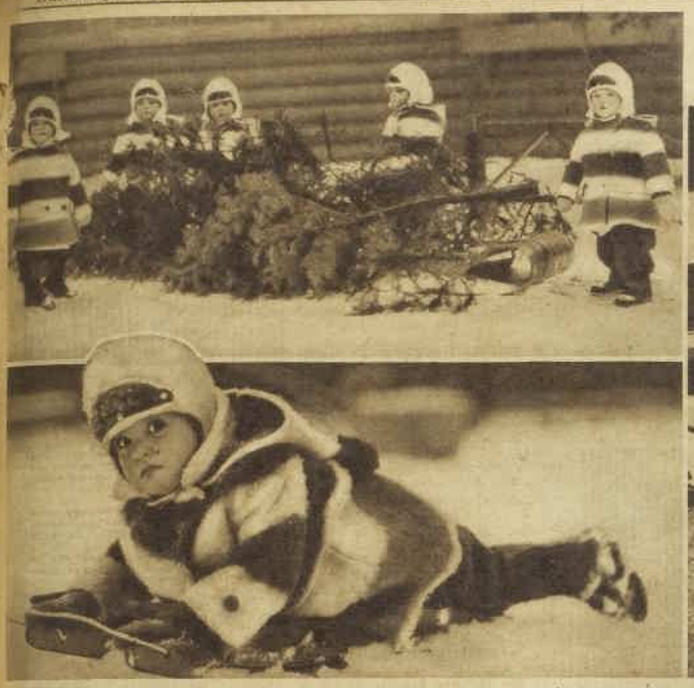
The All-Weather Quins



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS are all-weather babies. Top left you see them playing in the snow at Callander, Ontario. Lower is a close-up of Yvonne, showing just what a smart young lady must wear in winter. At right is a summery-looking glimpse of the "Quins," and Nurses Leroux and Noel.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Taurians are Good-Natured

If Taurus people (those born between April 21 and May 22) were to tell their idea of heaven they would probably suggest a place with good things to eat, drink, and wear, lots of time to laze and take life slowly, and surroundings containing flowers, music, soft cushions, nice perfumes and a few cheerful friends.

Taurians know how to enjoy life more than most people. They usually have a tendency to plumpness and thus seem to prove that old saying, "Fat and jolly."

As a general thing Taurians are good-natured, good-humored, and good "mixers." They live for the day, and have the capacity to enjoy every minute of it. That is, of course, if they are in their happy and complacent moods, for then small pleasures seem to delight them inordinately.

They must not, however, be crossed, discouraged, snubbed, hurt or angered, for wrathful Taurians are people to avoid. They say and do many things which they later regret. They are like the charging bull which symbolises their zodiacal sign—they cannot be stopped—and people or things which get in their way are likely to be more than slightly damaged.

It therefore pays those associated with Taurians to treat them as nicely as they usually deserve. For a placid and happy Taurian is a charming, magnetic and very cheerful individual, willing to work hard to earn the goodwill of his (or her) associates, and capable of bringing a general air of good cheer into life.

Most Taurians are quite nice-looking—the men in a stoutish good-fellow way, and the women by means of a fresh and healthy appearance, and an expectant or anticipatory look in the eyes or general expression, just as though they are sure something nice is about to happen immediately.

Quite often this attitude of theirs and their delight in the small pleasures of life encourage others to bring them the gifts or pleasures which mean so much to them.

The husband of a Taurian should never forget to celebrate birthdays and wedding or other anniversaries.

The Taurian wife is sure to be an excellent housekeeper and cook, but only with her own consent must her husband dream of giving her household goods as personal gifts. Especially if it be something small, heavy, and hard, for Mrs. Taurus throws things when in a rage, and her aim is usually good.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (Mar. 21 to April 21): Complete routine tasks. May 7 (p.m.), 8 and 9 (a.m.): fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Keep busy. Plan important matters and try to start them on May 8 (p.m.), 10, and 6 p.m. on May 11. Be confident and optimistic. Ask favors, seek promotion, start journeys or new enterprises then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Fair on May 4 and after noon on May 11.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Fair on May 5, 6, and a.m. of 7.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Take no risks in your affairs. Annoyances and difficulties or delays will predominate. Routine work will be best. Be especially careful on May 9 (a.m.), 10, and 11 (a.m.).

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Splendid results may follow your resourcefulness and enterprise at this time. Be confident but not rash. Try to start new and important matters on May 8 (after noon), 10 and 11 (to noon).

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Just fair on May 4 and 11 (after noon).

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be on guard. Losses, partings, and disappointments are possible. Also oppositions and upsets. Keep calm and let the world go by (if you can), especially on May 9 (p.m.), 10, and 11 (early).

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Get important matters started before May is much older. May 4 and 11 (after noon) should be fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Don't wait for opportunities. Make them for yourself on May 9 (after 2 p.m.), 10, and 11 (before 2 p.m.).

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Live very quietly. Let important matters wait a week or two. Be particularly careful on May 4, 9, 10, and 11 (to 3 p.m.). Try to steer against difficulties and upsets then.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to May 21): Not specially fair. May 5, 6, and 7 (early) just fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.

THE GRATITUDE *Of* MIR FEROZ

Continued from Page 7

"FINALLY, he decided that he and I would go to the village where Pir Khan lived and bring him back to Fort Ul that he might be questioned. It seemed to me a waste of energy since the village was many koss distant and we had no evidence other than our suspicions. But Denvers Sahib was determined to raise every stone, as the English saying is. And I, knowing how great a friend Malden Sahib had been, sympathised with his desire. So we went to the village, taking with us two sepoys who might act as escort and also for the sake of honor.

"Contrary to what Denvers Sahib expected, Pir Khan was in the village awaiting our coming. He was a Wazir, tall and strong and in every way a proper man."

"You recognised him?" I put in.

"Nay, sahib. Nor did he recognise me. We regarded each other as strangers. When Denvers Sahib told Pir Khan what his purpose was he laughed at first and then he became angry. He spoke thus and thus after the manner of a man wrongfully accused, saying he had been in that village on the night Malden Sahib was murdered. And he produced a score of witnesses to prove his—what is the term, sahib?"

"Alibi," I suggested.

"Ay, sahib, that was the word Denvers Sahib used. He told me privily that Pir Khan had so strong an alibi that he feared he could never be brought to justice. And he was very wroth. Malden Sahib had been his friend and his belief that Pir Khan was the murderer was even stronger than it had been before we came to the village. There were so many witnesses and they spoke so perfectly in accord that he knew the matter must have been arranged beforehand, and carefully rehearsed.

"And he was loath to let Pir Khan go free. Even though the matter seemed hopeless as Pir Khan had twenty witnesses to prove his innocence, and we had no evidence to prove his guilt, he decided to take him back to Fort Ul that he might be questioned further. Being a very cunning sahib he pretended to Pir Khan that there were men in Fort Ul who had seen him there on the night of the murder. Does the sahib understand his purpose? It was to frighten Pir Khan so that perhaps he might confess the truth.

"And it seemed to me watching his face that Pir Khan was more frightened than he would have been if he had been really innocent. He pretended great anger and refused to go. But Denvers Sahib said that, since he would not go of his own, he must be taken as our prisoner.

For the sake of the honor of the Raj we left the village slowly with unloaded rifles and Pir Khan walking handcuffed in our midst. And though the Wazirs made a great outcry they did not dare to attack.

"But Denvers Sahib was worried and ill at ease. Not because of the Wazirs, but because he feared that his taking of Pir Khan by force would mean trouble for himself from the Burra Sahibs at Quetta. He spoke his mind openly to me for we were friends. His thought was that his great desire to avenge his friend had led him to act foolishly.

"THAT evening we came to our first halting place. While the sepoys were pitching the little tent for Denvers Sahib I took off Pir Khan's handcuffs that he might eat and drink. And it was when he had finished and I was replacing them that I noticed a scar there was upon his hand.

"When I saw it a memory came into my mind, and I cried aloud and stared hard in his face. He asked me in surprise what was the matter. Then I told him the story of how I had been saved twelve years before from a ledge on the Guj Ravine, and I told him I thought I had recognised him by the scar on his hand as that bahadur. And when he had recovered from his surprise he acknowledged that he was indeed that man.

"When he said that I threw my arms about him and embraced him as if he were a brother. I had not seen for many years. We were alone while the others prepared the camp. And I told him of the great vow I had made that if ever a chance came I would do him any service that lay in my power.

"He told me at once what service I could do. The sahib can guess what that was. To assist him to escape before we reached Fort Ul. But I told him that to my way of thinking he would be foolish if he took that course since he had so many witnesses to prove his innocence.

"Then, charging me by the memory of my vow and the fact that he had saved my life on the cliff at great peril to his own, that I would not betray him, he whispered that he had killed Malden Sahib upon that night. Therefore, he was afraid to go to Fort Ul. He believed what Denvers Sahib had said about witnesses who had seen him, and his guilt made him afraid.

"I PRESSED his hand and told him he need have no fear. Even though it meant betraying my salt I would keep my vow and assist him to escape. He took heart and we arranged a time and place. On the last night but one before we reached Fort Ul we would camp close to the Mahsud territory and he could pass over the border to safety. And Pir Khan embraced me, crying that it had indeed been a lucky day when he saved my life upon that cliff.

"When the appointed night came I arranged that I should keep guard during the three hours that followed midnight. Since I was havildar of the party there was no difficulty. Then when the others slept I went quietly to where Pir Khan lay handcuffed and I released him with the key that was in my keeping. To make it appear he had slipped the handcuffs off his wrists of his own strength I locked them again and left them lying on the ground. That was lest Denvers Sahib should suspect anything.

"Then I led Pir Khan quietly from the camp. He would have thanked me, but I made light of the matter, saying the service I had done him was as nothing to the service he had done me. And I urged him to go quickly.

"Ho, ho! He went quickly, but not so quickly as the bullet I sent after him. I gave him twenty yards grace and then I shot the fool dead, shouting as I did so that the prisoner was escaping."

I gasped.

"After he'd saved your life! But, Subadar Sahib—!"

Mir Feroz laughed.

"Twelve years is a long time, sahib, and many men have scars upon their hands. When Pir Khan was running away it came to me that he was not the man who had saved my life upon the cliff. That one was Denvers Sahib, and I had waited twelve years to do him a service. Therefore I tricked the fool, pretending I had recognised him. You see, sahib, if Pir Khan had come with us to Fort Ul he must have been acquitted for lack of evidence, and Denvers Sahib's name would have been blackened. But by attempting to escape he confessed his guilt, and by his death Malden Sahib was avenged. . . . And now, sahib, I see the first signs of dawn. Shall I order the company to fall in that we may proceed?"

He saluted and strode back to the company.

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My Children never forget me on Mother's Day

MAY 9th is Mother's Day

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His *Lady* Secretary

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HIS LADY SECRETARY

By J. JEFFERSON FARJEON

JUDGED superficially, no man in the world had less right to be worried than Sir David Belworthy, millionaire. He had all the money he wanted, all the friends he wanted, a palatial flat, and a secretary who possessed beauty without parading it. But worried Sir David undoubtedly was; and, on a certain sunny and auspicious afternoon in July, he stopped in the middle of dictating a letter and impulsively confessed his condition.

"Miss Kitson," he exclaimed, "I'm worried!"

Miss Kitson allowed herself to look slightly sympathetic, but she did not look quite as sympathetic as Sir David had vaguely hoped she would. Indeed, as he glanced at her and noted her neat, unruffled composure, which somehow seemed a baffling contradiction of her distracting potentialities, his impulse to continue the confession cooled, and he wondered why he had made it at all.

"These begging letters," he murmured, in a somewhat clumsy attempt to turn the blame on to them. "They get more numerous every day, don't they?"

"That's your own fault, Sir David," replied Dorothy Kitson, in a pleasant, matter-of-fact voice. "You will answer them."

"Poor beggars! What's one to do?" grumbled the millionaire, and, turning away, had the bad luck to miss the momentary warmth that illuminated Miss Kitson's eyes.

He dictated steadily for ten minutes, trying to keep his gaze from straying to the brilliant sunlight that sparkled outside his window, and finding it oddly hard. Then there came a telephonic interruption.

"Who is it?" asked Sir David, as his secretary took up the receiver.

"Mr. Stobart," she replied, a second later. "He wants to know whether he may come round and see you at once."

Sir David Belworthy frowned. He could not think of any reason why Jack Stobart should not come round and see him at once—any reason, at least, that he could urge.

"What shall I tell him?" inquired Miss Kitson, tactfully placing her hand over the mouthpiece.

"Eh?" exclaimed Sir David. "Why, tell him to come right along, of course."

Miss Kitson gave the message, and remarked, as she replaced the receiver:

"He thanked you, and said he'd be round in five minutes. Shall I leave you now, or will you just finish this letter?"

But Sir David's eyes were again straying towards the window and the sunlight. Suddenly he swung round, and gave way to his second impulse that afternoon.

"I say, Miss Kitson," he remarked. "Don't you find it monotonous sitting indoors on a day like this, doing all these letters?"

"Not at all," she replied. "I like my work."

"I am sincerely sorry for you," said Sir David, "and enclose a little cheque to alleviate your suffering."

Miss Kitson smiled, took down the words, closed her book, and departed.

A few minutes later, a rather mournful butler announced that Mr. Stobart had called.

"That's right—show him in, Harnett," nodded the millionaire, and extended his hand as a tall, athletic-looking man entered the room.

"Awfully good of you to let me bother you, old chap," said the visitor. "I know this is usually your busy hour——"

"Not a bit of it," interposed Sir David. "Only too glad to knock off for a spell. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks," answered the visitor.

Jack Stobart and Sir David Belworthy were the best of friends, and the fact that the former could only boast of thousands while the latter could boast of millions did not make any difference to their friendship. This afternoon, however, both men appeared ill at ease, and no word was spoken while Stobart selected a cigar, clipped off the end, and lit it. The Sir David shot out:

"Come to see me about the Lord's match on Saturday?"

"Er—yes," replied Stobart. "Decided whether you'll play yet?"

His tone was unconvincing. This was no urgent matter. It could quite easily have been negotiated over the telephone.

"Yes, I'll play," nodded Sir David. "Stick me down." And he waited for Jack Stobart to disclose the real object of his call.

Another silence fell. It was a hot afternoon, but Stobart looked hotter, and grew more and more gloomy, while Sir David grew more and more fidgety. Faintly, from an adjoining room, came the busy click of Miss Kitson's typewriter. Suddenly Sir David decided to end it, and, striding up to Stobart, he thumped him on the back.

"Get it off your chest, Jack!" he cried. "There's a shadow between us. It's been there for a month. Well—what is it?"

"Don't you know?" muttered Stobart, after a brief hesitation.

"How should I know?" growled Sir David. "I know that I've done something, and that you're annoyed with me. But what it is I haven't the ghost of a notion, for you've hugged and nursed your grievance without giving me a chance to prove to you that you haven't any."

"Haven't any!" flared Jack Stobart excitedly. Then he damped down again. "No, I don't expect I have. But the fact remains, all the same——"

"What fact?" almost roared Sir David.

"Hilda Lessington," answered Stobart, and, having got thus far, suddenly went the whole daitance. "Are you in love with her?"

"In love with her!" uttered Sir David Belworthy, and sat down rather abruptly in the nearest chair.

"Am I in love with Hilda Lessington?" he exclaimed. For the moment he almost wondered whether he was. Nevertheless, he added: "Jack, are you quite mad?"

"Not in the least mad," responded Stobart. "And I'd be much obliged to you if you'd give me an answer."

"But what on earth makes you think I'm in love with her?" demanded Sir David, struggling to forget the many times he had been out with her lately—but nearly always, he argued, at her own suggestion.

"If you can't think of any reasons, David," said Stobart, "I'll give you two. The first is—I'm in love with her myself——"

"My dear chap!" jerked Sir David, who, until this interview, had been only vaguely conscious of his friend's interest in Lady Hilda. The full extent of that interest had never occurred to him.

"Perhaps that's not a very solid reason," continued Stobart, "because—I admit—when a man is in love with a girl he's apt to regard every other unmarried man as a potential rival. But I've another reason." His teeth snapped suddenly, and he drew a printed sheet out of his inner pocket. "Here it is. Read it for yourself."

SIR David took the sheet. It had been torn—not gently—from a current copy of a certain weekly journal which interested itself in propounding snappy questions.

"It would be nice to know," read Sir David, "whether a certain eligible millionaire and a certain eligible society lady, who have been seen together at Wimbledon, Ciro's, Henley and Eton and Harrow, are going to Goodwood together, and have chosen the same resort for the holidays——"

Sir David Belworthy said something not at all polite, made a crumpled ball of the sheet, and hurled it into a corner. For a few moments he saw red.

"I'm afraid there's no doubt as to whom they mean," murmured Stobart.

Sir David walked to the window to cool himself. When he returned he had regained most of his calmness.

"Rotten nuisance!" he remarked calmly. "But the best thing's to take no notice. Don't you agree?"

"Of course I agree," nodded Stobart. "You haven't answered my question yet, though."

"I'll answer it now, then," said Sir David. "I have a great respect for Hilda Lessington—much too great a respect to want to get her into a beastly tangle. Like her immensely, in fact. But I'm not in love with her."

Jack Stobart sprang to his feet and clasped the other's hand.

"You don't know what a load that takes off my mind, old fellow!" he cried. "When

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a man's in love—well, he's a fool, and that's all there is about it. And Hilda Lessington is such a wonderful person—"

"Shut up!" snapped Sir David. "If you start praising her too much maybe I will fall in love with her! Meanwhile, the coast's clear for you, and you can go home and rejoice."

"No—I can't quite do that," returned Stobart, suddenly grave again. "The fact is, David—only half of the shadow is removed."

"Oh! And what's the other half?"

"Hilda herself. You see, David, people say—I've rather thought so myself lately—that she—she——"

Reaction set in. This was ridiculous. Almost angrily, Sir David rounded on Jack Stobart and told him that his fears were nonsensical. And at that moment the front door bell rang for the second time that afternoon, and Lady Hilda Lessington was announced.

THE small boy who boasts that he is not afraid of Red Indians is similar, psychologically, to the full-grown man who declares that woman is the inferior sex.

Clad clingingly in a ravishing Chanel model of pale blue, she stood in the doorway, half-amusedly, half-penitently.

"I am relieved to find that I am not the first intruder, David!" she exclaimed, with a glance at Jack Stobart. "You told me once that if you weren't playing polo or tennis or cricket, you generally worked between two and four—but I took my courage in my hands and ventured."

"I'm delighted that you did, Hilda," replied Sir David, lying nobly.

"You're quite sure I'm not interrupting a private conversation?" she asked.

"Not at all," interposed Jack Stobart quickly. "As a matter of fact, I was just leaving. I came to get David's promise to play in the Lord's match."

"When is it?"

"On Saturday."

"I shall appear in my most 'fetching' frock, and inspire you both to make centuries."

The two men smiled, and Jack Stobart suddenly thrust out his hand.

"Well, I must be off," he said. "Afraid I've kept you from your work too long already. I—I suppose it's no good my offering you a lift, Hilda?"

"My dear man," laughed the disturber of the peace, "you don't suppose I've walked into this study just to turn round and walk out again! But, of course, if David's really so very busy——"

"Not at all," Sir David assured her. "I'm only sorry Jack's got to run off in such a hurry. What's the rush?"

Stobart shook his head, however, and beat a retreat. A triangular tea-party, in the circumstances, did not appeal to him.

Lady Hilda looked at the door through which Jack Stobart had departed, settled herself comfortably, and asked:

"What the matter with our friend?"

"A bit off color, I think," answered Sir David guardedly.

Lady Hilda did not pursue the subject of Jack Stobart. Instead, she switched on to themselves.

"Are you doing anything special tonight," she inquired.

"No, I don't think so," replied Sir David, apprehensively.

"Well, don't look so sad about it," said Lady Hilda. "How about joining my theatre party? Daly's Theatre. Box."

"Delighted!" murmured Sir David. "Who'll be there?"

"I'll be there," smiled Lady Hilda. "And I'm sure you're not going to be so ungallant as to suggest that the others matter, whoever they are. I thought, if you were in the mood, we might go on to the Embassy afterwards. What do you think?"

Again Sir David murmured obediently that he would be delighted. Lady Hilda glanced at him shrewdly.

"Can't say you seem bursting with enthusiasm," she observed, a little dryly. "Are you off color, too?" Before Sir David could protest, she added, "Don't think I'm offended, David. I know you too well for that. Cry off if you want to and I'll ask no questions."

"Of course I don't want to cry off!" Sir David burst out. "Why should I? I'm just wondering, though, whether—whether you quite realise the situation."

"Situation?" queried Lady Hilda, raising her finely-pencilled eyebrows. "What situation?"

"Seen the pretty little paragraph about us, Hilda?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes, I saw it," answered Lady Hilda complacently. "Well? What about it?"

"What about it?" gasped Sir David. "Didn't—didn't it worry you?"

Lady Hilda Lessington gave one of her musical laughs. It was such a musical laugh that she gave it quite often.

"Not the least little bit," she retorted. "Why should it? We have been seen together at Wimbledon, Ciro's, Henley, and Eton and Harrow—you see, I've got it pat—and we are going to Goodwood together, and we have chosen the same resort for the holidays. Why shouldn't a poor little editor publish it, if he's so hard up for news?"

"Of course, I don't understand you," responded Sir David, shaking his head blankly.

"Do you know," smiled Lady Hilda, "I sometimes think you don't! If you thought I was going to be melodramatic over the situation, you certainly misread me. Why, the very first thing I did was to decide that we should be seen together again to-night at Daly's Theatre and at the Embassy. But, of course, if you object——"

"Don't be stupid," replied Sir David. "You know perfectly well I don't object. But I don't want to get you into a tangle, that's all."

"If that's really all, David," she said, patting his sleeve, "you can stop worrying from this moment. I can look after myself quite nicely, you know, and I have no intention of allowing myself to get into any tangle. And now do be a good man and ring for tea!"

Sir David rose to comply, and as he did so the door of the adjoining room opened and Miss Dorothy Kitson entered with a pile of letters. Another secretary might have hesitated on finding her employer engaged in a tete-a-tete, but Dorothy Kitson, as has been implied, took life quietly and coolly. While Lady Hilda regarded her with a vague frown—a subtle recognition of her prettiness—Miss Kitson laid the letters on the desk and prepared to depart again.

The telephone bell, however, detained her for a moment. Sir David was ringing for tea. She glanced at him inquiringly, and, in response to his, "Yes, please," took up the receiver.

"Sir David's secretary speaking," she said; and then, as the voice at the other end sounded in her ear, it was noticed that for once she grew slightly pink. "No, not yet," she replied in a low voice. "Please ring off. I've asked you before not to ring me up here . . . "

She replaced the receiver as Sir David turned. "Now, I'll wager it was that young fellow who keeps hanging around here," he thought, frowning. "She doesn't seem to care about him any more than I do."

Harnett was at the door and he ordered tea. Tea, at least, was a clear, uncomplicated thought. "Oh, and, Harnett," he added suddenly, "just pick up that bit of paper on the floor there, will you, and throw it into the waste-paper basket?"

PERSONS in shabby clothes were not ordinarily admitted into Sir David Belworthy's private study; Harnett saw to that. On the morning following the incidents just related, however, a person who was wearing distinctly shabby clothes entered the study unannounced and unabashed, without even troubling to knock. Nor did Harnett, standing in mournful solemnity by the telephone, with the receiver to his ear, trouble to reprimand him.

For the person in the distinctly shabby clothes was none other than Sir David Belworthy himself.

If an explanation is needed of Sir David's clothes, it would seem to be equally required of his solemn butler's telephonic conversation. While Sir David approached, with an odd and appreciative smile, Harnett was saying to the voice at the other end of the telephone:

"Yes, my lord, he went this morning. Quite sudden. I beg your pardon, my lord? Russia, I think he said. Won't be back for a year, so I understand. Yes, my lord. Very surprising. Very surprising indeed."

"Splendid, Harnett, splendid," murmured Sir David. "You do it as though to the manner born!"

Harnett hung up the receiver, his face indicative of both resignation and reproach.

"I can see that you are bursting to say something, Harnett," continued his master, watching him amusedly. "Don't mind me. Say it."

Harnett cleared his throat delicately, but his little dissertation was postponed by another call to the telephone. Grimly he grasped the receiver again.

"No, sir—it's not Sir David speaking. It's Harnett, his butler. I'm sorry, sir, but he's out. Russia, sir. I beg your pardon? R-u-s-s-i-a . . . I'm afraid that's impossible, sir. His secretary's not here. She's gone, too——"

"You weren't quite so good that time, Harnett," reproved Sir David. "I may be behaving oddly, but at least I'm respectable. That fellow, whoever he was, is now firmly convinced that I have eloped with Miss Kitson to be quietly married in a Russian church! Very careless of you, Harnett; very careless. Who was it?"

"Major Fulham, sir."

The millionaire whistled.

"Fulham! Good lord! Of course, he'll pass the blithe news on to his wife, and she—— Well, and who was the other?"

"Lord Byfleet, sir."

"Ah, Jimmy! And what did he want?"

"He wanted to know if you were going to Ranelagh this afternoon. 'No, not Ranelagh,' I said; 'Russia.'" He cast his eyes towards the unresponsive ceiling, while Sir David burst into a loud laugh.

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The cares of the preceding day seemed to have slipped from his shoulders.

"Look here," exclaimed Sir David, impulsively, "you're a good fellow, and I'd like to take you entirely into my confidence. I can't do that, but at least you can know that you are helping in an excellent cause. Certainly, there's nothing wrong, is there, in running away from my riches for a while, and seeking the simple, primitive joys of existence?" He held out his shabby sleeve and made a grimace.

"I don't want to leave my own country, so I'm—I'm merely going to see it from a new angle." He held out his shabby sleeve again. "From this angle. And, if I told my friends what I was doing instead of—evaporating to Russia, so to speak—do you know what would happen? Firstly, they would think me mad." Harnett did his best not to denote, by his expression, that he, too, might share this view. "And secondly—infinitely worse—they would follow me. That, above all things, must not happen, Harnett!"

"Quite, sir," replied Harnett.

He paused, and gazed contemplatively at the telephone. The main reason for the Russian "evaporation" had not been disclosed, but he touched upon it lightly in his next question. "Oh, by the way, Harnett—has Lady Hilda rung up?"

The question was answered by the telephone itself. Harnett hesitated, in the vain hope that, if he hesitated long enough, he might find that his ears had deceived him, and that the whole thing might prove to be a bad dream. But the callous bell went on ringing most realistically, and he was forced to approach the hated instrument.

Taking up the receiver with caution, he listened for a second; then, in response to Sir David's raised eyebrows, he nodded gloomily.

"Yes, my lady," he said. "It's Sir David's butler speaking. I'm sorry I can't, my lady—he's not in. Quite sure, my lady. I beg your pardon? Yes, it is true, my lady . . . Yes—Russia. No, I can't say what's took him there . . . His secretary? Miss Kitson's away, too . . . No, I can't say, my lady, but I think I heard her mention Brighton . . . I beg your pardon? B-r-i-g—— This morning. Very early, it was . . . Yes, both of them. I mean, my lady, they both left early, but, of course, not at the same time . . . Yes, my lady. Very sudden. Very sudden, indeed."

The receiver was replaced. Harnett's face was no longer gently tinged with pink. It was sheer beetroot.

"That was Lady Hilda, of course?" asked Sir David. The beetroot head nodded. "What was her tone? Do you think she believed you?"

"She seemed a bit doubtful, sir."

"H'm!" murmured Sir David. "And her house is only fifteen minutes away." He glanced at the clock. "I wonder whether she'll call—to make sure?"

"I expect they'll all call," answered the butler.

"Yes, they will, Harnett. I'm afraid you're in for a lively time. But, remember, your wages are doubled as from this date, and if you hold the fort successfully there may be a cheque for £100 for you when I return from—er—Russia."

Harnett brightened perceptibly.

Silently, like conspirators, they went into the hall, and, as his final office, the butler opened the front door for his master to pass out. As he did so the lift by which visitors ascended to Sir David's floor suddenly rose into view and stopped, and a smartly-dressed young man with an eyeglass stepped out.

"Good heavens!" murmured Sir David, aghast. "Lord Byfleet!"

And then it was that Harnett came out strong. Seizing his master roughly by the shoulders, he swung him round and shot him unceremoniously along the passage.

"Be off!" he roared. "If you show your ugly face here again I'll haul you to the police station! Do you think I can waste my time talking to beggars? And don't you go by the lift! Use the stairs! Now then—sharp!"

Sir David took his cue. As though terror-stricken, he fled down the stairs, while Lord Byfleet thought: "Poor fellow!" and stared after him.

Had he known the adventures that awaited the disreputable stranger, his emotion would not have been one of pity, but rather of extreme envy!

As soon as Sir David's unrecognisable form had disappeared down the staircase, Lord Byfleet, known to his intimates as Jimmy, turned to the butler and explained that he had called round to make a few inquiries regarding Sir David's abrupt departure. He was beautifully unaware that the abruptness of the departure had just been witnessed by his own eyes.

"It was rather sudden, wasn't it?" observed the visitor.

"Very, my lord," replied Harnett.

"'Very' doesn't express it at all, Harnett," retorted his lordship, shedding his eyeglass as the encircling brow went up. "Deuced sudden, I should call it! Deuced sudden!"

"It took me a little off my balance, I'll admit," confessed Harnett.

Lord Byfleet shrugged his shoulders as a newcomer alighted from the lift and advanced towards the door.

"Hello, Major—you can turn round and go home again," cried his lordship. "He's not here."

"That's what I've come about, Jimmy," said the new arrival, a short, dapper, elderly man in grey, and with a grey moustache to match. "You don't mean to tell me that David's really gone off?"

"If he hasn't, it's a precious good imitation," answered Lord Byfleet, and jerked his head towards Harnett.

"He went early this morning——" began the butler.

"Yes, yes, so I was given to understand over the telephone," chipped in Major Fulham, tartly. "But, to tell you the truth——" He stopped and frowned. "I say, my man, you needn't try and hide anything from us. We're intimates, you know. What's behind all this, eh?"

"Behind it?" murmured Harnett stiffly.

"Yes! Behind it! Has Sir David—has he—er—done anything queer?"

"Queer, sir?" Harnett grew a couple of inches taller. "I'm afraid I don't understand you, sir."

"Come, come! From your ambiguous, I might say guarded, remarks over the telephone, I rather imagined that—well, that this might be a little—a little elopement——"

"If you mean, sir, has Sir David gone off with his secretary," interposed Harnett, with great dignity, "he hasn't!"

The two visitors exchanged glances. Harnett's significant emphasis impressed them. Lord Byfleet gently swished the cane he was carrying, while the major tugged contemplatively at his moustache.

"But surely he left a message for me?" exclaimed the latter suddenly. "There was a bridge-party to-morrow. Mrs. Fulham had counted on him, I know."

"Ah, he did mention that, sir," answered Harnett. "I was to tell you how sorry he was, but he wouldn't be able to play."

"Most informative," muttered the major dryly. "Well, come along, Jimmy. We seem to have reached a dead wall. We'll ring up later, and perhaps by that time he will have wired or written or something."

They strolled away, to the butler's relief, and in a few seconds the tops of their heads disappeared down the shaft of the lift.

The morning brought other visitors, but only two need be mentioned here. One was a maiden aunt, Miss Lesbia Crewe, whose one joy when Sir David's parents had died was that she would be able to take their place, and whose one regret after they died was that she had not succeeded in taking their place.

The other visitor was Lady Hilda Lessington, who lost very little time in calling round to make a few personal inquiries.

Lady Hilda gave poor Harnett his worst moments that day. Entirely ignoring their telephonic conversation, she duly appeared at the flat door and asked sweetly whether Sir David were in.

"Why, no, my lady," replied Harnett, in almost aggrieved accents.

"Then I think I'll come in and wait, if I may," said Lady Hilda, coolly.

The butler was now wholly aggrieved. In fact, her request was so utterly illogical (to his merely masculine mind) that he became as nearly querulous as a butler of good breeding can become.

"But, my lady, he's in Russia," he protested, and, in his indignation, he almost believed it.

"Oh! Then he won't be back this afternoon?"

Harnett's eyes bulged with amazement, despite the fact that his knowledge of geography was slight.

"Oh, by the way, Harnett," she exclaimed, "can I have your master's address?"

"I'd give it to you with pleasure, my lady," answered Harnett, "but Sir David didn't leave it with me."

After Lady Hilda's departure Harnett experienced a brief rest, which, in truth, he felt he had earned, and undoubtedly needed.

But late in the afternoon a big, brawny, rather aggressive young man called, and rang a change by inquiring, not for Sir David, but for Miss Kitson.

It was he who had telephoned to Miss Kitson on the previous afternoon, and who had been cut off so unceremoniously. Harnett had seen him many times before, and as we ourselves shall meet him many times again, he deserves a few brief words of introduction.

His name was Alfred Smith, and he was a lodger in the house of Miss Kitson's aunt, where Miss Kitson herself was also in temporary residence. It must not be set to his discredit that he was interested in Miss Kitson; that showed, indeed, a perception of quality, and he was apt to wonder how it was that a girl of Miss Kitson's distinction should have to earn her own living.

But his nature would have been kindlier had he allowed himself to perceive, also, that his interest in Miss Kitson was con-

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siderably greater than was hers in him. In this blessed blindness he was subtly assisted by Miss Kitson's aunt, who regarded his egotism as manly strength, and was duly impressed by his comfortable bank balance.

If further justification were needed, he could claim that Miss Kitson, on his request, had accompanied him to a matinee or two, and had seemed so appreciative of his little generosities that he had taken to calling for her on his way back from business.

If she was not quite so appreciative of this he refused to remark it.

But others had quietly remarked it, and among those others was Harnett. In these circumstances, it was with some malicious pleasure that the butler, on opening the door to Alfred Smith on this particular afternoon, observed succinctly: "She's gone."

"Gone?" queried the young man. "Where? What do you mean? Gone home?"

"No. Gone for a month's holiday."

The young man seemed surprised and a little incredulous.

"A month's holiday?" he exclaimed. "Why, she never said——. When did she go?"

"This morning, sir," answered Harnett.

"Bit sudden, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Very sudden. So was Sir David's departure sudden."

"What? Has sir David gone, too?" Having already said so, Harnett did not see any reason why he should repeat the statement. "Where's he gone?"

"Russia," said Harnett.

And, fed up with questions, the butler closed the door, leaving the young man frowning on the mat.

SIR DAVID'S romantic journey began, unromantically, on top of a motor bus. He had intended to travel solely on his two legs, fitting his method of locomotion to the shininess of his suit, but a long tramp through endless London suburbs did not appeal to him.

Moreover, he shirked the responsibility of deciding whether to travel north into the Chilterns, south into the Downs, east into the marshes, or west into the river. So, on a sudden inspiration, he jumped on a passing motor bus, climbed to the top, and paid his fare to its unknown destination.

"Give us a light, mate," said a voice at his side.

Sir David took a gold match-box from his shabby pocket and obliged. The tramp beside him almost let the unlit gasper drop from his lips when he saw the gorgeous fount from which the light was to be produced. Sir David decided that he must get rid of his gold match-box.

"I wonder, if I pawned it," he reflected, as he struck a match, "whether the pawnbroker would imagine I'd stolen it!"

The tramp by his side was clearly under that impression.

Towards lunch time the bus drew up at a half-rustic, half-squalid inn—the kind of place designed by an architect with both town and country blood in him, yet the full flood of neither.

This half-hearted edifice was the terminus, and he had his first frugal meal there, passing the salt to the conductor who had taken his fare, and receiving the pepper from the driver who had driven him.

He walked steadily for two hours, the centre of greenness and sunniness. At half-past three a cart lumbered by, and he had a short lift. He went to sleep in the cart, and only woke up just in time to save himself from being poured out. Then, another short tramp of ten minutes, and he reached a rustic inn—a really rustic inn this time—and a wonderful contentment was in his soul.

Outside the inn was a lady's bicycle. This vaguely pleased him. It is difficult not to be interested in a lady's bicycle standing outside a rustic inn, whereas the only man's bicycle in which a man is interested is his own.

He wondered what the owner was like, and whether he would meet her inside. Was she tall and slim? Or short and fat? Was she plain or pretty? Twenty or sixty? If she were sixty, his shabbiness did not matter, but if she were twenty . . .

She came out. She was twenty, and her jumper draped attractively the perfect contour of her throat. Sir David's heart took a sudden leap and landed in his mouth. It was his secretary, Miss Dorothy Kitson!

"Good gracious!" he thought, as, drawing quickly into the shadow of a bush, he watched her in fascinated fear.

Yes, it was undoubtedly Miss Dorothy Kitson; yet, somehow, she looked different. At her work, she had always appeared neat and pretty, but never, surely, quite so neat and pretty as this! At any rate, he had never realised it. Could the change be due to the fact that a shabby man, hiding himself in the shadows, had that morning given her a month's holiday and had paid her a month's wages?

Miss Kitson was herself quite unconscious of the shabby man. Vaguely, she may have seen him. He made no impression on her. While he wondered what she would do if he emerged and said, "Oh, Miss Kitson, just take down this letter, will you?" she mounted her bicycle and was off.

A sudden shower sent him scurrying into a barn.

When the shower was over, the country smelt more liquidly fragrant than ever; and, feeling less like a millionaire than he had ever felt before, Sir David strode forth buoyantly, and continued striding until the shadows lengthened and merged into the evening dusk.

Before him rose another inn. It loomed companionably out of the gloaming. Yes, they could get him a meal, if he didn't mind a cold one. It was long past the dinner hour. He sat down in the parlor, happily tired, and smoked.

And when the cold meat and cheese and pickles had passed before him he sat on and smoked, till, at a ridiculously early hour for him, he decided that the only sane thing to do would be to go to bed.

"Now, what does one do with one's boots?" he thought, when he was up in his room. He was sitting on the edge of his lumpy bed, and had just taken them off. "Would a man in my position clean them himself?" He regarded them doubtfully—or, rather, the mud and dust that encased them. "I don't believe a man in my position could! Or does one drop them outside one's door and hope for the best?"

He decided to drop them outside his door and to hope for the best.

And he did so, the door of the room opposite was also opened, and another pair of boots—or were they shoes?—was dropped upon the mat. Both pairs fell exactly together, with a simultaneous plonk, and the episode was so amusing that Sir David raised his head and grinned. But the grin froze on his face as he found himself staring into the eyes of Miss Dorothy Kitson.

The light was reflecting more on her side of the passage than on his. He saw her disordered hair, the little sudden flush on her cheek, and the hint that everything was not quite as it should be. Whether she had an equally clear view of him he could not say.

The next moment two doors banged simultaneously, and two beds received, somewhat precipitately, their respective and prospective occupants.

Miss Kitson sat on the side of hers and frankly tittered. Sir David sat on the edge of his with his mind a confusing blank.

"Now what?" he thought, when thought had become possible. "Am I never to shake myself free?"

Suddenly he crossed the floor again, this time creeping slowly and cautiously. He listened at the door. All was quiet. Satisfied, he swung the door open rapidly, seized his culpable boots, and swung the door close again.

If Miss Kitson's door had swung open again at the same moment he believed he would have given it up and gracefully died.

Now, the boots repossessed, he slipped them on again. Next, he took up his collar and tie and refixed them round his neck. Next, his waistcoat. Next, his coat. And then he again crossed the floor, and, after listening and satisfying himself that all was quiet, he slid out into the passage.

He stole down the stairs, and met the landlord at the bottom with a candle.

"Ah! just the person I wanted to see!" said Sir David. "I've decided not to stay the night here, after all, but to push on. Will that cover it?"

He shoved a ten-shilling note into the innkeeper's hand. The innkeeper's hand closed as his mouth opened. Unquestioned, Sir David passed out into the darkness.

And thus it happened that one of Sir David Belworthy's predictions came to be fulfilled, and that—for the first and only time in his life—the millionaire endured the experience of sleeping under a hedge.

UNCONSCIOUS of the fact that Sir David Belworthy was gallantly slipping out of the hotel to sleep under a hedge, Miss Dorothy Kitson sat on the edge of her bed and continued to giggle. Giggling was not a habit of hers. The situation, however, proved too much for her, and in the privacy of her room she gave way to the unusual sensation for several minutes.

Mingled with her natural surprise at this unexpected meeting with Sir David was her astonishment at the oddity of his attire.

Then reaction set in, and her face grew solemn, appearing all the more solemn by contrast with the merriment that had preceded the solemnity.

"Goodness!" she thought. "Here we are, in the same hotel. Am I escaping from one tangle only to find another?"

The sudden gift which she had received that morning of a month's holiday had come as a veritable gift of the gods, for it immediately suggested a possible solution of her troubles. Her troubles, in two words, were Alfred Smith, whose generosity she had at first appreciated, and at last had come to dread.

Then a row had brought matters perilously near a crisis. Alfred Smith asked her bluntly to seek another position, and the audacity as well as the unreasonableness of the suggestion caused Dorothy Kitson's brown eyes to blaze with indignation.

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"Why?" she demanded.

"Well, I've been thinking about it," he replied, in a tone that implied he had every right to, "and it's not really a very nice sort of job, you know. Secretary to a chap—you know what I mean."

"I don't know what you mean," retorted Dorothy, "unless you mean something perfectly ridiculous."

"There's no need to get huffy—I'm only saying this for your good," he proceeded, a little abashed by her wrath, but sticking to his guns as, in his opinion, a man should. "You ought to get a better position."

Dorothy Kitson, as the storm abated, had sufficient intuition to realise that a proposal of marriage would not now be long delayed, and also that not a dozen "no's" would be enough to put Alfred off when once he had begun.

Of this dilemma, the unexpected holiday granted by Sir David Belworthy had presented to her at least a temporary solution. She had hastened back immediately to her aunt, had told her of her intention to start her vacation right away, and had quickly packed her holdall.

WELL before midday Dorothy Kitson mounted her bicycle and turned her back on London. She reflected, with a curious sense of relief, that Alfred Smith would not call for her at Sir David Belworth's flat for six hours, and that, when he did call, he would find her gone.

"Perhaps," she thought, bathed in sunny optimism, "he will meet someone else more suited to him before I go back." A bird chirped merrily in a tree. "Perhaps I will never go back!" The bird chirped again, and flew away to spread the rumor.

And so Dorothy Kitson, like Sir David Belworthy, and for a not very dissimilar reason, slipped out of town to forget its toils and turmoils in the magic sunlight.

Now, in the evening, Fate had arranged that they should once more select the same inn, and that this time they should come face to face with each other over their respective boots. It was an amusing situation and made Dorothy giggle. But it also had its perplexing side, and Dorothy's practical sense could not ignore this fact.

The face of Alfred, triumphant in its righteous wrath, rose in an unpleasant vision. Had it been solid she might have boxed his ears. Since it was not, the only way to dismiss it was to finish her undressing quickly and to tumble into bed. Which she did.

Next morning, after a happily peaceful and dreamless night, Dorothy rose late. The sun splashed through her little window and winked enticingly on the opposite wall.

"Get up, lazybones!" it cried. "Don't waste me!" But, for all its merry blitheness and amber lure, it did not entice her to leave her bed until an absurd hour for so joyous a July morning.

"Hope you slept comfortable?" said the innkeeper rather grumpily, as she appeared.

"Yes, thank you," answered Dorothy, glancing about her in a sort of vague apprehension.

"That's right—I'm glad you stayed the night, miss, anyway," the innkeeper went on blatantly, leading up to his solitary item of news as he set the teapot on the table and slid the toast-rack after it.

"Who didn't?" asked Dorothy Kitson casually. But the answer dawned upon her almost before the innkeeper gave it.

"Why, a man came in here last night," exclaimed mine host, "and I gave him Number Six—the room opposite yours. Dash me, miss, if he didn't come down again before he'd hardly got up! There, now! What d'you make of that?"

Dorothy Kitson did not tell him what she made of that. Had she done so the innkeeper would have been very considerably surprised.

WHILE Dorothy Kitson was eating fried eggs and pondering over Sir David Belworthy's chivalry, the millionaire himself, after an early departure from his uncomfortable grassy bed, was repairing the ravages of the night at another inn some few miles distant.

"What is there, after all, to beat a cold bath?" he thought, immersed in one up to the neck. "It is a miracle. It is a cure for all ills. Yea, even for a night under a hedge!"

He splashed as he had not splashed for years, while a maid who was preparing his breakfast in the room below glanced anxiously up at the ceiling for ominous signs of dampness.

No startling event disturbed the pleasant serenity of Sir David's breakfast. His instinct gave him little hope, however, that the day would pass without a certain amount of agitation.

As he proceeded on his way along the leafy road, after having paid his modest bill and dispensed his generous tips, he started at every bicycle bell, and kept his eyes skinned for possible sanctuaries into which he could hastily retreat while danger passed. Danger in delicious guise, and all the more dangerous on that account.

Once a thoughtless cyclist curved abruptly out of a lane, making the millionaire jump so substantially that the cyclist became assertive. You can always assume your superiority, even if it is only a momentary one, when you have made another person jump.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" bawled the cyclist.

"Why don't you say who it is coming?" growled Sir David Belworthy.

Which odd variation of the usual repartee made the cyclist reflect that he had missed a service to the community by not running over a madman.

The cyclist disappeared. The pedestrian walked on. Presently, as Sir David turned round for the twentieth time at the summons of the tinkle, he clearly detected Miss Kitson's neat figure freewheeling down a hill, and he gave a sigh of relief as he darted over a gate, and, running a step or two along the field side of the hedge, sat down under its protection and lit a cigarette.

His sense of relief received a little shock, however, when, just as the cyclist appeared to be passing the hedge behind which he sat concealed, he heard her stop and dismount.

"Heavens above!" he reflected. "Am I discovered? Is Miss Kitson tracking me?"

He hastily dropped his cigarette, treading upon it lest the thin wisp of smoke should help to betray him.

He dared not turn round. Soon, after a minute's suspense, he heard another cyclist stop and a male voice inquired:

"Er—may I help you?"

"No, thank you," replied the voice of Dorothy Kitson, "I'll soon have it mended."

There was a pause. The male voice exclaimed disappointedly:

"Oh—do let me help you!"

The female voice answered determinedly:

"I can manage quite well, thank you."

There was another pause. The male voice tried once more with:

"Lovely morning, isn't it, miss?"

"Lovely," agreed the female voice, unemotionally.

Then the owner of the male voice realised that he had drawn a blank, and resumed his way, surprised and gently agitated at his failure; he was generally "a one with the ladies"; while Sir David Belworthy thought to himself.

"Nice girl."

Sir David waited patiently while the puncture was being mended. It was an odd position, and his own instinct for gallantry was doubly thwarted. If he appeared before her as a stranger she would snub him. If he appeared before her as an employer she would faint. No matter how grubby Miss Kitson was getting on the other side of the hedge, he could not help it. Grubby she would have to get.

At last he heard her give a little sigh. It was the kind of sigh that escapes one when an unpleasant task is accomplished, and that is always louder when one is is alone, or when one imagines oneself to be alone, than at other times. Then she murmured: "Thank goodness—I only hope it'll hold!" And prepared to mount.

He heard her voice once more. She asked a passing cyclist whether she were on the right road for Horsham.

The answer was in the affirmative; and, a minute later, Sir David had the road to himself again.

He bent down and picked up a little handkerchief, lying on the grassy border lately occupied by Miss Kitson. In the corner were worked the initials, "D.K." He frowned at the little handkerchief, then smelt it, and his frown deepened.

"This is not country fragrance!" he muttered grimly. "It is——" He paused and smelt it again. "The scent of the connoisseur." Once again he smelt it, and then resolutely stuffed it in his pocket.

LONDON, once it has gripped you, is exceedingly difficult to shake off. It is an octopus, seeking to bind you body and soul with its tentacles. During the first few hours after you have emerged from its clatter and smoke, you do indeed forget its existence through the sheer shock of contrast, but then reaction is apt to set in, causing your mind to wander back willy-nilly.

He had walked two or three miles, and was wondering whether he might safely turn into a by-lane without the chance that it would veer round subtly into Horsham and bring about another encounter with Miss Kitson, when something flashed in his eye.

It was a little sign outside a shop on the outskirts of a small village he was entering; and, on such strange foundations are our destinies built, it is very probable that if a tiny breeze had not risen at that precise moment to set the sign a -wagging and a-flashing this story would never have been written. For this sign altered the entire course of Sir David Belworthy's adventures.

The sign said: "You may telephone from here."

"By Jove!" murmured the millionaire "Here's my chance! What about ringing Harnett up now? Suppose I really ought to find out what's happened since I left?"

The sign swung above him. He opened

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the shop door, producing a sad little tinkle from a sad little bell, and went in.

It was a sweet shop. The sweets were cheap and unappetising, being arranged with lavish disregard for distinction.

"May I use your telephone?" asked Sir David politely, thereby sealing his fate and allowing the chubby cherub that sits up aloft to murmur, "That's that," and fly away in search of fresh victims.

The sweet-stuff vendor smiled, and directed Sir David to a dim recess. He took up the receiver.

ON the morning after his master's departure Harnett settled himself comfortably in the library and awaited developments. By his elbow was the telephone, of which he was now in sole and undisputed command. When the door bell rang he hurriedly answered its summons.

It was Alfred Smith.

"Have you had any news this mornin's?" inquired the young man, bluntly.

"No, sir," replied Harnett. "And I can't say that I'm expecting any."

"Ah," commented Alfred Smith. "Well, p'r'aps I'll have some news for you before very long. If so, I'll let you know."

This interested Harnett, but he refused to betray his interest.

"I didn't know that Sir David was in communication with you, sir," he observed frigidly.

"Fiddlesticks!" interrupted Alfred Smith, smarting a little from the brusque treatment he had received on the evening before, and anxious to get a bit of his own back. "Next time you are about to say your master's gone to 'Russia,' try 'Horsham' instead. You might even mention the post office. P'r'aps it'll be a better shot. I don't say it will, mind. I just say it may be. Anyway, I'm going down on my motor bike to find out!"

"And the sooner you go, my lad, the better!" barked Harnett. And this time he succeeded in slamming th door.

No sooner had he returned when the telephone bell rang:

"Is that you, Harnett?" came a feminine voice, as he picked up the receiver.

"Yes—Harnett speaking, ma'am," he replied.

"It's Lady Hilda. Have you had any news from Russia yet?"

"Er—no, my lady."

"Thank you. Perhaps I may hear from Russia before you. If I do I'll be sure to let you know."

"Thank you, my lady."

"Oh, and Harnett," came the voice, sweetly, just before its owner rang off, "you won't forget to post off those overcoats, will you? It looks like snow."

Harnett replaced the receiver with a sniff. "What's humor to some," he observed cryptically, "isn't humor to others."

For nearly an hour both the telephone and the front door were silent. Then the telephone tinkled again, and once more a feminine voice sounded in his ears. Not the same feminine voice, however.

"Is that Harnett?" it inquired.

"Speaking," replied the butler. "If you want Sir David, I'm afraid he's away. He's gone to Russia."

"To Russia!" exclaimed the voice, and there was no mistaking its astonishment.

"Yes, madam. He went yesterday morning——"

"Harnett, whatever are you talking about?" interposed the voice. "I'm Miss Kitson. Please tell me what you mean."

"Oh—Miss Kitson!" exclaimed Harnett, and paused. She had departed, he remembered, before the Continental idea had dawned in Sir David's brain. Was she to be let into the secret? "Well, miss," Harnett compromised, "he told me to say he'd gone to Russia, but, of course, he may have changed his mind, so to speak."

"I think it very probable that he has changed his mind," answered Miss Kitson, with an odd note in her voice. "Tell me, Harnett—did he mention what his plans would be if he did not go to Russia?"

"No, miss, he didn't... If he's not gone to Russia I've no more idea where Sir David is at this moment than you have yourself."

There was a short silence. The remark appeared to have made some impression.

"Is there anything else you can tell me? I suppose there have been inquiries?"

"Inquiries!" Harnett's eyes rolled heavenwards, but the limitations of the telephone cheated Miss Kitson of his significant expression. "I should say there have, miss. But I'm dealing with them. There's been someone asking for you, too, miss. That young gentleman——"

"Mr. Smith!" exclaimed Dorothy Kitson in sudden alarm.

"Yes, miss," replied Harnett. "He—he seemed very anxious to know where you were."

"Harnett," said Miss Kitson, very seriously, "please listen to me. I don't want Mr. Smith to know where I am. If he should make any further inquiries, don't answer them."

"I couldn't miss," Harnett pointed out, "not knowing where you are myself. Besides——"

"Number, please!" chipped in a thin, angular voice.

"Here! Hi!" shouted Harnett.

"Sorry you've been troubled," replied the thin, angular voice, without the least indication of sympathy.

"I've been cut off!" cried Harnett.

"Put the receiver up, and they'll call you again."

Harnett put the receiver up. A second later, the bell tinkled.

"Ah!" exclaimed Harnett.

"That you, Harnett?" inquired a somewhat stilted male voice.

"Speaking, sir," said Harnett. "But I thought you were someone else."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir. If you want Sir David, he went to Russia yesterday morning——"

"Russia!" exclaimed the voice. "Now, what on earth has he gone to Russia for?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Harnett patiently. "He didn't tell me. Business, I think, sir."

"Rather sudden, wasn't it?" inquired the voice.

"Very sudden, sir. Very sudden indeed. Er—might I know——"

"You might!" laughed the voice, and suddenly it changed and became natural. "It's Sir David speaking."

A little gasp flittered from London to Surrey.

Harnett related his story.

Sir David listened silently, and seemed mainly amused until Harnett described his encounters with Mr. Alfred Smith and his subsequent telephonic conversation with Miss Dorothy Kitson.

Then Sir David became very much alive and interested.

"You're referring, of course, to that young man who hangs about sometimes and sees Miss Kitson home?" asked Sir David.

"Yes, sir," answered Harnett. "That's the one."

"And he seemed angry, you say?"

"Yes, sir. Determined, like. Perhaps I got a bit excited myself, sir. Anyway, as I said, he's on his way to Horsham now to see if he can find Miss Kitson at the post office."

"I wish you'd told that to Miss Kitson when she telephoned," exclaimed Sir David.

"I was going to, sir. But, just as I was going to tell, we got cut off."

"Well, you're going to get cut off again, Harnett," cried Sir David. "You're doing very well. Keep your end up—I'll ring you up again later."

"Yes, but what about your letters, sir?" asked Harnett.

The butler received no reply. Sir David could not wait. He felt that his duty to Miss Dorothy Kitson, both as her employer and her friend, demanded that he should convey an immediate warning to her in Horsham.

The bus swung by Burford Bridge Hotel, under the railway arch, and round into Dorking's wide main thoroughfare. There it stopped, and Sir David Belworthy was forced to dismount and seek some other speedy method of continuing his journey to Horsham.

He waited till he spotted a pre-war Ford. And this time he was successful. The driver thereof had a friendly countenance, and the passengers behind him wore the indubitable air of a happy family.

"Jump in," exclaimed the proud owner. "We're going to Worthing. Where can I drop you?"

"I'm in luck," replied Sir David, climbing into the seat beside the driver. "Horsham's where I want to get to—you go through there, don't you?"

"Yes, that's right," nodded the driver, whose face was eloquent of the delightful fact that a holiday fortnight lay before him. And various small faces packed behind him were even more eloquent. "Walked far?"

"Quite a distance," answered Sir David. "This is really very good of you."

Sir David became subtle.

"I DON'T suppose you can really get much pace out of this old well-meaning car, can you?" he asked.

"Pace?" cried his companion. "Pace?" This was another matter. Before, it had merely been a case of obliging his juveniles. Now, it was a question of impressing the world. "Pace!" he laughed again. "Watch me give her juice. Now, then, youngsters—hold tight!"

Sir David wondered whether he had ever enjoyed a motor ride more in his life. For the first time within his own experience he realised the truth of the well-worn phrase that millions are not necessary to perfect contentment or even to abandoned happiness.

But all good things must end at last (and all bad things, also), and, as the outskirts of Horsham were reached, discretion caused him to request the driver to halt. It occurred to him that a Ford car packed with high spirits is liable to attract much attention. And attention in Horsham was the last thing Sir David Belworthy was anxious to invite.

Alone in the road once more, and with an absurdly pleasant memory in his heart, Sir David watched the car disappear, and

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then settled himself to think of other matters.

The other matters, of course, were Miss Dorothy Kitson; and it is a point of some interest that Miss Dorothy Kitson very soon banished all thought, for the time being, of the jolly family in the old Ford car.

"Now, what will be the best course to pursue?" he reflected. "Shall I try and find Miss Kitson, whose bicycle I verily believe I could now spot a mile off, or shall I leave a note at the post office, which she can collect when she calls there?"

Sir David kept a watchful eye as he approached the post office, but it was the luncheon hour, and not many people were about. He did not know whether he was relieved or disappointed to find no familiar figure in the post office, when he duly arrived. Boldly, he approached the counter.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "whether a Miss Kitson has called here to-day for any letters?"

"Kitson?" repeated the girl. "Kitson. Anybody know anything about a Miss Kitson?"

"About ten minutes ago," came a voice from an inner sanctum. "She asked for a parcel, but it hadn't arrived yet."

"Thank you," said Sir David.

Again he could not say whether the news pleased or displeased him. If she stayed in Horsham till the afternoon the unpleasant young man might make his capture. On the other hand, it was pleasant to know that she was still in the vicinity. From all of which it will be gathered that Sir David Belworthy was very definitely weakening.

At first he had fought Fate. Now Fate was getting the better of him, and was dangling Miss Kitson tantalisingly before his eyes. Why resist?

He did not like to linger in the post office, so, with his mind still unsettled, he emerged into the street again.

"Perhaps it would not be wise to leave a letter," he pondered. "Perhaps the best plan, after all, will be to keep a watch on the road by which her pursuer will enter, and to provide him with a puncture."

In any case, it occurred to him that no harm could arise if he first had a bite of lunch. He felt he had truly earned it, and it suddenly swept over him that he was quite appallingly hungry. He did not recall that in London he had ever felt so hungry.

"Food!" he exclaimed to himself. "That's the first thing. Afterwards, I shall be in a better mood to think."

And he walked towards an attractive restaurant sticking out from the corner of a street.

He walked towards it, but he did not enter.

As he approached the door, a slim, girlish figure came hurrying out. His pulse quickened as he saw that the figure, undeniably, was Miss Kitson's.

He halted.

What would she do? And why was she in such an extraordinary hurry?

Then, abruptly, Sir David realised that he, himself, was the cause of the hurry. She came straight towards him, and there was a look of anxiety in her eye.

"No—not in there!" she cried, with flushed cheeks. "Not in there! Anywhere else—please!"

And, before he could offer any protest, she had seized the astonished man's arm and was hurrying him away.

Sir David made no protest. Something, clearly, had happened, but this was not the moment to describe it. Danger of some sort lurked in the Horsham restaurant, despite its attractive and innocent appearance, and what that danger was he would learn when they were both well round the corner.

"Now!" exclaimed Sir David, when that security had been reached. "What is the trouble?"

Dorothy Kitson did not answer for a moment. Now that the moment of revelation had come she was wondering how to tell the story without crudity.

"Why didn't you want me to enter that restaurant?" asked Sir David; and added, humorously, "is the food bad?"

She smiled faintly, but her smile did not quite chase away her frown.

They walked to a shop and, securely hidden in the interior dimness, resumed their conversation.

"My presence in Horsham is no coincidence, Miss Kitson," stated Sir David. "As a matter of fact, I have come especially to see you."

The frown returned, and he hastened to dissipate it.

"But our meeting last night," he went on, "was a coincidence, and I made up my mind that it should not be repeated." He might have added, "Despite serious temptations," but desisted. Attractive as Miss Kitson looked, and friendly now though her attitude seemed, there was something in that attitude which held back every light of frivolous thought.

"YES, I know you did," nodded Miss Kitson. "I think it was very nice of you."

"How did you know I did?" he inquired.

"Well—you didn't stay in the hotel, did you?"

"No. I left ten minutes after our encounter."

"The innkeeper told me. I hope you found another hotel without any difficulty."

No man worth his salt boasts of his self-sacrifice, so Sir David implied that he had passed quite a comfortable night, and made no reference to his couch under a hedge.

"But how did you know you would find me here in Horsham?" Miss Kitson pursued. "And why have you come?"

"I was informed twice over," answered Sir David. "The first time was when I heard you ask a cyclist the way to Horsham." His hand went towards his pocket, but paused in the action.

"It was just after you had mended your puncture, Miss Kitson. I was sitting on the other side of the hedge while you were doing it."

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why ever did you do that?"

Sir David smiled.

"It was just to prevent such questions as that in your mind that I hopped over a hedge when I saw you coming. And I may add, Miss Kitson," he continued, with a smile, "that I did not sprinkle broken glass in order to prolong the incident."

"Of course, you didn't," she laughed. Quite a delightful laugh.

"While you rode on, I turned back," he informed her, "and I certainly imagined that our series of little meetings had concluded. But presently I came across a village telephone, and rang up Harnett to see how things were going along——"

"Why, I rang him up, too!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I know you did. He told me. And he told me also that a certain Mr. Alfred Smith was on his way to Horsham to find you."

Miss Kitson gasped, and in her gasp Sir David read his justification. His soul grew light. He knew now that he had acted as Dorothy Kitson would have wished him to act.

"Do you really mean——" she stammered.

"I really do," he replied. "Mr. Smith is on his way towards us at this moment."

"But why didn't Harnett tell me?" she asked, distressed. "Didn't he know, when I telephoned——"

"That you weren't keen on being overtaken by Mr. Smith?" She nodded, too confused at the moment for speech. "Yes, he did know, but it seems you were cut off before he could go on to tell you of Mr. Smith's intention. So he told me instead. And—well, that's my story. Here I am."

Sir David waited for her comment, vaguely surprised at her serious expression. After all, she was now forearmed by being forewarned, and all she had to do, if she wanted to avoid the young man, was to hop upon her bicycle and depart to other climes.

Then, suddenly, Sir David recollected that she had something to tell him. There was some other danger in the restaurant from which she had hurried him away. Uneasiness began to stir within him.

"I say, Miss Kitson," he said abruptly, "who was in that luncheon place? It's your turn to tell me things now."

"It was your aunt, Sir David," replied Dorothy Kitson, with a burning face.

"What! Miss Crewe?" he groaned.

She nodded.

"But—what on earth——?" His mind began to grow a little dizzy. This new development was ominous. "Whenever did she turn up?"

"I don't know, Sir David. She was here when I arrived."

"You've met her?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Well—first—at the post office."

"And what was she doing there?"

"Again, I don't know."

There was a short silence, during which Sir David wondered why aunts had ever been invented, and one aunt in particular.

"Miss Kitson," he said soberly, "I think you and I will be making a big mistake if we beat about the bush. You say you don't know what my aunt was doing at the post office, but you were mighty anxious that she should not see me at the restaurant. Now, let me make a guess, and you can tell me whether you agree with it. I guess that my aunt has come down to look for me, just as Mr. Smith is coming down to look for you. Is that your opinion, too?"

Dorothy Kitson nodded, and Sir David noticed that her eyes were suspiciously bright. A vague resentment filled him.

"Uncommonly curious, some people are, aren't they?" he said, with an edge to his voice. "Seems to me we can't do anything these days without having journalists or relatives at our heels. Well, I've got a notion that it would be rather jolly to cheat all these curious people.

"We'll make it a point, shall we, that

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they find nothing whatever to justify their curiosity? You will leave Horsham for wherever you want to go before Mr. Alfred Smith arrives on his motor-bike, and I shall take very good care that my dear aunt catches no glimpse of me. Then no harm will be done, and we can drink confusion to our enemies!"

He laughed suddenly, like a schoolboy. Miss Kitson smiled back at him. Then a strange, audacious, and quite absurd thought flashed into his mind—or perhaps it was a sensation rather than a thought. He dismissed it immediately, but its imprint must have lingered in his eyes, for Dorothy Kitson rose suddenly to her feet and held out her hand.

"Yes, that is what we must do, of course," she said quietly. "And I think it is very good of you to take it all like this."

"Good of me, Miss Kitson?" exclaimed Sir David. "Not a bit. If there's any responsibility at all, it's mine."

SIR DAVID was sitting patiently in the little shop in order to give Miss Kitson a good start, when the shop door suddenly swung open again and Miss Kitson returned.

This should have disturbed Sir David, and, in a sense, it did. It was clear from Miss Kitson's expression that, in the last ten seconds, something had happened which had upset their schemes.

But Sir David's alarm was very largely dutiful. Mingled with it was an absurd and boyish delight that, whatever the cause, he was about to enjoy a few more moments of his secretary's company before she drifted off into unknown realms and they were finally separated.

"What's happened now?" he asked, as she approached.

"Mr. Smith!" she replied.

"Another bottle of lemonade!" called out Sir David, and bade her resume her seat.

"Ridiculous, isn't it?" smiled Sir David.

"Absolutely nonsensical," she smiled back. "Whatever are we to do about it?"

"I suppose you saw Mr. Alfred Smith go by just now on his motor cycle?"

"I did."

An idea came suddenly into Sir David's mind.

"Had he a side-car?"

"Yes."

The idea grew.

"Was it empty?"

"Yes."

The idea became a certainty. Mr. Alfred Smith intended to gather Miss Kitson up in his side-car. If he could.

"I take it Mr. Smith did not see you as he went by, Miss Kitson?" asked Sir David.

"No, luckily," she replied. "If he had he'd have been here."

"Of course he would. Instead, he's probably at the post office."

She nodded. "Waiting for me. And my parcel!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir David. "Your parcel—I'd forgotten that!" He paused, and rubbed his nose. "Mr. Smith, I suppose, will wait at the post office until your parcel turns up. First, he'll make an inquiry, as I did——"

"You did?" interposed Dorothy Kitson, her eyes growing big.

"Why, yes. I——"

He stopped. What a fool he had been! That did rather complicate matters.

"I am not going to turn up there," said Miss Kitson, definitely.

"I see. Let the parcel rip, eh?" He nodded. "Well, I think that's a good idea. I dare say you can get hold of it somehow or other later on, and meanwhile your aunt can perhaps send you another to the next place you have in mind. But look here, Miss Kitson. Don't you think it will appear rather odd if, after having been seen here by my aunt, you suddenly depart without having carried out the very object for which you came? In vulgar language, they will smell a rat at once!"

Dorothy Kitson looked at Sir David gravely.

"But, Sir David," she objected, "you are not forgetting, of course—that there is no rat to smell?"

With equal gravity Sir David replied:

"I know there isn't. But suspicious people are something like people who imbibe too freely. They see rats where no rats exist. So you and I must make it our business to see that there isn't even the shadow of a rat. Don't you agree?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, then, if you run away from Horsham without first collecting your parcel, there will be a very large shadow." He shook his head solemnly.

"You are afraid of Mr. Smith's empty side-car?" hazarded Sir David.

"I am not afraid of anybody, and certainly not of Mr. Smith," retorted Dorothy Kitson, with a slight toss of her head. "But even a person you aren't afraid of may be—well, a nuisance, you know."

"And Mr. Smith is a nuisance?" The thought gave Sir David quite a good deal of pleasure.

Miss Kitson tried to explain:

"He's quite all right, really—only he won't understand, Sir David. Some men are like that. They think—oh, but all this is of no interest to you," she broke off, slightly flushed.

"Now, I've got a plan, Miss Kitson, which I think can get us over the last difficulty," continued Sir David. "It isn't quite worked out yet, but, if you approve, you can leave the details to me."

"I am sure I shall approve of it," she responded. "What is the idea?"

"Well, I intend to draw Mr. Smith away from the post office on a false scent. He's only seen me once or twice. By making myself a little more unrecognisable, I believe I can prevent him from identifying me, and I'll invent some story that will make the field clear for you. Can you hide yourself somewhere or other for an hour?"

"Yes, of course."

"Good! That will give me half an hour for lunch—my appetite simply won't wait any longer, Miss Kitson—and half an hour for Alfred Smith. And, afterwards, I'd better meet you somewhere, hadn't I, to report progress?"

"Yes, please," she agreed. "I'm not going near that post office until you have told me that the coast is clear!"

"What about this shop, then? It's pleasantly dingy and secluded. And we can try acid drops next time."

She laughed, and the congenial sound of her laughter remained in his ears, as, a minute later, he watched her disappear into a hairdresser's two doors off, and then turned himself in the opposite direction.

WHILE Miss Dorothy Kitson spent an hour in a Horsham hairdressing establishment, Sir David attended at last to the neglected needs of his inner man and fitted himself for the coming fray.

He reviewed the situation from every angle, like a general; and, also like a general, he was tripped up by the unknown factor. But this dislocation of his plans was generously hidden from his immediate ken, and when he returned, in due course, to the dark and dusty shop wherein he had arranged to meet Miss Kitson, the light of victory was in his eye.

"I have good news," he reported, smiling.

"That's splendid!" she smiled back. "What is it?"

Distracting smile! It took Sir David off his balance, diverted him from the main issue—how many other women's smiles have done the same throughout the pages of history!—and caused him to reply, whimsically:

"Acid drops!"

If Miss Kitson was distracting to Sir David, he was almost equally distracting to her. She strove dutiful! and valiantly against his sudden bursts of humor, fearful of the result of an established camaraderie. But the sun was disconcertingly brilliant. It even forced its way through a little, half-hidden window, turning a humble packet of acid drops into a thing of amber beauty. No wonder she laughed a little as Sir David invited her to partake of the contents, and, after she had partaken, partook himself.

Then he told his story.

"Miss Kitson, I've discovered an actor," he began. "If I'd been a theatrical manager, I'd have taken his name and address. As it was, I offered him his first part, and paid him a pound for the performance. It was worth it." He chuckled. "Yes, it really was an excellent performance!"

"Who was he?" she asked.

"A tramp. Not a sham tramp, like myself. The real, genuine thing. Beside him I felt a veritable duke—yes, even in these bright and shiny garments."

"But you know you don't look like a tramp at all," she interposed.

"Don't I?"

"Not a bit."

"What do I look like, then?"

She considered. "Well, I think I should take you for an ex-officer in the war, who was down on his luck."

"Now, that's a most happy idea!" he exclaimed. "Only, as it happens, I don't feel in the least down on my luck!"

"No?" she said, suddenly sedate again. "Well, what about the tramp?"

Sir David transferred his gaze from Miss Kitson's brown eyes to a pile of chocolate boxes. He felt this might keep his thoughts in better order.

"My first idea," he resumed, "was to go to the post office and interview Mr. Smith myself, but the more I thought of this the less I liked it. You see, he and I have seen each other once or twice, and, of course, if he had recognised me I should have made matters considerably worse instead of better."

"Yes, it would have been a risk," agreed Dorothy Kitson.

"Besides—to be honest—I felt that the shabby condition to which I have already permitted myself to be reduced was about all I could stand." His gaze left the pile of chocolate boxes, and returned, like a moth to a candle, to Miss Kitson.

"I don't mind being more or less unfashionable," he went on, with a humorous smile, "but when it comes to real dirt, I find my soul in revolt. And to have any chance of hoodwinking Mr. Smith, I should have been forced to disguise myself, I imagine, beneath several layers of dust and grime. Do you know, I couldn't do it."

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"I'm glad you couldn't," said Dorothy Kitson. "I'd hate to think of you like that."

"I found the man I wanted near the station. He was the trampiest old rascal I've ever come across. Old, battered hat, scraggy beard, a face that he possibly washed every Christmas, and holes all over his clothes. I suppose beggars have holes in their pockets because they never have any money to put in them, so it doesn't matter."

Sir David paused, and a momentary frown flickered across his features. "Poor fellow!" he muttered. "Really, he was a tragedy, you know. I—I feel rather a brute to make fun of him."

"You're never a brute," said Miss Kitson, almost indignantly. "Why, only a week ago you sent five hundred pounds to the Waifs and Strays."

"Did I? So I did," murmured the millionaire. "But what about the parents of the waifs and strays?"

"Please go on about the tramp," interrupted Dorothy Kitson.

"Yes, we have rather kept him waiting on the mat," said Sir David penitently. "Well, as I was saying, he was a shuffling old ruffian, but if he had a slow walk, he had a quick understanding—particularly when he learned that there was a one pound note for him at the end of it. The scamp readily agreed to my suggestion when I tackled him, and I watched him carry out my instructions from a distance."

"Your instructions being?"

"To throw the red herring across Alfred Smith's path. I saw the whole performance from a shop—wonderfully useful things, shops, aren't they?—and afterwards got him to give me an exact account of what happened. He shuffled up to the post office, and, thrusting his dirty face through the door—the post office girls must have got a bit of a shock!—he bawled:

"'I say, miss! 'As that young lady, Miss Kitson, been 'ere agin?'

"You told him to say that?" exclaimed Dorothy Kitson. "Goodness! Why?"

"Wait, and you'll see," answered Sir David. "Of course, our friend Alfred was on the pavement outside, and, of course, he pricked up his ears when he heard your name. He was meant to. The girl in the post office snapped, 'No,' in answer to the tramp's question, and then the old rascal popped his head out again and delivered himself to the world."

"The world, I suppose, being Alfred?"

"Precisely—Alfred. He did it beautifully, Miss Kitson!

"'A nice world, I don't think!' he exclaimed. 'That's orl the thanks you git! You try and do a bit o' good to a girl, put 'er on 'er way, find 'er 'andkerchief, go to the post office to try and return it, and then git barked at as if they wanted to eat yer 'ead orf! Bless me, it's an ungrateful world, so it is!'

"Alfred took the bait beautifully. He walked up to the tramp and adopted the sympathetic tack.

"'Perhaps you won't find the world so ungrateful, after all,' he said. 'Did I hear you asking for a Miss Kitson just now?'

"'Yer did,' answered the tramp. 'But wot's it ter do with you?'

"'Well, that's rather curious,' replied Alfred. 'I happen to be a very great friend of hers.'"

"He doesn't happen to be anything of the sort," murmured Miss Kitson. "But go on."

"'Go on!' was what the tramp said," continued Sir David. "He pretended not to believe Alfred. But Alfred swore he knew you, and asked the tramp how he came to know you himself.

"'Know 'er? I can't say as I knows 'er,' returned the tramp. 'But I 'appened to be about 'ere this mornin', see, when she comes in and asks fer a parcel. And then when someone asks me a bit later in the day the way to Little'ampton, bless me if it wasn't the same girl. Funny thing, wasn't it?'

"Alfred fastened on to that word 'Littlehampton' you may be sure. He asked the tramp if he was sure it was Littlehampton, and then the old rascal showed his genius in the way he carried out my instructions.

"'Course, I'm sure,' he retorted. 'And I told 'er the way, sir, and orf she goes. Seemed as if she'd been waitin' fer somebody like—that's 'ow I sized it up. You see, I'd 'eard 'er askin' before if a gen'l'man 'ad been asking' for 'er. Lummy, I reckon I can put two and two together, same as anybody else.'

"'But I still don't see why you're asking for her,' said Alfred.

"'Why, I told yer—this,' replied the tramp, and held up a pocket-handkerchief with your initials on."

"A handkerchief with my initials on!" interposed Dorothy in astonishment. "However did he—did you—get hold of it?"

"I found it on the spot where you mended your puncture this morning," explained Sir David. "Rather lucky, wasn't it? When I passed it on to the tramp, I told him to say that he had found it a little while after you had inquired the way, at the place where you had encountered him. Quite obvious that the old chap should try the post office, to see whether he could trace you there and earn a copper by returning the handkerchief."

"And now, I suppose," remarked Dorothy Kitson, as Sir David paused, "Alfred is cheerfully following up my tracks to Littlehampton?"

"Yes—or, rather, he imagines he is," laughed Sir David. "Anyway, Miss Kitson, the post office is clear, and you may collect your parcel."

There was a short silence. The story was told. But Miss Kitson seemed to think that one or two points still needed clearing up.

"What happened," she asked, "to the handkerchief?"

"THE handkerchief?" said Sir David Belworthy.

A vague sense of disappointment assailed him. Dorothy Kitson's question was an obvious one, but he would have given a five-pound note if she had not asked it. To pursue the story of the handkerchief would mean to part with it. Yet why, after all, should he wish to keep it?

"I suppose Mr. Smith took it from the tramp," remarked Dorothy.

"What makes you suppose that?" inquired Sir David, blatantly marking time.

"Well, since he expected to find me in Littlehampton, he would have thought he could return it to me."

"Of course, that's exactly what he did think," nodded Sir David, and was almost tempted to suggest that this was what had happened: for in that case, the little scented memento could have remained in his own pocket. But he resisted the temptation. "He asked the tramp for the handkerchief, Miss Kitson, but the tramp refused to give it up."

"Why?" Miss Kitson's eyes grew rather wide with wonder. "What should a dirty old tramp want with my handkerchief?"

"He was acting by my instructions," answered the millionaire. He tried not to look guilty as Miss Kitson's brown eyes became fixed upon him. "I didn't suppose," he went on, "it would give you any particular pleasure to have the handkerchief pass into Mr. Smith's possession. I hope I was right?"

"That was very thoughtful of you," murmured Dorothy.

Sir David put his hand into his breast pocket with a silent sigh, and drew forth an absurd fragment of linen and lace. "It has fulfilled its mission," he said, as he handed it to her. Its mission, however, has only just commenced.

Miss Kitson smiled and took the handkerchief. Opening the bag on her lap, she dropped the handkerchief inside, and hung the bag on the side of her chair.

"I confess I would like to see Alfred's face when he reaches Littlehampton and discovers nobody there!" declared Dorothy Kitson.

"But he will discover somebody there," laughed Sir David. "He will discover me; and I will tell you, in three weeks and five days, what his face looked like."

Three weeks and five days! What an eternity it seemed! "Do you mean, Sir David, that you are going to Littlehampton?" she exclaimed.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," he answered coolly. "Don't you see the beauty of it? The only way to pacify Mr. Smith's fevered imagination is to let him find one of us there. If one of us is there alone, that exonerates us both of the suspicion of travelling in company. Besides, I admit, I want to see his face just as much as you do!"

She rose and held out her hand. Sir David took it.

"There's only one thing we haven't thought about," said Miss Kitson, pausing on her way to the shop-door.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Your aunt, Miss Crewe. What will she do?"

"Why, return to London to-night, of course," replied Sir David. "What else can she do? She hasn't seen me. She won't see me. In fact, no one, apart from yourself, will ever know that I've been within miles of Horsham. She may be on her way home already, or she may wait to see you collect your parcel and watch you depart to whatever place you have in mind. I won't ask you what place that is, because, if you told me, I—I might be tempted to follow you."

A tinge of color mounted her cheek, and he added hastily, "Because this is such a joke, you know—just because of that."

He held the door open for her. She smiled at him as she passed out. She didn't know quite what to say. The next moment, she had disappeared, and he was walking back to their little table.

We will leave him there for the moment, since Miss Kitson's journey out of Horsham is of more interest to us than a millionaire's musings.

She had ridden for about an hour when a sign in the garden of a rustic cottage caused her to stop. The notice was designed to attract the attention of thirsty passers-by at four o'clock, and said, boldly, "Teas." And here, just as she had dismounted and was giving her order to an amiable old woman, she made a disconcerting discovery. Her bag was missing.

"Dear me, what's the matter?" asked the amiable old woman, as her one and only customer that day gave a little gasp.

"My bag!" exclaimed Dorothy Kitson. "I've left it behind!"

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"What a nuisance," said the old woman. "I hope there wasn't much in it?"

"There was everything in it," replied Dorothy. "I left it in a shop in Horsham. I must go back at once."

She felt very cross with herself for her carelessness, and was also in some anxiety as to the fate of her bag. This added wings to her pedals, and she accomplished the ride back in less time than she had taken over the ride out.

Horsham—looking wonderfully familiar—was reached towards five o'clock. She saw no trace of friend or foe. When at last she reached the shop in which she had sat with Sir David Belworthy, she jumped off her bicycle, and entered quickly, casting an immediate glance at the chair over which her bag had been hung. With a pang of dismay, she noted that it was not there.

"Ah!—he said you'd probably be back," came a voice from behind the counter. "Left a note for you. Now, let me see—where did I put it?"

The note was found wedged between a tray of caramels and a jar of sherbet, and was handed to Miss Kitson. She received it with some surprise, for the envelope was not big enough to contain her bag, yet possessed a certain bulkiness.

The bulkiness she discovered to be due to ten one-pound notes, while a letter, in Sir David's handwriting, completed the envelope's contents.

"Dear Miss Kitson," the letter ran. "I have just found your bag, which you have left behind, and as I do not know where you have gone to, I cannot send it on. You will very probably return to this shop for it, but in case accidents happen I am venturing to take charge of the bag myself till I can give it to you back in person. Meanwhile, I have taken the liberty of extracting some of the money it contained, as, should you call here, you will probably need it.

"If you do not call, the shopman has instructions to send this letter on to me at the Littlehampton Post Office.

"Of course, if you want me to post your bag on to you, I will do so on receiving your address. The Post Office, Littlehampton, will find me. But should you care to spend to-morrow afternoon in Littlehampton—well, I shall have made it my business long before then to send Mr. Alfred Smith about his, and there is rather a wonderful teashop in the road to the town on the western side of the grassy common by the sea. It would be a delightful irony to drink a final cup of tea there together, don't you think?"

It was a thoughtful Miss Kitson who left the shop with Sir David's letter and the ten pound notes carefully stowed in her pocket.

"HANG it all!" thought Sir David, before writing his note to Dorothy Kitson in the Horsham teashop. "Surely I deserve something. I have seen Miss Kitson, so far, for a fleeting second outside an inn, for another fleeting second over a pair of boots, have listened to her mending a puncture on the other side of a hedge, and have chatted furtively with her twice in this dim and dingy shop. Am I not, in all fairness, entitled to just one hour of her by a sparkling sea?"

As he sailed forth into the splashing sunlight the joy of the traveller once more entered his soul.

He discovered that the road leading out of Horsham wound westward through Pulborough and Arundel to Littlehampton, so he stepped forth on the southward road, and he had gone barely a mile or so when he came upon a motor car standing as still as a donkey.

Around the motor car were anxious, wide-eyed children, and protruding from the bottom of the car was a pair of jovially-clad male legs.

As he approached the children saw him coming, and gave a shout.

"It's that man!" cried one.

"Hooray!" cried another.

The jovial legs gave a little convulsive jerk, and like an inverted, slowly-moving engine, gradually drew the attached body and head out after them.

"Hallo! So it is!" cried our old friend of the Ford. "I never thought you'd catch us up again."

"Nor did I," laughed Sir David, absurdly pleased to have come upon this good-hearted family again. "What's the trouble?"

"Well, I don't expect you'd really understand it if I told you," answered the genial motorist. "You not having ever owned a car yourself, you know, and knowing nothing about 'em." Sir David smiled. He possessed only five cars. "Still, there's nothing like learning, is there?" continued the other. "I'll tell you, if you like, and you can see what you make of it."

He launched forth on an account of the trouble and gave Sir David information that positively made him wince. What the owner of the Ford didn't know about Ford cars would have filled a large-sized book.

"Of course, I don't know anything about cars," Sir David remarked, "but you see that thing there?"

"What thing?" blinked paterfamilias.

"That," said Sir David, delicately touching the "thing." "I was just wondering whether if you loosed it a bit and then gave a turn to that thing there it would do anything. They seem to be sort of connected, though, of course, I don't know anything——"

"Hallo!" cried paterfamilias, peering hard at the various things indicated. "I shouldn't be surprised now whether you weren't right. Well, I'm blessed!"

In two minutes he had effected the adjustments. A test proved that the car would now go.

The children began to pack in, and, while they were doing so, paterfamilias looked at Sir David inquiringly.

"Any good asking you to make another trip with us?" he asked.

"I was hoping you would," replied Sir David. It suited his plans exactly. They would be in Worthing in less than a couple of hours, even in this ancient relic of the past, and from Worthing to Littlehampton was only another eight or ten miles along the coast.

Yells of delight greeted this pronouncement, and, for the second time, the Ford car took a passenger.

"Don't you think it's time we exchanged visiting cards?" asked paterfamilias, as they started off. "My name's Todd. Joseph Todd."

"And mine's Belworthy," replied Sir David.

"Bell what?"

"Belworthy."

"Oh, same as the millionaire!"

At a convenient point on the outskirts of Worthing the car was stopped and Sir David alighted. He left the Todd family with great reluctance, and maybe they watched him leave with greater; for, though Mr. Todd could not quite explain it, there was a "something" about the fellow which was refreshing after the usual sort of man he bumped up against, while to the children he was a romantic adventurer to whom in their dreams they could assign any sort of an ending with any kind of exaggeration.

It was a very tired man, with a disguise increased by considerable dust, who entered Littlehampton from its eatsern outskirts towards eight o'clock that evening. Sir David had passed a most strenuous day, preceded, it must be recalled, by a most uncomfortable night under a hedge. Small wonder, then, that his chief thought as he entered Littlehampton was an hotel with a soft and downy bed in it; and small wonder that he became dismayed when he discovered that Littlehampton, despite its many rows of houses and its liberal spattering of hotels, was full to overflowing.

"Dear me!" he reflected. "Am I really going to spend another night under the stars?"

Then a friendly little light twinkled at him and he crossed a grassy space to find that it twinkled from one Winterton's Hotel, like an early star that had come out to guide a weary traveller on.

"Hope revives," he murmured. "Something tells me that Winterton is waiting to receive me!"

He entered by a swing door. Had they a room? They had. Just one. Number 28. Since they had only one, a preliminary inspection was unnecessary. Every bedroom has a bed. A bed was all he wanted. He booked Room No. 28 in Winterton's Hotel.

"You may consider yourself lucky, str," said the clerk. "If a party hadn't disappointed us to-day we'd have been full up, like all the other hotels here." This explanation was necessary in order to save the prestige of Winterton. "It was only a couple of hours ago we found ourselves with four bedrooms on our hands—Nos. 25, 26, 27, and 28."

He shoved a book towards Sir David, and indicated that his name should be written in it.

"And now all four rooms have been snapped up," commented Sir David, as he took the pen.

"Yes—it wasn't likely they'd stay vacant for long. Littlehampton's absolutely packed."

Sir David wrote his name. As he blotted the signature he noticed the names immediately above his own. They were Mr. Alfred Smith and Miss Lesbia Crewe, with maid, of London!

THE room swam to two of the people in it. And as it swam Sir David's voice continued:

"I had my suspicions, aunt. I wanted them confirmed. That story about Russia was merely an idea of mine to give you and Mr. Smith your chance—believing me to be well out of the way. But, I confess, although I'd heard the gossip, I never seriously thought——"

"Stop!" gasped Miss Crewe, flaming. "Are you stark, staring mad?"

"Mad?" murmured Sir David, wickedly. "I mad, aunt?"

"He is mad," exclaimed Miss Crewe, turning to glare at Mr. Alfred Smith, whose face was trying to beat the record of beetroot. "Listen to him! He's suggesting—suggesting——"

"I don't know that I'm suggesting anythin," pursued the relentless Sir David. "The whole thing is quite beyond me altogether. But two and two do make four, you know. I can't help my aptitude for simple addition. However, now that I

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know how matters stand, don't think I mean to interfere."

Miss Crewe rounded on the luckless Alfred.

"Well, why don't you say something?" she snapped. "Am I to do all the explaining?"

"It's—it's too ridiculous," stammered Alfred. "Too ridiculous altogether. Really, it hardly seems necessary to me to——"

"Come, come," urged Sir David gently. "If you and my aunt haven't come to Littlehampton for a holiday together—and don't forget, you told me you'd brought her down in your sidecar—well, whatever have you come to Littlehampton for?"

He eyed them innocently. The thought of their real purpose caused Alfred to rally somewhat. If Miss Kitson were not in Littlehampton an admission of their real purpose might sound tame, but obviously this nonsensical suggestion of Sir David's must be dissipated.

"Perhaps," suggested Alfred, "coincidence would more properly describe it. You see——

"Am I to tell this story, young man, or are you?" demanded Miss Crewe. When a woman asks you that, the answer is that she is. "Call it what you like. We met there, anyhow, and when we found we had the same object we decided that we could pursue that object best together."

"I see," said Sir David again. "Now, you've only got to tell me what the common object was, and the whole thing's explained."

"The common object, David," replied his aunt, sternly, "was you."

"I?" exclaimed Sir David, affecting to be staggered.

"Yes, you, David."

"But why on earth," pursued Sir David, "should you and Mr. Smith look for me in Horsham? And what on earth were you going to do with me when you found me?"

"Miss Kitson was in Horsham," burst out Alfred. "That's why. And I happen to be engaged to Miss Kitson!"

"A little crudely put," observed Miss Crewe, acidly, "but that is the explanation you are asking for, David."

There was a short silence. At first Sir David looked indignant. Then his indignation faded, and he laughed. It was a laugh containing both mirth and incredulity.

"Really, this is funny," he exclaimed. "Suppose we get on with our dinner?"

Although Sir David spoke easily, he was by no means as unruffled as he seemed. He was keenly anxious that they should both return to London on the morrow, and for a very obvious reason; but if he showed his anxiety too greatly he would defeat his own ends.

He had hoped, at first, that ridicule might send them flying back, and it might, perhaps, have disposed of Mr. Alfred Smith, who hated ridicule. But Miss Crewe was a tougher proposition.

"I am not going back to London to-morrow," she announced, "because I have been invited to spend the week-end here with Major and Mrs. Fulham. They are coming down to-morrow to open their house, and are bringing a crowd."

Sir David's heart missed a beat. This was serious!

He remained outwardly calm, however, and in the hope of learning further particulars attempted to lure her on.

"Really!" he replied, as though disbelieving it. "Another coincidence, aunt?"

"No, not a coincidence," retorted Miss Crewe, with asperity. "The whole thing has been purposely arranged—because Mr. Smith and I are not the only people who have been curious over your extraordinary behaviour! Mr. Smith and I met at the post office. Circumstances with which it is perhaps unnecessary to worry you led us to believe Miss Kitson was going to Littlehampton. I at once telephoned to Hilda——"

Lady Hilda Lessington! Whew! Sir David's heart missed another beat.

"——and, as the Fulhams were just opening their house here, they've agreed to come down a day or two earlier and bring Hilda along with them. I shall move over to-morrow, and I believe Jack Stobart and Jimmy will be motoring down with them."

"All this is exceedingly interesting," commented Sir David, "though, in the peculiar circumstances, I don't think I shall join the little family party. I hope the weather will remain good for them, however — otherwise they may find Littlehampton a little dull and disappointing." He thought of four o'clock on the morrow, and wondered. "And you, Mr. Smith? Will you also be spending the week-end with Major and Mrs. Fulham?"

"As Mr. Smith does not know the Fulhams, and the Fulhams have never seen Mr. Smith," Miss Crewe replied for him—she seemed afraid of letting him open his mouth, "that is hardly likely. I imagine that Mr. Smith will retain his room in this hotel for a few days."

"Ha!—a watching brief," thought Sir David. "I shall be properly surrounded!"

DINNER over, Sir David Belworthy put on his thinking cap and strolled to the beach. What the morrow would bring forth he had no notion; all he knew was that it would be full of both delight and danger, and it was his mission, before he went to bed, to devise some scheme whereby the danger could be reduced to its minimum, and the delight increased to its maximum. And, towards ten o'clock, he hit upon a plan.

But the plan took him so long to evolve that, while he is evolving it, we may occupy the time in taking a glimpse at the two women who were mainly in his thoughts—Miss Dorothy Kitson and Lady Hilda Lessington.

Probably no one in the world fully understood Lady Hilda Lessington, and that not merely because she was a woman. In one point she resembled Dorothy Kitson—namely, in the mystery that surrounded her, and her tantalising refusal to lift the veil.

When she had begged the Fulhams, after receiving Miss Crewe's telephonic report from Horsham, to open their house at Littlehampton on Thursday instead of Saturday, they had agreed without demur and they had further arranged that Jack Stobart and Lord Byfleet should be of the party.

There were quite a few persons who would have given much for a little glimpse of Lady Hilda's mind. It would have considerably interested Miss Dorothy Kitson, watching the moon gain brilliance over a field on the outskirts of the little village of Billingshurst. The little village of Billingshurst was about one-third of the way from Horsham to Littlehampton, from which fact it may be deduced that Miss Kitson had not ignored the invitation contained in Sir David's note.

BETWEEN nine and ten p.m. at Littlehampton—or, for that matter, between these hours at any seaside resort during the blessed lull of summer—is a most attractive time. It is a time for quiet enjoyment and for silent contemplation, particularly if one chooses to spend it on the darkening sands, and the sky happens to be full of soft pearly promises, as it was when Sir David Belworthy strolled out of Winterton's Hotel to grapple with his problem.

It was all very disturbing. Yes, very disturbing. And it was none the less disturbing because, at the same time, it was so delightful.

The odds were very unfair. They were two against seven. Self and D. Kitson versus Crewe, Smith, Lessington, Stobart, Byfleet, Fulham (Mrs.) and Fulham (Major). Perhaps it would be two against eight if his aunt's maid were brought into play. He had no doubt she would be brought into play. It was exceedingly unsporting and unfair! Two against eight—two against eight—two——

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir David suddenly.

He stopped abruptly in his pacing. A wave rippled up to him and all around him, but he did not move. He merely murmured "By Jove!" again, and continued to stare into space.

Presently he resumed his pacing.

"Well, I can increase my forces to three, anyway," he muttered. "Three against eight! But what am I to do with my three when I have got them?"

He walked into holes and out of them, hardly noticing the resultant jerks. He even passed within two feet of Mr. Alfred Smith without noticing him. Mr. Smith was ensconced in one of the holes—luckily, not one of those into which Sir David stepped and out again—ostensibly merely smoking, but actually engaged on matters of more vital importance. Miss Crewe had sent him there to scout.

Alfred Smith, watching Sir David in the gloaming, saw him suddenly stop again.

"Wonder what he's up to?" he thought. "Queer chap, and no mistake!"

Strolling through this older and more natural part of Littlehampton, to which anyone with nostrils may find his way merely through the smell of fish, Sir David presently paused and addressed a man in a blue jersey.

The man shook his head in reply to a question, and pointed to another man in a brown jersey. In due course, the man in the brown jersey shook his head, and pointed to a man in shirtsleeves. The man in shirtsleeves did not shake his head. He merely scratched it. A conversation ensued, at the end of which some money appeared to pass between the two conversationalists, and they separated.

All these things Alfred Smith noted, but he was so anxious not to be noted himself that he watched from a good distance, and did not hear any of the conversation that took place.

"Well, one thing's clear," he thought, when Sir David resumed his way. "He made some sort of a proposition, and the man has agreed to do what he asked. But, of course, that doesn't really get us anywhere, exactly. He might just have been ordering a boat or something."

A guess which transpired to be remarkably accurate.

On Thursday morning, the third morning of Sir David Belworthy's romantic adventure, all roads led to Littlehamp-

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ton, or else out of it; and since there were so many travellers on the road it is well that the weather remained fine. It was a brilliant day.

Only one member of those who interest us actually beheld the glorious birth of this brilliant day, and perhaps he was one least fitted to perceive its full beauties. Harnett saw the sun rise in Richmond Park. He was driving one of Sir David's high-power cars, and taking full advantage of the lack of traffic at that early hour.

"What Sir David says, goes," was his faithful maxim, and he consoled himself on this particular occasion by recalling that he was on the way to earning doubled wages and a hundred pounds.

Pulborough, over the Downs, Houghton, Arundel. Before him, not many miles distant, lay the sea. But even when he reached the sea his journey would not be completed. "I've got to go on the sea," he reflected suddenly; and the reflection somewhat sobered him.

Soon he slackened his pace. The outskirts of Littlehampton were being reached, and he had to inquire his way to a certain spot. That is to say, he was to inquire his way there if he could not make it by his own unaided bump of intelligence, for it had been pointed out to Harnett by his lord and master that the fewer inquiries he made the better.

The certain spot was a garage. An all-night garage. Luck aiding his bump of intelligence, he very nearly made a bee-line for it, and only had to ask one question. This was of a man sitting smoking, in the shadow of a bush.

"Isn't there a garage nearby?" asked Harnett.

"Yes, very nearby," replied the man, jumping up. "Well done, Harnett."

Harnett stopped the car, and smiled. A sense of peace and pride came over him. He had performed his part, and now the reins of responsibility were handed over.

Leaving the garage, the millionaire and his butler walked to the old part of Littlehampton, and knocked at the door of a cottage. It was only six o'clock, but the household was already up, and breakfast was laid in a tiny parlor.

"Fine day, sir, for the trip," exclaimed the owner of the cottage, our friend of the shirtsleeves.

"Yes, splendid," replied Sir David, and turned towards Harnett, who stood rather awkwardly and sheepishly beside him. "This is the Mr. Belworthy I spoke to you about last night."

"Good mornin', Mr. Belworthy," said the fisherman.

"Good morning," replied Harnett, in his statelliest voice. And as it was not particularly stately, he coughed, to imply that he was a little early-morningish.

"And you'll be ready to start for Worthing with him in half an hour?"

"Quite ready, sir," answered the fisherman. "There's my boat, just across there." He opened the door on to the road and pointed it out. "You'll find me in her as soon as you've finished your breakfast. Hi, there, mother!" he shouted. "Get a move on. The gentlemen are ready."

"All right, all right," a voice shrilled back. "They ain't no sooner'n me!"

"Come to us for punkchality," winked the fisherman as he departed.

Alone again at their breakfast, and with the door closed, Sir David gave Harnett a few final instructions.

"Don't forget to mention as many times as you can, before you start, that you are going to Worthing," he said. "I want any loungers who are about to hear of it. And engage the old fisherman in conversation, so that he may have his chance of addressing you as Mr. Belworthy."

"What about the 'Mr.', sir?" queried Harnett.

"That won't matter. It's near enough. And—speaking quite frankly, Harnett—I think you'll have a better chance of carrying yourself off as Mr. Belworthy than you would as Sir David, eh?"

"I'm quite sure of it, sir," grinned Harnett.

"All we want to do is to make it clear that someone named Belworthy has gone to Worthing for the day. For the whole day. He has an appointment there. You will not return until very late. We will say eight o'clock. Get the fisherman to land you back here at a spot which is free from prying eyes, then get your car and take it to Arundel. I'm not going to inflict another all-night ride on you, Harnett. You can sleep at Arundel, which is well enough out of the way, and get back to London in the morning. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Sir David," replied Harnett a little dubiously.

"Oh, by the way, one more thing, Harnett. When you're landed at Worthing, be sure that you leave again at latest by two o'clock. Give Worthing a wide berth then, and fill out the time somehow or other till you get back to Littlehampton. Catch fish. Anything you like."

"Very good, sir."

Sir David Belworthy waited for ten minutes after Harnett's departure. Then he slipped out of the cottage and disappeared. Where he disappeared to does not matter for the moment. All we have to concern ourselves with it is that he vanished, and that for several hours, as will be shown, his disappearance was complete.

The first person to be aware of it was the hotel clerk. Coming down to the office, he saw a note on his desk. He opened it sleepily and read:

"Have left early to go by boat to Worthing. If any messages come for me, keep them till I return. I have an appointment in Worthing at four o'clock, so shall not be back until quite late.—David Belworthy."

"Well, that's what I call real enthusiasm," commented the clerk. "Fancy starting out as early as all that! But it's a lesson to some of the young 'uns who spend most of their mornings in bed."

THE commentator who observed, "I hate a man who sparkles over breakfast—he is so unnatural," would have been delighted with Mr. Alfred Smith. Mr. Smith never sparkled over breakfast—and rarely, perhaps, at other times—and on this particular morning he was more than usually lustreless.

Alfred Smith's neck was constantly twisting towards the door. He expected Sir David Belworthy to appear through it, and he grew more and more troubled as the minutes ticked by, and Sir David did not appear.

"He's a pretty late riser, isn't he?" he grunted to the maid.

"'Ee eez," replied the maid.

He ran up to the corridor in which Sir David's bedroom was situated; and his own, next to it. He was No. 27. Sir David was No. 28. The door of No. 28 was closed, and there were no boots outside.

No one was in the corridor. He put his ear to the door quickly and listened. There was no sound. Then he knocked. There was no reply.

"Sir David—do you know breakfast's ready?" he called softly.

Still no reply. He became bold. Slowly he opened the door a crack and peeped in. "If he is in bed," he thought, "I'll say I thought he must have overslept, and meant to wake him." But Sir David was not in bed. The room was empty.

Alfred frowned, and rubbed his forehead. Then he descended to the office and summoned the clerk.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "whether Sir David Belworthy has had his breakfast yet?"

"Yes, sir. He went out early. Perhaps, as you're a friend of his, you'd like to see this note he left?"

Alfred read the note. His face grew dark.

Miss Crewe, finishing her breakfast in bed, received the news with considerable interest. She rose hastily, and joined Alfred Smith half an hour later in the hotel grounds.

"I suppose you think he's gone to Worthing to meet Miss Kitson?" she observed, coming to the point at once.

"Well, of course," replied Alfred. "That's fairly obvious, isn't it?"

The clerk approached them with a telegram.

"Excuse me," he said, "but a wire has just arrived for your friend."

"A wire!" exclaimed Alfred, who now read deep and sinister significance in every happening.

"I thought perhaps you might be seeing him some time to-day," pursued the clerk addressing Miss Crewe. "You're not meeting him in Worthing, by any chance?"

"Meeting him in Worthing?" repeated Miss Crewe, as though the words interested her.

"Yes. In that case you might like to take it along with you. But otherwise, of course, I'll keep it here till he returns this evening."

There was a short pause. Miss Crewe and Alfred Smith looked at each other. Then Miss Crewe made her pronouncement.

"I think it very likely that I shall be meeting my nephew in Worthing this afternoon," she said, "but, at the moment, I am not quite certain. If I go I'll ask you to let me have the telegram to give to him."

"Thank you very much," answered the clerk.

He bustled away, and Miss Crewe and Mr. Alfred Smith again looked at each other. Matters seemed to be working out very neatly for them.

Sir David Belworthy hid himself utterly from the eyes of his fellow creatures for the space of about five hours. It does not matter to us where he hid; for the period was marked by no incident of interest, and was, in truth, a time of dull monotony.

It was the monotony of it that drove him at last to take a somewhat hazardous course—the monotony coupled with a not unnatural curiosity as to what his pursuers were up to and a growing restlessness that assailed him as the hours separating him from his forthcoming appointment with Miss Dorothy Kitson grew fewer and fewer.

There were now barely four of those hours left. He felt that he could not pass them in utter inactivity.

So he emerged from his self-imposed retirement, and life at once became interesting again. Avoiding busy thoroughfares, he made his way cautiously to-

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wards the eastern outskirts of the town, until he presently reached the beginning of a narrow lane marked "Private." This lane led to Holmdene, the seaside residence of Major and Mrs. Fulham.

To the right of the lane, just before the gate, stood the garage. Fortunately no one was in it, but the Fulhams' car, grey with the dust of the London road, rested after its journey in one corner.

"The Fulhams have come down first," concluded Sir David, "and are now waiting in the porch for the rest of the party."

He entered the garage. A rickety, ladderlike stairway led to a loft above. The local house agent might have described it as a "room over garage," but it was in sober fact a loft, the garage under having once been a stable. This suited Sir David, since it was not likely that the loft would receive any visitors apart from himself.

He climbed up the stairs, found a small door leading to a confined space under the roof into which he could fly if necessary, and took up a sheltered position near the tiny low window.

He did not have to wait long before the first incident occurred. There was a hoot at the end of the lane, and a car turned in. It was not a London car. It was distinctly local. In it sat Miss Lesbia Crewe and her French maid, Louise.

The car stopped at the gate.

"How delightful to see you!" cried the voice of Mrs. Fulham, as she ran forward from the garden.

"How delightfully you fib, my dear Mildred!" chuckled Sir David.

Sir David crept closer to the window. There was Alfred Smith, approaching up the lane. He looked a trifle abashed when he saw the group he was marching into, but he came steadily on, keeping his eyes on Miss Crewe, who formed his excuse for this intrusion.

"This is Mr. Alfred Smith, my dear, of whom I was just speaking," said Miss Crewe, as soon as he drew up. Then, turning to Alfred she said: "Mrs. Fulham. And Major Fulham. And now tell us your news."

Alfred murmured his greetings, and then looked inquiringly at Miss Crewe.

"That's all right, Mr. Smith," responded Miss Crewe. "You can speak quite openly. They know all about it."

"Well, I found out what we wanted," said Alfred, clearing his throat. "It took me longer than I expected, but I found two fishermen at last who had seen Sir David go off this morning to Worthing, so there's no doubt about it."

"Worthing?" queried Mildred Fulham. "Has he run away to Worthing?"

"He has, my dear," responded Miss Crewe. "Tried to deceive us by leaving at some unearthly hour this morning. All we know is that he's meeting somebody there at four o'clock this afternoon, and it's not very difficult to guess who that somebody is."

Sir David, in the loft above, held on to himself tight. He was shaking with delighted mirth.

"If that's really so," cried Mildred Fulham, "there's only one course open to us. We must all descend upon him in a body."

"That was my idea," said Miss Crewe.

"And mine," added Alfred, not to be left out of it.

"Oh, we won't leave you behind, Mr. Smith," exclaimed Mildred Fulham, smiling at him. "You're quite one of the most important people of the party."

Mr. Smith smiled back. He made the sudden discovery that he preferred Mrs. Fulham to Miss Crewe.

"Oh, here's a telegram for you, Miss Crewe," exclaimed Alfred Smith suddenly. "It came just before I left the hotel."

Sir David held his breath as Miss Crewe took the orange envelope and tore it open. She read the message through, frowned, read it again, and then read it a third time aloud.

"It's from David," she said, "and was handed in at Worthing. 'If any wire or message comes for me, please don't trouble. Let it wait till my return this evening.'" She looked at the major "That proves my nephew's at Worthing, doesn't it?"

"Undeniably," admitted the major. "But I can't see, for the life of me, why he should trouble to send a wire and give himself away."

A short silence followed this pronouncement.

And, in the middle of this silence, another motor hooted in the road, and Lady Hilda's car entered the little lane.

Sir David craned forward. Lady Hilda was driving. Beside her was Jack Stobart; and in the back seat, companioned by suitcases, was Lord Byfleet.

He drew back suddenly. Lady Hilda had evidently decided to garage her car before taking part in the grand conference. Keeping well away from the window he heard the car being driven slowly into the room beneath him. Then, to his consternation, he heard Lady Hilda's voice asking:

"What's up there—another room?"

He did not wait. In a second he was through the little door and crouching in the darkness of the cramped space under the roof. Whether anybody ascended the stairs or not he could not say, but he concluded they had not. Otherwise, he argued, they must have heard his heart beating.

Presently he heard movements from the room below followed by welcome scrunching on gravel. They were leaving the garage. The gate swung open and closed with a bang. He breathed a sigh of relief.

But not until three full minutes had elapsed after the last sound had died away did he emerge from his hiding-place. Then he passed out of the little door, stood upright, and stretched himself.

"And now," he thought happily, "the coast is clear for Miss Kitson."

SIR DAVID decided to take no further chances. Satisfied though he was that everything was working to plan, he remained in the loft, on sentinel duty, until a quarter-past two, postponing once more, as on the previous day, the luncheon hour for the sake of his pretty secretary.

From his little window he watched the party motor off. The major's car started first, with a full cargo. In front were the Major and Miss Crewe. In the back, Mildred Fulham compensated Jimmy Byfleet for his morning journey beside nothing more entertaining than a pile of suitcases.

Hilda Lessington, following in her own car, had only one passenger. This was Jack Stobart, who appeared, from his attitude, quite agreeable to the arrangement. And the fretful chug-chug of a motor bike in the road beyond the lane was sufficient indication that Mr. Alfred Smith was not being left behind.

The cars and the motor bike sped out of sight and hearing. Feeling not unlike a schoolboy freed from the presence of masters, Sir David left the stuffy loft and strolled out into the lane.

A very late lunch, eaten in a dull shop which he afterwards recalled with absurd pleasure, helped him to kill time. Then, shortly after three, he began to haunt the vicinity of the attractive teashop which was to be their trysting-place.

The minutes ticked by. Miss Kitson did not appear. A panic of disappointment seized him. Suppose, after all, she did not turn up?

The figure of a girl on a bicycle appeared at the end of the road. It was the figure of Miss Dorothy Kitson. Now, Sir David Belworthy ought to have become increasingly emotional when the vision of his mind actually solidified; but, to his astonishment, it did not in any way unnerve or agitate him. On the contrary it had a sobering effect, as has the appearance of a mother on a frightened, waiting child. Suddenly life became natural and simple to Sir David Belworthy, and all its perplexing little problems appeared to be wiped out.

And this, when a man stops to analyse it, is the most dangerous sign of all.

"Hullo, Miss Kitson!" exclaimed he. "How awfully nice of you!"

"Good afternoon, Sir David," replied she, dismounting. "I'm afraid I'm rather earlier than you expected. Is this the shop?"

"Yes; you made a beeline for it," he answered, and took her bicycle from her. "What about putting your machine up here for a little while and taking a stroll? It's rather too soon for tea, don't you think?"

She hesitated for a second. He had no difficulty in divining her thought.

"We're on holiday, you know," he urged, lightheartedly.

"Why, of course," she exclaimed, with unexpected suddenness. "I don't know why I hesitated."

They were very accommodating at the teashop, and were quite willing that the bicycle should be stored there for a while. As the millionaire and his secretary walked away Sir David wondered whether he would have preferred to find Miss Kitson a little flustered. Almost immediately he decided that he would not. Her composure was a symbol of her delightful even temperament, as it was a compliment to himself. It said, "I trust you, Sir David, even though you may be a little mad."

They walked for a few moments in silence. Suddenly, as they neared the sea, Sir David exclaimed:

"I suppose I've taken you fearfully out of your route, Miss Kitson," he said .

"Well, I hadn't intended to come to Littlehampton," she replied. "But my route isn't really more fixed than—than yours seems to be. Perhaps—" She gave a little smile and paused.

"Go on," he urged. "Perhaps what?"

"Perhaps it's time we fixed them."

"Why?"

"Because then they wouldn't be so liable to overlap."

"Now, that's really unkind of you," protested Sir David, good-humoredly. "You know as well as I do that our present meeting is the only one that has been pre-arranged. And I take full responsibility for that," he added.

"Oh, no! I needn't have come. I'll share the responsibility," she answered.

"Well, suppose we do fix our routes, Miss Kitson," he said. "What do you propose ? Shall we toss to see which of us is to travel east and which is to travel west?"

She laughed. "No, I don't think it will really be necessary," she replied. "You see, after to-day I don't expect we shall meet again."

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"No, I don't expect we shall," he answered.

"Let's sit down," he said abruptly. "We'll have to be turning very soon, and I don't want to tire you."

"I'm not in the least tired," she responded.

But they sat down, and for ten minutes idled deliciously. They skimmed stones, Sir David very well, and Dorothy Kitson very badly, which was as it should be.

Then they rose and began the return journey. At each new phase of their oddly advancing friendship Sir David made some fresh discovery, glimpsed some fresh delight; and, curiously, though these discoveries made him more drawn towards her, yet they also put him more keenly on his honor.

"You look very serious, Sir David," said Dorothy suddenly.

"Do I?" replied Sir David lightly. "Well, perhaps I was feeling a bit serious at that moment. But the mood's passed."

"Has it? I'm glad. I thought perhaps something—unfortunate had happened, and that you regretted having asked me to come to Littlehampton."

"Miss Kitson, I shall never regret having asked you to come to Littlehampton," he responded convincingly. "This is quite one of the pleasantest afternoons I've spent in my life. And I've a notion the pleasantest part of it is yet to come. Look—there's the teashop." He laughed, suddenly gay again. "I hope you're hungry. I believe the cakes here are most wonderful!"

"I'm starving," she smiled. "And I think—this afternoon—even a station bun would seem delicious. Over tea, please," she added, "you must tell me things. You've hardly told me anything yet, you know."

"What sort of things?" asked Sir David.

"About—about what's happened here. About Alfred. Did you find him? And have you sent him back to London, as you said you would?"

"Oh, don't let's think about Alfred just yet," retorted Sir David, evasively. "It seems to me he rather spoils the anticipation of those cakes."

Silently they entered the teashop, and neither of them had any prescience of the events that were to take place there before they were destined to leave it again.

SIR DAVID had correctly described the Littlehampton teashop as attractive. He had taken tea there on a former occasion with Lady Hilda Lessington, but it was not his memory of Lady Hilda that had colored his description, much as he appreciated that lady and enjoyed her company. The teashop had qualities entirely of its own, as may be proved by anyone who visits Littlehampton and attempts to find it.

They selected a small table in a corner. The afternoon sunshine came softly through the window near which they sat, pleasantly tempered and undazzling.

"Now, wasn't I right, Miss Kitson?" declared Sir David, as they took their seats. "Isn't this delightful?"

"Perfect," she replied.

"And we shall get a tea which will cost less than half the amount it would cost at a similar place in London."

"You don't know that yet, Sir David. You haven't had the bill."

"True! But I remain optimistic."

"And perhaps," she added, "you don't know where to look in town."

"True, again! That is the penalty of being too rich. All the adventure is taken out of life."

So the minutes flew by till the clock struck half-past four, and Dorothy Kitson suddenly remembered that all good things must come to an end.

"It's been delightful, Sir David," she said, "but now, I think, I really must go."

"Why so early?" asked Sir David, his face falling. "I wish you could stay a little while longer."

"Well, I'm going to stay just a very little while longer, Sir David," she responded, "because there are two things you must do for me, please, before I leave. The first is to tell me all that has happened here and how you got Alfred to return. And the second is to give me back my bag."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sir David Belworthy. "Your bag!"

He had left the hotel so early in the morning that he had forgotten to bring the bag with him. It was lying now in a drawer in his room—and he was supposed to be in Worthing!

MANY a schemer more ingenious than Sir David has tripped after preparing an elaborate plan over the most obvious point. Sir David, having worked out to the minutest detail how to return Miss Kitson's bag, committed the single mistake of forgetting the bag. And how to rectify that mistake was the most perplexing of the many problems with which he had been faced.

"What a fool I am!" he thought, as he stared back into Dorothy Kitson's mildly-inquiring eyes. "What on earth is to be done now?"

Two difficulties were before him. The first was the difficulty of getting the bag. It lay, as has been said, in his bedroom at Winterton's Hotel—to be precise, in the top left-hand drawer of his chest of drawers. If he returned to the hotel to fetch it he would be seen by the hotel clerk and sundry others, and Alfred Smith would, of course, very soon learn of it.

These reflections flashed through his mind in the few seconds which followed Dorothy Kitson's request. Meanwhile, she eyed him with growing surprise, which was beginning to turn into concern when he at last replied. For Sir David certainly did look very serious during those critical seconds.

"Your bag, Miss Kitson?" he said slowly.

"Yes. You—you haven't lost it, have you?" she asked.

Sir David ripped himself.

"No, I've not lost it," he replied, "but I've done a very foolish thing, all the same. I've left it at my hotel."

Relief came into her eyes.

"Well, that doesn't matter, does it? I thought it was something much worse. You can get it for me, can't you?"

"Why, yes. Of course. I'll—I'll go at once." He rose automatically as he spoke, though he had formulated no plan of action.

"Shall I come with you?" she suggested. "I'm afraid I'm giving you an awful amount of trouble."

His emphatic refusal of her company surprised her.

"No, I wouldn't dream of it!" he exclaimed. "You'd better stay here till I return." Suddenly he noted her surprise, and added: "You see, Miss Kitson—in the circumstances—don't you think it will be better if we are not seen together at my hotel?"

"You're right, of course," she answered approvingly. "It was very foolish of me. But as all those annoying people have gone back now I've almost given up worrying. Tell me, did you have any difficulty with Alfred?"

"I did, a little," responded Sir David uneasily.

"What an irritating person he is!" she exclaimed. "I expect I ought to have been more definite with him. I will be, if necessary, when I get home."

"It will be wise," he agreed. "He told me, when I met him, that you were his fiancee."

"He told you that?" she cried, blazing suddenly. "Oh! How dared he!"

"I think he was anxious to impress me. However, he didn't, so no harm was done. You'd better kill any illusions he has on the subject, all the same."

"You may be sure I will, Sir David. It was perfectly horrid of him. And absolutely untrue."

The clock now said twenty minutes to five. He noticed that she glanced at it rather anxiously. Perhaps she had many miles to go. He must not keep her much longer.

"Well, Miss Kitson, I'll be moving now," he said. "I may be some little while, as the hotel is quite a way off, but I promise I'll be back as soon as I can. You'll not mind waiting, will you?"

"Not a bit," she answered. "I'm only sorry you've got to make the bothersome journey."

He replied, in his thoughts: "It's going to be a trifle more bothersome than you imagine. But nothing, my dear child, is too bothersome for me to do for you."

She threw him a bright smile, and he left her. He had not a plan or an idea. But the memory of her smile and the warmth of the sunshine cheered him on. He would find a way of getting the bag somehow or other.

He walked back towards the hotel along the beach. When he neared the hotel he would be more cautious, but for the moment he forgot caution, as he had forgotten it while strolling with Miss Kitson on the sands. His mind worked ceaselessly. "How can I get that bag? How can I get that bag?" it said. But, as it said little else, it was not particularly fruitful.

But, surely, he could think of something!

And then he stopped. He found himself face to face with Louise, his aunt's French maid.

"Good heavens!" he thought, aghast. "Now I am caught!"

"Aha!" thought Louise. "Poor Sair Daveed. 'E is finish! Pair'aps!" Aloud she said: 'Good afternoon. I s'ought you were in Worsing."

"Did you?" replied Sir David, weakly. "Well, and what are you doing here?"

"Me? Oh, I am ze spy. Is not zat right? And now I 'ave seen you. But, no! I s'ink I 'ave not seen you. Good-bye!"

And, with a wicked, friendly smile, she pursued her way.

But suddenly Sir David darted after her. By Jove! Perhaps Louise would advance a step further in her wicked friendliness! Anyway, it was worth trying.

"Stop, Louise!" he called. She stopped, and turned her head. "Listen. I want to speak to you."

"Eet monsieur sinks it wise?" she murmured. "It is ver' open 'ere. Ver' near ze 'otel."

"What I want you to do, Louise, is to go into the hotel, and—and fetch something for me out of my room."

"Mais, monsieur! 'Ow can I do zat?"

"You could slip up as though you had left something behind when you went away this morning. A handkerchief—a

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powder puff—anything. I'm sure your clever brain won't bother over that. And, when you reach your room, you will go into my room first, by mistake——"

"Numbaire twenty-eight?"

"Yes, that's right."

"And what will I find in Numbaire twenty-eight?"

"In the top drawer, left-hand side, of the chest of drawers you'll find a bag."

"A bag. A lady's bag?"

"Yes, a lady's bag, Louise. Men don't carry them."

"Ees it—ees it Miss Kitson's bag?"

"Er—yes, Louise," confessed Sir David. "I'm afraid it is."

The confession did not disturb Louise. On the contrary, it appeared to delight her.

"I fetch it sis moment," she cried. "I ask no questions. I fetch it."

"Capital, Louise," chuckled Sir David.

She disappeared round the corner of the street, and Sir David waited anxiously. She was away only five minutes, but during that period he looked at his watch a dozen times, feeling that his luck was too good to be true, and wondering whether it would last. Apparently it was going to last. When Louise returned she had the bag in her hand, and she held it out to him triumphantly.

"I found ze bag," she exclaimed.

A minute later Sir David was hurrying away, back to the teashop where Dorothy Kitson was waiting for him. Now all was smooth sailing. She could depart in peace, her bag restored to her, and Sir David could begin to count the days until their holiday was over and they met again over the prosaic typewriter at his London flat. Three weeks and four days. Heigho! It would be the deuce of a time!

He reached the teashop and hurried in. But just as he got inside he stopped, and his heart almost ceased to beat. Miss Kitson was no longer there, and at the next table sat Jack Stobart and Lady Hilda Lessington!

IT was precisely a quarter past five when Sir David Belworthy received his bombshell in the entrance to the Littlehampton teashop, and it becomes necessary for us to put back the hands of the clock for three hours in order to learn how Lady Hilda Lessington and Mr. Jack Stobart arrived there, and what transpired between the moment of their arrival and the moment of Sir David's return.

We already know—and so did Sir David—that they left Holmdene at a quarter past two in the wake of Major Fulham's car. Between the major's and Lady Hilda's cars chugged Alfred Smith's motor-cycle, the side-car empty and awaiting its hoped-for occupant.

The hoped-for occupant, of course, was Dorothy Kitson, believed to be in Worthing awaiting her employer, if she was not already with him. Meanwhile, Alfred was glad to find the side-car unoccupied, for he had vaguely feared that Miss Crewe might volunteer for the empty seat.

In this order the procession set out, but soon the distance between the major's and Lady Hilda's cars widened. Alfred's motor-bike wavered uncertainly between the two, until, urged by his impatience and also by what Miss Crewe seemed to expect of him, he left Lady Hilda behind and pressed forward with the front car. Miss Crewe had left her French maid behind her to guard the home fort, and indicated, in the silent way aunts have—even if they are not always your own aunts—that she desired Alfred Smith to accompany her into the attack.

Thus, before long, the major and Alfred Smith were well ahead, and Lady Hilda was well behind. The cars were no longer in sight of each other. Jack Stobart, sitting beside Lady Hilda at the wheel, was not at all dissatisfied with this arrangement, though he could not understand it. Lady Hilda had driven down from London at a good speed, and he wondered why she now seemed in no humor to raise the speed indicator to above twenty. More often it pointed to nearer sixteen or seventeen.

"Anything wrong with the engine?" he inquired.

"No, nothing," agreed Hilda. "But we don't want their dust, do we?"

Jack Stobart agreed, although the reply was not very convincing. He hardly dared to hope, however, that Lady Hilda had any other reason for dropping behind.

The car travelled more slowly, and ever more slowly. A pleasant, audacious wonder began to creep into Jack Stobart's mind. And, suddenly, that wonder was justified when his companion turned to him and said with a brilliant smile:

"Jack—are you so very anxious to go to Worthing?"

"Well—are you?" he replied, smiling back. "I must admit, Hilda, you don't seem to be, the pace we're crawling at."

"Then, I'll confess, I'm not," she exclaimed. "It seems to me that there are plenty of people to chase poor David and his secretary. I believe you and I could spend the afternoon to much greater advantage."

"I believe you're right," he agreed. "To speak quite honestly, I'm—I'm not so very keen on this chase myself."

"You're not?" He shook his head. "But you came?"

"Yes. You asked me to," he answered boldly.

Thus it was just after five before the car was safely garaged and the couple set forth to find refreshment in the town. They could have had tea at Holmdene, but Lady Hilda would not hear of it.

"No, we are out on a spree, like a couple of truant children," she insisted to Jack, "and I will only be satisfied with the most delightful teashop Littlehampton produces."

Jack Stobart fell very contentedly into her mood. They peeped in quite a number of teashops, but Hilda insisted that none of them was good enough, and was not satisfied until she had peeped into a certain attractive teashop on the western side of the town. Then she gave a little exclamation, and Jack Stobart gathered, rightly, that this would do.

"Yes, this is all right," he said, as he entered behind Lady Hilda, "and if it hadn't been, I believe I should have refused to walk a step farther. I—Hallo! What's the matter?"

"Why—look over there!" exclaimed Lady Hilda. "If it isn't Miss Kitson!"

"By jove, so it is!" murmured Jack.

His mind whirled. Was it really true, then?

He glanced across the room anxiously, but he did not see Sir David. (Sir David at that moment was absent, interviewing Miss Crewe's maid).

Dorothy saw them coming. She gave a little gasp and her heart fluttered violently, and for a moment she felt that there was only one sensible thing to do—to get up and run away. But that was impulse, not reason, and Dorothy Kitson was a young lady who possessed both these qualities. By the time Lady Hilda and Jack Stobart had made their way towards her she was as cool and collected as anyone in the trio.

"It is Miss Kitson, isn't it?" exclaimed Lady Hilda, settling down at the next table. "Why, of course it is."

"Good afternoon, Lady Hilda," replied Dorothy calmly. "This is a surprise."

"Jack, it's David's secretary." Jack bowed awkwardly. "And are you spending your holiday here, my dear? I see you've had your tea, or I'd invite you to join us."

"It's very good of you," answered Dorothy, "but I'm just going."

On that point she was decided. She must leave before Sir David returned here with her bag.

"What a pity!" purred Lady Hilda. "It would have been so nice. Jack, you know, Miss Kitson isn't in the least an ordinary secretary. Her father was the late Captain Kitson, V.C.——"

"Why, how did you know?" asked Dorothy, surprised out of herself for the moment.

"My dear child, I am just a woman," Lady Hilda smiled back, "and I know lots of things—as I'm sure you do. Really, I know quite a good deal about you. That was why I said to Mr. Stobart—and I hope you didn't mind—that you were not an ordinary secretary."

"Of course I didn't mind. It was very nice of you."

She rose, and Jack Stobart nearly knocked a chair over in his effort to make a free passage for her.

Smiles, were exchanged, and Lady Hilda and Jack Stobart watched Sir David Belworthy's secretary move calmly towards the exit.

SIR DAVID stood stupefied at the entrance to the teashop, staring in dismay at Lady Hilda and Jack Stobart.

Happily for him they did not stare back, and it was only when it suddenly dawned upon him that, should they turn their heads and do so, he would lose what little advantage possessed, he abruptly dived out of the teashop again and retreated to a safe sanctuary. There he paused to consider the new development.

His first sensations, after his preliminary astonishment had passed, were of anger. Lady Hilda and Jack Stobart had chased Dorothy Kitson away and that was an unwarrantable act.

"Well, I'm doing no good asking myself questions without answers," he growled. "Miss Kitson has flown, without even waiting for her bag, and I haven't the ghost of a notion where she's flown to."

Towards six o'clock Sir David gave up his search.

Convinced beyond all doubt now that Miss Kitson had fled the town, he decided that the risk of remaining abroad was no longer worth the candle, and by this time the Worthing party might easily have returned.

He remained in retirement until the shadows were very long and the sun was very low. Then, at the hour arranged for Harnett's return, he chose an inconspicuous position near the mouth of the Arun and noted the little boats as they came in from the sea and completed their journeys up the short stretch of river.

Presently he found his eyes concentrated on a boat which looked vaguely familiar. Surely that figure was the weather-beaten figure of the useful Tom? And surely that other figure—a somewhat dejected figure—was that of the even more

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useful Harnett? As the boat drew nearer, Sir David rejoiced to find his conjecture correct.

Suddenly he realised that there was another watcher on the road—a figure that approached the river bank and was gazing at the spot where the boat had temporarily disappeared.

"Good heavens!" muttered Sir David, anxiously. "If it's one of our crowd, we're lost!"

The figure was between him and the sun, and he could not make out for a second or two who it was. When it changed its position, however, moving a little to one side the better to see the oncoming boat, he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Louise!" he murmured, with a little prayer of thanks. "Our new ally! But I'm afraid she's in for a shock!"

It was indeed Louise, despatched once more on a scouting job. She had been sent out by Miss Crewe to report Sir David's return, and her curiosity made her willingly undertake the commission. For, did she not know, Sir Daveed had not gone to Worsing? But someone called Belworthy had gone to Worsing. It would be mos' interesting, oui, to go and watch for zat someone's return. So she smiled to herself as her mistress voiced her orders.

A lounger, of whom she had inquired, had told her that this was the boat, Tom's boat. Yes, that was right. He'd gone out with Mr. Belworthy that morning, and here he was, coming back again. Louise strained her eyes, lost the boat, watched another, and did not realise her mistake until the occupants of Tom's boat were actually climbing out. Then she gave a little gasp.

"Meestaire 'Arnett!" she exclaimed.

Harnett's shock was no less thorough.

"Louise!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'm blowed!"

They stared at each other, mutually astonished at each other's presence.

"But 'ow 'ave you come 'ere?" demanded Louise.

"Ah, now, that'd be telling," replied Harnett, looking desperately around, and not knowing how matters stood. "I might just as well ask, Louise, what you're doing here?"

"Yes, you might," replied Louise, regaining her composure and suddenly smiling. "Now, I see. Ver' clever! You need to say nosing. Yes, ver' clever! But I will not be so unkind. I will tell you what I do 'ere. I spy!" She laughed. "I spy on you. You weeked, weeked man!"

Harnett generally rose on top in a crisis. He did so now.

"Louise," he said earnestly, in a low voice, "I'll tell you what I'm doing. I'm earning a hundred pounds, and a doubled salary. That's what I'm doing, my girl. Now, would you like to share that hundred pounds with me? I'd—I'd thought of asking you."

"Oh, la la!" she replied coyly.

"Well, now you know. That's how it stands. I'm doing this for both of us, as you might say, and if you go and spoil it by telling your mistress what you've seen—well, I may lose that hundred pounds, and have to wait another year before I can ask you again."

She gave him a smile which he decided to remember and disappeared. Then Harnett walked towards the beckoning figure.

"What a time you've been, Harnett!" grumbled Sir David. "I thought you were never coming."

"I'm sorry, sir," apologised Harnett, "but that was Miss Crewe's maid——"

"Yes, I know!"

"—and we had to settle up a little business. You see, sir, she'd been sent to watch out for me, and I had to—well, soothe her down, sir, so to speak."

"I'm sure you did. And now let's get to the garage. This way." He turned into a narrow street. "What sort of a day did you have?"

"Well, sir, everything went quite satisfactory," answered Harnett, "but the sea never really agrees with me."

"Bad luck!" exclaimed Sir David. "I never thought of that! I hope you weren't——"

"No, Sir David; I was not. But I kept on feeling I might be. You see, sir, begging your pardon, it's a long time to be on the water from two till eight."

"Well, it's all over now, Harnett," he exclaimed, "and I don't really expect I'll ever have to send you on the ocean again."

"Thank you, sir," answered Harnett, valiantly stifling a yawn. He was growing uncommonly sleepy. "And now I understand I'm to take the car as far as Arundel?"

"I'm sorry, Harnett, but you've got to take it a little farther than that. I want you to take it all the way back to London, if you think you can keep awake to do it!"

"Back to London, Sir David?" repeated Harnett, with a glazed expression. "You mean to-night?"

Sir David looked at him sympathetically. He realised that he was really treating his faithful butler rather shabbily.

"Yes, to-night, Harnett—if you can manage it," he said, gently. "It would mean another fifty pounds tacked on to your hundred. But, of course, if you're too tired——"

"Tired, sir!" cried Harnett, galvanically. "Me, tired?"

Another fifty! The magic of renewed youth coursed through Harnett's veins!

AFTER seeing the gallant Harnett off and giving him his final instructions, Sir David straightened himself and strolled back to Winterton's Hotel.

He felt as though he had been resuscitated. For a dozen hours he had walked the earth like a hunted man, and a hunted man, in one sense, he still was.

To his surprise, Alfred Smith was not the first person he encountered at his hotel. The first person was the clerk, who, dimly sensing a strange undercurrent of happenings, and utterly ignorant of their purport, had become affected with a certain tenseness.

"Ah, I'm exceedingly glad to see you back, sir," he exclaimed as Sir David appeared.

"Why? Did you think I should drown?" asked Sir David pleasantly.

"Good gracious, no! I didn't mean anything like that! But—well, there was that telegram, you know—and then——"

"What telegram?" exclaimed Sir David, raising his innocent eyebrows.

"Well, I dare say I did wrong, sir," murmured the clerk, "but it was like this. A telegram came for you this morning, and, of course, in the ordinary way I should have retained it until your return. Naturally, yes. But knowing that Miss Crewe was a friend of yours——"

"My aunt, in fact," interposed Sir David.

"Er—yes. So I gathered. Well, I asked her about the telegram, thinking that perhaps she might be seeing you at Worthing. She said she would be seeing you there, so I gave her the wire. And now it seems they missed you there, and, of course, I felt very sorry about it."

"I don't see that you've any cause to blame yourself," remarked Sir David. "You acted quite rightly. And nothing's lost. Where is the telegram now?"

"Er—Mr. Smith has it. I—er——" He coughed delicately. "I did suggest that he should give it back to me, so that you could have it the very moment you got back, but he seemed to prefer to keep it. A little irregular, I'm afraid."

"Where is Mr. Smith now? Do you know?" inquired Sir David.

"He ought to be here. He informed me that he would see you as soon as you came in, and that was really why I let him keep the telegram. But Miss Crewe's maid arrived a little while ago, and they went off together. So I was told. I was absent at the moment, or I'd have stopped them and got that telegram——"

"You're worrying too much about that telegram," Sir David assured him, beginning to get bored with the subject.

Though Sir David sat at the same dining-table, he lacked his table companions of the previous evening. Two of them had left, and the other had already dined. He wondered where that other was? This place was delightful, but he was under no illusion that it would last for long.

After dinner Sir David strolled into the hotel grounds, and here he found his ordeal waiting for him.

His ordeal was a small, selected party from Holmdene. It included Lady Hilda Lessington, Miss Lesbia Crewe, Mildred Fulham, Alfred Smith and Lord Byfleet.

The other two men had elected to remain at home and play billiards, and Lord Byfleet had merely been included to add a little manly substance to the party. "You'll be a sort of unofficial witness, Jimmy," Lady Hilda had said.

Alfred would have preferred his absence, never being quite at ease in the presence of titled superiors, and considering that he really possessed all the manliness necessary. As a matter of fact, the two of them hardly completed one portion between them.

"Ah, David—at last!" exclaimed Lady Hilda, with her enigmatic, friendly smile. "Do you know, you wicked man, I haven't seen you for three whole days—not since our little tete-a-tete at your flat?"

"Is it only three days?" replied Sir David. "It seems an eternity."

"How sweet!" observed Mildred Fulham. "I wish my Harry would say gallant things like that!"

"Yes, but David doesn't mean them," said Lady Hilda. "You're just being polite, David, and wondering how long your tiresome visitors are going to keep you!"

"If my visitors are as nice to me as I know they can be," answered Sir David, "I hope they will keep me for a very long time. Shall we all sit down? Here are two large seats."

"I am not at all sure that we are going to be nice to you, David," observed his aunt. "In any case, we shall not be stopping long. We have only come out for a short stroll, and to ask you a simple question."

"You needn't ask it, aunt, because I know it," said Sir David, gravely. "I take it that the story of my assumed elopement with my secretary is known to all present, and therefore, to all present, I offer my official denial. I gather from the clerk at my hotel that some of you went to Worthing this afternoon, ostensibly to deliver a telegram to me, but

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actually to gather fresh material for your story. Probably, you all went——"

"No, I didn't, David," murmured Lady Hilda. "Jack and I started out, but turned back."

"Well, that was fortunate for you, Hilda," said Sir David, "because you would not have found Miss Kitson there."

The ensuing silence was broken by Lady Hilda's smooth voice:

"May I have a cigarette, David? And, after that, would you like to take me for a little walk?"

FOR the third time, Sir David Belworthy found himself strolling up and down the familiar sands. The first time he had been alone with his thoughts. The second time, he had been alone with the subject of those thoughts. Now, the third time, he was alone with Lady Hilda Lessington.

"David," she said, as soon as they were well away from Winterton's Hotel and the soft sea loomed before them, "I am going to exercise a woman's prerogative and talk!"

"Proceed, my dear Hilda," replied Sir David. "It is a prerogative which I have neither the will nor the ability to contest."

"How charmingly you put it!" she smiled.

"Kindly purr, while I tell you a story. I'm not sure that you will be purring exactly by the end of it."

"I'll do my best, Hilda, if it isn't a very unpleasant story."

"Unpleasant?" she mused. "Well, that's how you look at it. The story is about a millionaire who suddenly broke his appointments with an exceedingly charming lady, put on an old suit to go to Russia, and was then discovered with another exceedingly charming lady—not in Russia."

"But in the old suit," murmured Sir David.

"Oh, yes. In the old suit. And that is one point in the millionaire's favor. If he had really and truly run away to marry the other exceedingly charming lady——"

"My dear Hilda!"

"Don't interrupt, sir!

"His Secretary disappeared on the same day. She was traced to Horsham. He was not traced to Horsham."

She paused and smiled at him. It was a smile that contained all sorts of things, among which was a certain flavor of admiration. "If—for the sake of argument, you know—the millionaire ever went to Horsham, or met his pretty secretary there, the world never knew of it."

"Surely another argument in the millionaire's favor?" queried Sir David, though none too confidently.

Lady Hilda laughed outright. Sir David decided to become a little more guarded. Had he committed himself? He was not at all sure that he was getting the best of the duel.

"There is another theory, David, which is worth considering. Perhaps the pretty secretary is chasing the mad millionaire. In that case, he would certainly run away from Littlehampton when he knew that she was coming."

"That idea is ridiculous," answered Sir David, frowning. "I am perfectly certain the secretary would never do such a thing. And I do not think it very charitable of you, Hilda, to suggest it."

Lady Hilda stopped laughing, though she wanted to laugh more than ever.

"You must forgive me," said she, penitently. "I had no notion, David, that you would take this story of mine so much to heart. We will dismiss the theory, then, as unworthy, of the secretary running after the millionaire. And I blame you for putting it into my head.

"I understand," replied Sir David, carefully, "that he went to Worthing. That he was seen to depart early, and was seen to return late. That he even sent a telegram from Worthing. The evidence does suggest that he was there, Hilda."

"It does."

"And upon that evidence," continued Sir David, triumphantly, "I based my guess that the pretty secretary did not appear in Littlehampton." He smiled as his confidence grew. "I will go further. Even if she did visit Littlehampton, and he knew of it, his absence on that day would prove his lack of interest in her."

"Not quite, my dear man. I did not tell you that the millionaire's friends turned up like flies, to tease and molest him, and that to have kept an appointment with the secretary in Littlehampton would have given the whole show away?"

"Look here, Hilda," said Sir David, finding his voice at last, "perhaps I'm hesitating because I'm not certain where this conversation is leading."

"It seems to me to lead all in one direction, David."

"Yes—that's just the trouble. You can't see any other direction!"

"You don't seem able to point to any other direction!"

It was a fair retort, and he frowned.

"What I really meant was," he explained, "I don't quite know how to take you. Are you friend or foe?"

"I should never be your foe—not your real foe, I mean," replied Lady Hilda slowly. "But perhaps if I felt you had been—shall we say?—just a trifle unkind to me, I might meanly enjoy getting a tiny bit of my own back."

"Unkind to you, Hilda?" he exclaimed, genuinely surprised.

She paused for a moment before responding, almost gravely.

"I know you pretty well, David, don't I? Possibly better than you think. One thing I know is that, behind all your gaiety and good nature, you always have a purpose. You may not fully have realised what your purpose is, but it's always been there, and it's always been a good one. That's why I've liked you so much and trusted you."

"Well, why not trust me now?" he proposed.

"Because," she shot back, "you didn't trust me with your intention to elope with Miss Kitson."

"But—Hilda—you're not serious, are you?" exclaimed Sir David. "You're not honestly suggesting that I——? Oh, nonsense, old girl, you can't!"

"Tell me precisely why you left London in such a hurry—and probably I won't," she returned.

"Well, to begin with," he murmured, "there was that rotten paragraph in the paper."

"Anything else?" she queried, looking at him steadily.

"There may have been something else," he answered, her eyes beating him.

"Of course there was! And what was it?"

"Sorry, old thing, I can't tell you."

Lady Hilda smiled.

"The only reason why I do not stamp my foot," she observed sweetly, "is because it is unsatisfactory in soft sand, and I am practically standing in a puddle. Let us move a little further back. We have been so intent on our conversation that the waves have ruined my shoes."

They retreated a few paces. "Now," she proceeded, "I will tell you why I cannot trust you, as you propose. It is because I can read signs. I have read quite a lot in the last five minutes. And it is because, when I peeped into the loft above the Fulhams' garage, I found the end of one of your cigarettes there, and it did not need a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that it had been smoked there between the hours of twelve and one, while you were supposed to be at Worthing. Put all these things together, David, and what would you make of them?"

"Ah, but I can explain ze cigarette," said a voice behind them.

They both turned abruptly, to find Louise standing demurely two feet off.

"'Eet is ver' wrong, but, alas! I mus' spy all ze time!" went on Louise pathetically. "I not like ze job, but when Miss Crewe send me, what can I do?"

"Where on earth have you sprung from, Louise?" demanded Sir David. "I didn't see you at the hotel?"

"I was zere. In ze shrubs," nodded Louise darkly. "And now, I am 'ere. Oui, to tell you about ze cigarette."

"Go on," said Sir David, wondering what was coming. "We will be greatly obliged to you."

He glanced at Lady Hilda, but received no response, that lady's eyes being fixed curiously on those of the maid.

"Eet was like zis," began Louise, addressing Sir David. "When you come upon me so sudden lars' night, in se 'otel garden, and find me smoking, I drop my cigarette—I was confuse, my lady—and 'e ver' kindly gave me anozer. One of 'is, wiz a gold teep. Tres chic! Zen Miss Crewe call me, and I 'ave no time to smoke eet. But I smoke eet nex' day—zis morning, zat is—when we go to ze Fulhams.

"I sit be'ind, so no one see me, but when we come to ze garage, I quickly throw ze cigarette away, and in my 'urry aim bad, and eet goes in ze loft window. I was ver' frightened, oui, but 'apply zere was no fire. And zat is all. Now I go back to tell Miss Crewe, and I am ver' sorry I cause so much trouble. Bon soir, my lady. Bon soir, Sair Daveed."

AND, turning, she disappeared into the darkness. Sir David Belworthy and Lady Hilda Lessington looked after the maid for some seconds in silence. Then the former remarked with an odd smile.

"Well, my dear, that appears to be that."

Lady Hilda smiled, too.

"Aren't French maids wonderful?" she commented. "I really must get one."

"Meanwhile," asked Sir David, "are you satisfied?"

"Hardly satisfied, David. But, whether Louise's story is true or not, it is certainly too ingenious to disturb, and it came quite unprompted. I wonder, if Louise had wanted to, whether she could have reversed the tables, and explained away, not your presence in Littlehampton, but your presence in Worthing?"

"Frankly," replied Sir David, his confidence returning, "I think that would take a bit of doing!

"Hilda," he said, "I am taking you home. Let us call a truce."

"By all means, David," she returned. "I am answered."

After that they kept the truce and

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chatted of other matters during the short walk back. He asked after Piccadilly Circus, and she described the last play she had seen. They criticised the engine of a passing car, and gave sixpence to a little boy whom they found crying in the road. It was an honorable truce, honorably kept.

And perhaps the oddest part of it was that, although Sir David genuinely enjoyed it, he was wishing every moment that his companion's hair was of a different color, and that her smiling eyes were brown instead of blue. A most ungrateful point of view, surely!

But Jack Stobart was satisfied with the blue eyes when he encountered them in the little lane outside the major's house. He was strolling there alone, obviously waiting for Hilda's return; and his face darkened a little when he noted who her companion was.

"Hallo, Hilda," he called. "I thought you were never coming back. I was getting quite anxious!"

"It was too lovely on the beach, Jack," she returned. "To-morrow, you must take me."

His face cleared.

"Evening, David!" he said. "Er—coming in?"

"No, thanks," answered Sir David. "My mission ends here, I think."

"And our truce," whispered Hilda. She glanced up at the garage loft. "Louise is an excellent shot," she commented, and passed on.

"Now, what did she mean by that?" asked Jack, looking after her.

"She'll tell you, if you ask her," laughed Sir David, and held out his hand. "Good-night, Jack. And good luck!"

Jack Stobart gripped his hand.

"You're a great brick, David, if ever there was one," he replied. "And I'm glad to have this moment to tell you so."

Then he passed on after Lady Hilda, and disappeared through the gate, while Sir David, with a grave smile, turned round and walked slowly out of the lane.

HARNETT was making discoveries. One discovery was that night, out of doors, has an extraordinary charm. In bed, night is merely a pleasant convenience for one's tired brain and limbs. Under the stars, it becomes a thing of magic.

Happily, he met with neither a policeman nor an accident, and he reached the end of his journey while it was still dark. A sense of depression stole over him as he entered the flat. It was all over. A queer, insane adventure—but, good Lord, what a lark!

The next few hours were, for Harnett, complete oblivion, if we exclude his dreams. These, certainly, were full of incident, for in them he spent many hundreds of pounds, far exceeding his one-fifty limit, and, at one period, he free-wheeled down a steep hill on the tramp's back, being fished up when he reached the bottom by Tom's hook, off Worthing Pier.

It was, indeed, the excitement of this incident that eventually woke him up.

He opened his eyes suddenly at 7.30, just in time to escape the painful operation of being taken off the hook.

"Whew!" murmured Harnett. Then he sat bolt upright.

The telephone bell was ringing. Perhaps, after all, that had woken him up.

"Hallo!" he said.

"Hallo!" came the voice of Sir David Belworthy. "Is that Harnett speaking?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. I'm glad you got back safely. Did you find any message on your return?"

Message? Harnett hadn't looked. Sir David certainly had not given him much time.

"I haven't seen any message, sir," he replied. "There's nothing on your pad."

An hour later the conversation was repeated. A third edition occurred an hour after that. When the bell rang at half-past eleven Harnett was getting quite used to it.

"Hallo!" he said.

"Hallo!" came the voice at the other end. But, this time it was a different voice. "Is that Harnett speaking?"

"Yes, miss," replied Harnett, suddenly all attention.

"I'm Miss Kitson. Can you tell me Sir David's address?"

"Sir David's address?" replied Harnett, "Well, miss, I can't say that I know it for certain. He keeps moving about."

"Then—you don't know where he is?" The voice was disappointed.

"The last time he spoke to me," answered Harnett, "he was at Littlehampton." This was true. "But he's not likely to stay there, miss." This was equally true.

"Oh—he rings you up on the telephone, does he?"

"Yes, miss." Harnett was playing his cards quite well. Experience in duplicity was beginning to tell.

"Then I wonder if you would give him a message for me, Harnett?"

"With pleasure, miss," replied Harnett, and pricked up his ears.

"Please tell him," said Miss Kitson, after a short pause, "that he forgot to give me something when I last saw him, and would he be good enough to post it to me at the Selsey post office?"

"Very good. I'll do that," said Harnett.

"Well—I think that's all, Harnett," concluded Dorothy Kitson. "You'll be sure to give him the message, won't you?"

"Quite sure, miss."

And two minutes later he was giving it.

SIR DAVID BELWORTHY was in a happy mood, and this not merely because he had shed his shabby suit and was dressed once more in respectable garb.

The splendid sun, travelling from east to west along its dazzling arc, crowned warmly the spirit of Sir David as he, too, travelled from east to west along the road to Selsey.

"I wonder," he thought, "whether she will expect me?"

He hoped she would. For that would almost imply sanction.

Someone was standing in his way. He looked up quickly, and met the eyes of Louise.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, relieved. "Are you still on your spying job?"

"Oui, m'sieur! Eet ees ze las' time. After zis, I give Miss Crewe ze notice!" replied the maid.

"Unless she finds out what a shocking bad spy you are, Louise," laughed Sir David, "and gives you notice first!"

Louise smiled rather wickedly.

"I am no good at zis game," she said.

"On the contrary, you are wonderful at it," he answered. "That story of the cigarette in the loft—it was sheer genius. I'm glad to have this opportunity to thank you. But, tell me, Louise—what made you do it?"

"I 'ave my reasons, Sair Daveed," she observed cryptically. "One of zem—pardon!—I prefaire not to tell you. But ze ozaire——" A slight color came into her face. "Pardon, encore! Per'aps I prefaire not to tell you zat, too!"

"Well, that's not very communicative," responded Sir David. "But I wonder whether I could guess one of the reasons? Shall I try?"

"Eef you like."

"Is one of them, then, to do with Mr. Harnett?"

"C'est bien possible," she admitted rosily. "I like to 'elp Mistaire 'Arnett."

"I wonder if he told you last night, when you met him by the water, that he was on the way to earn a hundred and fifty pounds?"

"One 'undred and feefty?" gasped Louise. "I sought eet was only one 'undred!"

"True—it was, when he spoke to you," said Sir David. "But he's earned another fifty since. It seems to interest you, Louise?"

"Eet does," she confessed, readily enough. "Ver' much."

"Shall I make it two hundred, on account of the way you helped me last night?"

"Oh, m'sieur! I mean, Sair Daveed!"

"I will make it two hundred."

"Zen I will make 'aste and earn eet some more," she exclaimed. "Leesten. I come to warn you. Monsieur Smith, 'ee wait some way up ze road. 'Ee sink you come zis way, and 'ee take wiz 'im 'is motor-bike! But you wait 'ere, please, and I go quick and tell 'im zat I see you go on ze road to Arundel. Zen 'ee will go zere, and ze road to somewhere else will be all right for you."

"But, when he doesn't overtake me," observed Sir David, "he will turn back."

"Mais, non! I see you on anozer motor-bike. You go so fast—like ze flash!"

"Louise, you are a genius! But, please tell me, how do I get a motor-bike?"

She looked at him, slightly scornful. Surely his mind was no less nimble than hers?

"Zat ees easy. 'Ow do you get zat new suit? You buy eet. You a millionaire, and can buy all ze sings you want. You need not worry. And, to get away from zis Monsieur Smith, you buy a motor bike."

Sir David looked at her with a smile of admiration. "As a matter of fact, it would not be a bad idea—only I happen to be in a mood for walking. Thank you many times. I will climb over that gate and smoke a cigarette. In fifteen minutes I will return to the road and resume my way to——"

"Nevaire mind zat," interposed Louise. "It is best zat I do not know."

"Right, as usual." He opened his cigarette-case, and, before taking a cigarette himself, held the case out to Louise. "You've earned it," he said. "This will turn your fiction, when you have smoked one of my cigarettes, into truth. Only, I think, Louise, you had better not let Lady Hilda see you smoking it, eh?"

"Merci," she answered, and took the cigarette.

As she walked away and Sir David climbed over the gate he came to the conclusion that Louise was pretty good at guessing.

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Fifteen minutes. He took out his watch. In five minutes he thought he heard the noise of a motor bike not far off. He took no risks, but smoked slowly for the full period, making the cigarette last exactly a quarter of an hour.

Then he rose from his green seat, brushed the leaves and twigs off his suit in deference to its newness, and climbed over the gate again back into the road.

There were no ominous signs. A hundred yards along the road he came to a turning on the right with a sign-post bearing the information:

"To Arundel."

He passed it with a smile.

The afternoon proved an afternoon of delight. The weather still held, and it seemed to Sir David as though the sun had come out to shine forever. A series of charming little villages led him into Bognor, where the lure of refreshment and the sight of the holiday crowds caused him to halt.

It was tea-time. Selecting the best shop he could find—an excellent shop, but very vastly inferior to the teashop in Littlehampton—he sank down into a comfortable chair and ordered tea—alas! —for one.

THE road from Bognor to Selsey is a most disturbing one to a man who is in a hurry, being more suited, both by its atmosphere and physical geography, to the mood of a philosopher who has tested life and learned the folly of haste.

He did not believe that Dorothy Kitson would be likely to call at the Selsey post office until the following morning—for, had he actually posted the bag on to her it could hardly have reached Selsey until the morrow—but he was not relying entirely on the post office for their next encounter.

He had not gone far across the pebbles before a familiar voice hailed him.

"Well, here's happy meeting!" cried the unmistakable voice. It was the voice of Joseph Todd.

"Good afternoon!" called Sir David, stopping. Perhaps this was the one man with whom even in his impatience he was willing to waste a few minutes. "I thought you were in Worthing!"

"That's where I ought to be," replied Mr. Todd, "but, as you see, I'm not."

"Hallo!" he exclaimed abruptly. "I'd forgotten the time. I've got to get back to the tent to cook the bacon. What about coming back and having a rasher with us? The kids'll be all over you."

But Sir David shook his head. In other circumstances nothing would have pleased him more, but even the jovial Mr. Todd had taken up all the time he felt willing to spare, and he expressed his graceful regrets.

"Well, I don't believe in pressing a fellow—never did!" sighed Mr. Todd. "But we'd like to have had you, all the same. Anyway," he chuckled, "it means all the more bacon for us, and stores are getting short."

They shook hands, and Sir David resumed his way towards Selsey across the pebbles. He soon made up for lost time, and as each step drew him nearer his destination he was once more assailed by the same almost boyish eagerness that had assailed him while waiting for Miss Kitson to arrive at the Littlehampton teashop.

Selsey was now very close. He completed the journey, searching everywhere. But luck was against him, and though he did not give up his search till late in the evening, haunting the little roads of Selsey, its beach and its bungalow settlements, he was forced at last to think of other matters and to recall that he was hungry.

He found a quite palatial hotel. Yes; they could give him a meal, but not a bed. It was the story of Littlehampton all over again, only slightly worse.

After dinner he wandered out again. It was a thrilling, though fruitless adventure. Every moment might bring him face to face with the only face he cared about; every corner might prove the gateway to paradise. Even though Fate played hide and seek with him on this soft evening, he did not feel so very bitter, for he knew that paradise was not far off, and that tomorrow he would find it.

In this mood he found himself in a lonely spot towards ten o'clock. He had tried several places for a bed, and had been politely and regretfully turned away from all. Suddenly he saw a long, dim shape loom out of a green corner.

It was a converted railway coach, but a very primitive one. In fact, it only appeared to be half a coach, for there were only three doors—two first-class and one third-class—and no attempt had been made to camouflage its origin.

The blinds were drawn in each compartment, and he would have passed it by had not an old lady suddenly opened the third-class door and popped her head out.

Sir David decided to chance it.

"I suppose you haven't one of your compartments to let for the night?" he asked.

The old lady put her fingers to her lips, and emerged.

"Ssh! My other lodger's asleep!" she whispered. "Yes, you can have that one, if you like."

She pointed to the end compartment. Evidently the other lodger occupied the middle.

"Splendid!" replied Sir David, lowering his voice in obedience to the conspiratorial atmosphere. "I believe it's the last corner left in Selsey."

"Well, you'll find it quite comfortable," smiled the old dame, "and I don't charge hotel prices."

"I'm sure the accommodation would be worth it if you did," answered Sir David. "Suppose I stroll to the beach for ten minutes while you get the—er—room ready for me?"

"That will do nicely, sir. I've only got to give the seat a brush. I expect you'll be wanting a little breakfast in the morning?"

"Can you manage it?" queried Sir David, doubtfully. He wondered what breakfast would be like at quarters where the bed only had to be brushed.

"Oh, yes, sir, if you won't be wanting much, and will take it with the other lodger."

"I'm not particular," nodded Sir David, realising that this was the only attitude to adopt. "I'll be back in ten minutes, then."

He strolled away, amused and by no means displeased.

The sea was but a short way off, murmuring on the other side of a low hedge. He wandered to its faintly-gleaming edge, smoked his cigarette, and then returned. His compartment was ready, but before turning in an impulse of curiosity caused him to walk once round the railway coach and view it from every angle.

And, at the back, he found a lady's bicycle.

Sir David stared solemnly at the bicycle for several seconds. It opened up possibilities most delicious. And while he stared at the bicycle, the old lady, emerging again from her door, stared at him.

"Does this belong to your other lodger?" asked Sir David, keeping his voice low.

"It does, sir," replied the old dame equally sepulchral. "I've given up ridin'."

"And—she's in there now?" He nodded towards the middle railway compartment.

"Ay—fast asleep, I reckon. She was tired."

Sir David pondered. Of course, it might be any lady's bicycle, but it looked vaguely familiar to him, and the circumstances all pointed in one direction. He longed to ask questions, but he did not wish to appear unduly curious.

He got to bed and turned out the lamp. Once when he moved he failed to recall the narrowness of his couch, and he swung his arm with a bump against the partition.

"Good heavens!" he thought. "I hope I haven't woken her up!"

He awoke at six. Amber light glinted through the streaks of window glass not obliterated by the blind, and his first impulse was to pull up the blinds—all of which he had discreetly lowered the night before—throw open the door, and run out to mingle with the golden morning.

Now someone else was moving. It was the old lady outside. People evidently got up early in railway carriages! Sir David craned his neck and caught sight of the old lady with something large and snowy in her hands. She stopped outside the window of the middle compartment and called through it:

"Quarter-past six, my dear! And here's the towel I promised you!"

"Thank you!" a voice called back.

"It is!" murmured Sir David, happily, and the sun became doubly golden.

And then Sir David's eyes added to the testimony of his ears—and he saw that it undoubtedly was!

"No wonder Miss Kitson was anxious to secure her parcel at Horsham," thought Sir David, as he watched his towel-robed secretary trip away towards the sea. "It contained, besides a charming blue dress, a bathing costume."

HE watched her till she had disappeared beyond the concealing bushes. The sea itself was hidden from his view.

"I suppose breakfast will be at eight?" thought Sir David.

That would give him an hour. He decided to follow Miss Kitson's own example, although it would mean dressing a second time, and take a before-breakfast dip.

In company with some half-dozen other early morning enthusiasts, Sir David bathed in the invigorating sea. He came out glowing, a wonderfully-improved man, and the improvement was maintained at his second toilet.

Without vanity, he reflected that he was distinctly more presentable this morning, fresh from a dip, and clad in a new seven-and-a-half-guinea suit, than he had been two days ago at Littlehampton; and the thought was quite an agreeable one as he strode back, promptly at eight, to the railway carriage.

He saw her in the distance, standing by a neat little breakfast table spread under a tree. Their hostess had chosen a charming spot for the simple meal. She looked up as he drew near, and smiled.

"Good morning, Miss Kitson," cried Sir David. "I hope you expected me?"

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HIS LADY SECRETARY

"Good morning, Sir David," she replied. "Yes, I did expect you. It may surprise you to know it, but you talk in your sleep!"

Breakfast in the open air is as different from breakfast under a roof as is new bread from stale.

Had there been spots upon the tablecloth on which Sir David Belworthy and Miss Dorothy Kitson leaned their elbows while waiting for the breakfast to appear, it is doubtful whether the spots would have been noticed. Had the butter been margarine, and the eggs a trifle aged, they would have been as nectar to the palate.

THE hours slipped by. Selsey became a dream city. They spent the morning idly strolling about, looking at the neat, new villas with neat, new gardens.

They sat on the beach, watching the people about them.

"Let's get a boat and examine the sea at close quarters," he suddenly suggested.

"Do you think we had better?" she asked.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Isn't everything proved to be an illusion at close quarters?"

"What an absurd idea!" he replied. "I know one thing, at any rate, that doesn't turn out to be an illusion when you get close to it."

"You suggested a boat," she interposed. "There's one over there."

Five minutes later they were on the water, rowing round the point. Away on their right the sea stretched in a blue, unbroken sheet to the horizon. On their left the sloping, pebbly beach reminded Sir David of his walk on the previous afternoon. Suddenly an impulse seized him.

"Have you any special place where you want to lunch?" he asked.

"Are we going to have lunch together?" she replied, innocently smiling.

Were they? Of course, they were! Though they were drifting through the day with neither settled plan nor programme, the one certain thing seemed to be that they should spend it in company.

"I thought we might pay a visit," said Sir David. "You remember that jolly family I spoke to you about in Littlehampton? The people who took me in their Ford car?"

"Yes, I remember. You said the man was an optimist because he could keep smiling while saddled with the name of Todd."

"That's right. Well remembered!" Had he known it, there was not an incident at Littlehampton or a word spoken at Littlehampton that Miss Kitson did not remember.

THE sea was smooth, and Sir David's arms were strong. To some, the journey might have been monotonous, for the sea never changed on one side, and the sloping pebbles never changed on the other; but the crew and the passenger of the good ship Jane were quite content, and it was almost with regret that they landed presently at the spot where Sir David had last met Mr. Todd.

Mr. Todd was not on the beach. They had little difficulty in tracking him to his tent, however, and their advent at the tent created such emotion that a pan of sizzling sausages nearly ended an appetising career in a bush.

"Mr. Belworthy!" cried the cook, delightedly. "Now, then, Willie, mind out what you're doing with that handle! Glad to see you, sir! I hope you've come to lunch?"

"I'm afraid I have," replied Sir David. "And I've brought a friend with me."

"The more the merrier!" exclaimed Mr. Todd, while the children gathered around, and a smiling woman, looking no longer tired, poked her head inquisitively out of the tent.

It was a noisy interlude in their day of quiet happiness, and it served, perhaps, to accentuate the peace that had preceded it and that followed it. Shortly after lunch, amid the expected protests, they took their departure and slid out into the sea again.

Their silences grew longer and their thoughts more wonderful. Sir David recalled with delight how the children had taken to Miss Kitson and how sweet she had been with them. And Dorothy was equally happy over her memory of this new aspect of her employer. A man who is popular with children has much to commend him.

"It's rather a pity we had to leave so early," said Dorothy, breaking one of the silences, "but I want to be sure the post office isn't closed, and you never know when they close at these country places."

"Yes. Why are you so keen to go to the post office?" asked Sir David. "You no longer have your bag as an excuse, since you had a special messenger to deliver that."

"I'm expecting another parcel," replied she.

It is not a long walk from Selsey beach to Selsey post office. The distance was soon covered. Suddenly Sir David felt a quick touch on his arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"My aunt—in the post office!" exclaimed Dorothy. "I've just seen her!"

Sir David frowned. What a nuisance people were! But his frown soon changed to a quick smile.

"Need that trouble us?" he inquired.

"Perhaps not. But—I'd rather meet her alone, if you don't mind. Will you go back to our—to the railway carriage, and wait for me there?"

Sir David did not ache to meet Dorothy Kitson's aunt.

"Very well," he agreed. "But don't be long. Because, you know, that serious mood is descending upon me, and—when you come—I shall have something very serious to say."

Almost as though his words frightened her, she slipped away from him, while Sir David himself slipped up a by-lane. In which act, as events proved, he showed a sad lack of vision.

Sir David Belworthy reached the green triangle, presided over by the decapitated railway coach, with a curious, pleasant sense of returning home.

Should he return to the post office? He almost decided to do so. What did her aunt matter now? What did anybody's aunt matter? He was in love with his secretary. He was going to marry her. Let them all hear it! It should be shouted from the housetops.

But he did not return to the post office because he realised that Dorothy Kitson's own ears must be the first to hear it, alone. Moreover, she had asked him to wait for her here. That was enough.

He returned to the tea-table, now fully set, and only awaiting the teapot.

"Will your friend be long?" asked the old lady.

"I hope not," answered Sir David, looking at his watch. "I expect her every minute."

He spoke confidently, but he was beginning to feel a little uneasy. Dorothy Kitson was evidently having some trouble with her aunt. He wandered aimlessly about, sat down at the table, got up again, and wandered about.

The minutes ticked by.

"I expect you wouldn't like to start your tea?" said the old woman.

"Of course I wouldn't," replied Sir David.

Five more minutes ticked by.

"I expect nothing could 'ave 'appened?" said the old woman.

"Of course nothing could have happened," growled Sir David.

Another five minutes went by. He had just risen to act upon his determination to return to the post office when a figure approached.

"Good lord!" he ejaculated.

It was not the figure of Miss Kitson. It was the figure of Mr. Alfred Smith!

FOR a moment Sir David almost saw red. The absence of Dorothy Kitson was bad enough, but the presence of Mr. Alfred Smith was worse. Alfred Smith appeared to be usurping the space that belonged to Miss Kitson.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Smith," said Sir David, ominously affable. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"I didn't think I'd be expected," replied Alfred Smith. "And you needn't pretend about the pleasure."

"Good. I won't," answered Sir David. "It'll save a lot of trouble."

Alfred Smith glanced at the tea-table, neatly laid for two, and a faint smile of triumph lit his face.

"I'm afraid one of those chairs will be vacant," he said.

"If you mean you are afraid I won't ask you to occupy it," returned Sir David, "it's a good guess."

"Oh—I didn't mean that."

"I'm glad. It would have been such a pity to disappoint you."

He paused, for a fraction of a second, as an able fencer might pause before an opponent whom he could touch at any moment. "You said you were engaged to Miss Dorothy Kitson."

It was the first definite thrust. Mr. Alfred Smith winced a little.

"Well, what of it?" he retorted.

"Do you mean to say that you are engaged?"

"Yes. In a way."

"In what way?"

"Well, it's understood between us, practically——"

"Mr. Alfred Smith," said Sir David, sternly, "you are not engaged to Miss Dorothy Kitson, and nothing whatever is understood between you. I have this from Miss Kitson's own lips."

"You're twisting my words," exclaimed the young man, flushing. "I don't mean to say that we are actually officially engaged——"

"And I mean to say that you never will be," returned Sir David blandly. "You are not very well able to see other points of view besides your own. I'm not accusing you of deliberate falsehood. But the fact remains that Miss Kitson is completely indifferent to your matrimonial ambitions."

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"Wait a minute, wait a minute," cried Alfred, his anger rising. "I'll speak about that later. But, first, I'd like you to answer a question of mine. Have you proposed to Miss Kitson?"

"No," retorted Sir David. "But I'll tell you something you ought to know, Mr. Smith. When I ask her, she's going to accept me."

"There you're wrong!" he cried, and drew a paper out of his pocket. "She'll do nothing of the sort. In the last half-hour she's changed her mind, and also her plans. And that's what I'm here to tell you about."

Sir David eyed the paper frowningly.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Read it," replied Alfred.

It was a local afternoon paper of the current date. Sir David took it, and glanced at the paragraph pointed out to him by Alfred's eager finger. It ran:

"We understand, from a thoroughly reliable source, that Sir David Belworthy, the well-known millionaire, who disappeared somewhat mysteriously from his London flat, is enjoying a holiday in Sussex. It will be recalled that quite recently his name was associated with that of a lady who holds a prominent place in society. This fact is of particular interest in view of the news than an engagement is imminent."

Sir David read the report through twice. He was utterly unable to account for it, being unconscious of the fact that an eager local journalist, owing to Lady Hilda's presence in Littlehampton, and a certain lack of reliable information, had put two and two together and made five. Enough for Sir David that the report had been published and that it had been produced by his triumphant rival.

"Well, what have you got to say about it?" asked Alfred.

"Nothing," replied Sir David, curtly, "exceeding to ask what use you've made of it."

"Use? Well, I like that!" exclaimed Alfred. "I made the obvious use of it. I'd arranged to meet Miss Beale, that's Dorothy's aunt, here at Selsey——"

SIR DAVID BELWORTHY'S back being thoroughly uncommunicative, Mr. Alfred Smith accepted its ungracious hint and departed.

Some ten minutes later, therefore, Mr. Smith was once more astride his motor cycle, chugging due north.

Meanwhile Sir David had also effected his departure from the little green pasture to which he had gone so blithely. He had merely waited for his unwelcome visitor to precede him, having no wish to travel even a few yards in that young man's company.

He reached Selsey's main road and made for the nearest telephone. He rang up Harnett.

"Any news?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Harnett, in a depressed tone. "Everything very quiet."

"Well, I didn't expect there would be, but I want you to do something for me—and quickly."

"Yes, sir," answered Harnett. His tone was considerably brighter.

"Take a taxi and go to Miss Kitson's house. You know it, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I took a packet of letters there once for you, when Miss Kitson was indisposed."

"Good! Go there, and find out whether Miss Kitson is expected back."

"Yes, sir."

"Her aunt, Miss Beale, is also away, and I want you to find out where she is if you can. She may have wired or something. You can say who you are and whom you're representing and that it's urgent. Anything you like. Only find out everything you can, and I'll ring you up again later."

"Very good, sir. I'll go off at once. Ought to be back in an hour, sir, if you'll ring up then."

"That's the first step," thought Sir David, as he left the telephone booth. "Now, what's the second?"

He was acting on the supposition that Miss Kitson was returning to London with her aunt, and as he could not formulate any second supposition, there did not appear to be any second step. But he could not remain inactive, and he spent the hour (or fifty minutes, to be precise—it was a short hour) wandering about the village vaguely searching.

He knew he could not come across Miss Kitson, but it eased his mind to feel that he was still continuing his search, however hopelessly, and was giving Chance every opportunity to help him.

Then he hurried to the telephone, and rang up Harnett again.

"Just got back, sir," replied Harnett, in a voice that suggested he was still puffing.

"Well, did you find out anything?" asked Sir David anxiously.

"Yes, sir, I did. I got on the right side of the maid, and she said a wire had been received from Miss Beale."

"Ah! What did it say?"

There was a short pause. Harnett was consulting his notes.

"Wire handed in at Selsey 4.10 p.m. Sent to Miss Naylor, the maid. It said, 'Arriving home on next train.'"

Sir David thought for a moment. Was Miss Beale travelling back to London alone or with her niece? Probably with her niece. That seemed the obvious solution, but the telegram made no mention of it, and Sir David did not want to return to London himself until he was quite sure he would find Miss Kitson there.

Sir David was very tempted to return to London and risk it. The thought of Alfred Smith, however, kept him back. Alfred was among those who had gone to Worthing on a false scent. He would chuckle most unpleasantly, with deserved triumph, if he turned the tables on Sir David and sent him also on a fruitless journey.

Sir David now had a good two or three hours to wait. He wondered how he could best fill in the time. As he left the booth a dawning idea was crystallised by the sight of a familiar car and a familiar figure driving it.

"Mr. Todd!" he called.

The car drew up with a jerk.

"Ah, I thought I might meet you!" exclaimed Mr. Todd. "Drove over to get some things and to suggest a ride."

"You really are a splendid friend," replied Sir David. "I need a ride badly. But it's a trifle longer than the one you have in mind, I'm afraid."

Mr. Todd looked at him sharply. "Well, it's not too long for me, wherever it is," he answered. "Jump in!"

"Can you manage Littlehampton?"

"Manage Paris if you like! Where's your friend?"

"I don't know, Mr. Todd," said Sir David simply.

"Don't know!" murmured Mr. Todd. "That's bad."

But he asked no questions. His was the sort of friendship that gave what it could and accepted what was given.

They spoke little on the journey, and only made one halt. That was at the Todds' camp, where the stores were delivered and the position explained. They ran through Bognor and reached Littlehampton at half-past six.

"Now where?" inquired Mr. Todd.

"Winterton's Hotel. Then a house called Holmdene. I'll tell you the way."

WHILE the Ford ploughed on, an event of considerable interest was occurring in the house called Holmdene, which formed its journey's end. Lady Hilda Lessington, seated at a desk, was reading a local paper, while Jack Stobart stood grimly by.

"Well—what about it, Hilda?" asked Stobart. "What does it mean?"

Hilda laughed. "Its meaning is quite clear, my dear man. It means that David and I are shortly to announce our tardy engagement." Jack Stobart growled. "Don't look so solemn, Jack. Don't you think it's time we did?"

"I wish you wouldn't joke about it, Hilda," he complained. "It's—it's perfectly unthinkable. Unless, that is—of course——"

He seemed so genuinely unhappy that she suddenly softened.

"Don't worry, old man," she said. "David and I are not going to be engaged, and I haven't the remotest idea how that paragraph has got into the papers."

"Ah!" he cried, with a look of relief. "Then, naturally, you'll deny it?"

"Certainly, I'll deny it. Give me a sheet of paper. Now, then, how shall we word it?"

She looked at him and he looked at her. Suddenly he grew bold and cried:

"I say, Hilda—I'll word it for you, if you'll let me. May I?"

"Fire away," she said. "You dictate and I'll write it down. After all, if David's got a secretary, why shouldn't you have one?"

"By Jove! why not?" he murmured, suddenly abashed again.

There was a long pause.

"Are you ever going to begin?" she demanded. "You'd better hurry, or I'll give you notice and find a better job."

He plunged:

"'We have to apologise for an error printed in our last issue. Owing to the unfortunate wording of a parapragh'—is that all right? I'm no good at writing—'it was made to appear—to appear—h'm—to appear——'"

"It's appeared three times," commented Hilda. "It's worse than an actress taking a call!"

"'——to appear,'" continued Stobart, "'that Sir David Belworthy was about to become engaged to Lady Hilda Lessington. We understand, from Lady Hilda herself, that this is not so, as—as—er'" he grey very red, but battled on—"'as she had just become engaged to the er—to—to——'"

"'To Mr. Jack Stobart,'" concluded Lady Hilda, calmly. "There, that'll do nicely, won't it?"

"Hilda!" he exclaimed in happy agitation. "You—you don't mean it?"

"Of course I mean it, Jack," she retorted. "I've meant it for weeks. And if I hadn't made you sit up and take notice by being a little extra friendly with dear old David—bless his long-suffering heart!—you'd have died an old bachelor, Jack, without a doubt!"

"I say—are you serious?" cried Jack. "Haven't you ever been fond of David?"

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"I've always been fond of David," she answered. "I've been fonder of him, I think, than he's ever been of me—but to marry a man under those conditions would be quite unthinkable. Though David and I are good pals, we're not cut out to marry each other. So you've nothing to worry about, Jack."

"And to think," he burst out, "I asked him to go away, so that I could have a chance with you!"

"You asked him to go away?" she exclaimed.

She stared at him. For a moment he thought she was angry, but she was not. She was merely astonished—a rare thing with her—and also, in a sudden flash, enlightened.

Now the whole story of David was clear to her, and in the midst of her happy conquest of Jack Stobart, she grew a little fonder, without dishonor, of Sir David Belworthy.

"Dear old David!" she murmured. "Rather sporting of him, wasn't it? And even when I nagged and worried him he never gave you away."

"Can't we forget the whole bang lot of them for just two minutes?" pleaded Jack.

But, as they were about to, the front door bell rang and Sir David was announced.

Sir David walked into the lions' den and found the lions tame. Indeed, no returned warrior could have grumbled at his welcome. The Fulhams, anxious perhaps to make amends, greeted him effusively. Jack Stobart gripped his hand warmly, Lord Byfleet hit him on the back, and there was a gracious warmth in Lady Hilda's eyes, which, in another mood, he would have been pleased to notice.

But the gracious warmth of Lady Hilda's eyes and the tameness of the lions generally held little immediate interest for him. He had come to Holmdene with one object, and beside that one object nothing else counted.

"You're going to stay, of course?" were almost Mildred Fulham's first words.

"I'm afraid not," replied Sir David, shaking his head, and drove straight to his point. "Has anybody here got any news of Miss Kitson?"

There was a silence. Sir David's blunt question and the manner of it suddenly introduced a new point of view—new, at least, to most of the inmates of the room.

"I see you haven't," proceeded Sir David. "May I use your telephone?"

"What's happened, David?" asked Lady Hilda. "You seem frightfully serious."

"I am. Miss Kitson was with me this afternoon at Selsey. She's disappeared."

"She was with you?" exclaimed Mildred. "Then——"

"I'm really chasing her? Yes, I am—this time. And when I find her I'm going to make her my wife." Hilda and Jack exchanged glances. "I thought perhaps my aunt might know something." He looked around. "Will you let her know I'm here, please? I'd like to speak to her."

"But you can't," exclaimed Mildred. "She went back to town yesterday."

"Did she? Well—what about Mr. Smith? Does anybody know anything about him?"

"You'll probably find him at the hotel," said the major.

"No—I've inquired on my way here. He's left."

"How frightfully mysterious!" burst out Mildred. "But you'll find her again, of course. How did she disappear?"

Very briefly, Sir David related the circumstances. His audience was entirely sympathetic. Once we have been let fully into a confidence, our prejudices vanish into thin air. For better or worse, we become participators; and, after all, the only real sin our neighbors can ever commit in our eyes is to leave us out.

"Probably she's returned to town with Miss Beale," concluded Sir David, "and that's why I'd like to telephone from here if I may."

The telephone was in the library, and thither Sir David went alone. Be it recorded, as a further symbol of the lions' tameness, there were no listeners at the door.

"That you, Harnett?" called Sir David, when he was connected.

"Yes, sir."

"I hardly expected you'd be back so soon. Well, what's your news?"

"Another telegram, sir."

"What! Haven't they returned? But, of course, they couldn't have. They'd not have had time. What did the telegram say?"

"'Not returning, after all.' Nothing more, sir."

"A pity, Harnett," he said at last. "But never mind. You've done well. Find out where the telegram was handed in if you can, in case I want to know it later. Meanwhile, that's all."

"Very good, sir. I—I hope you're not displeased with me, sir——"

"Displeased with you?" exclaimed Sir David. "What nonsense! I'm delighted with you! It's two hundred and fifty now."

In the middle of his gasp Harnett was rung off.

Sir David returned to the drawing-room.

"She's not in London," he reported, "and there doesn't seem any more to be done to-night. So, if you'll forgive me, I'll be off."

"Nonsense!" retorted the major. "You must stay to dinner."

"Don't press him," interposed Lady Hilda. "He'd ask to stay if he wanted to. But perhaps we could let him have a car if he wants one."

"I have one, thank you, outside," answered the millionaire. "A Ford."

A minute later he was gone, having supplied those he left behind with enough material for the whole of their evening conversation.

"Now where?" asked Mr. Todd, as his passenger climbed into the seat beside him.

"I want to get back to Selsey," said Sir David. "But if you drop me at your place that will do."

"No, it won't," retorted Mr. Todd indignantly. "What sort of a man do you take me for? I don't do things by halves."

Again on this ride there was not much conversation. Mr. Joseph Todd, burning with curiosity as he may justly have been, only asked one question.

"Found her?" he inquired.

"Not yet," answered Sir David.

"You will," said Mr. Todd.

If Sir David Belworthy needed a job, he could probably have got one without difficulty as a maker of maps, for he was beginning to know several South Coast roads very thoroughly. Mr. Todd knew them pretty well also, and, aided by his knowledge, he again made good time. It was only a quarter past eight when the car approached the Todd family camp.

"What about dinner?" asked Mr. Todd. "Take a bite with us?"

"Will you think me an ungracious boor if I refuse?" replied Sir David.

"Gee up, Dobbin!" answered Mr. Todd. "Of course not!"

The Dobbin geed up. Shortly after half-past eight, it stopped in the main thoroughfare of Selsey, and Sir David alighted.

"Expect I'll see you again some time or other," said Mr. Todd, as they shook hands. "You know where to find me. But, look here—suppose we don't bump into each other any more. The kids'll be awfully disappointed, you know."

"We must make it a special point, then, to go on bumping," replied Sir David, smiling.

"That's right. Still, I like to be on the safe side, so"—he fumbled with his inside pocket, and drew forth a case—"here's my card."

"Thank you very much," answered the millionaire. "And here's mine. You must all come along to tea some time."

Mr. Todd took the little bit of pasteboard and looked at it.

"Well—I'm blowed!" he exclaimed in astonishment. And indeed, he looked it.

Sir David had disappeared. It was quite two minutes before Mr. Joseph Todd turned the car and began the return journey.

"Well, all I can say is," he murmured, as he rattled away, "my opinion of millionaires has gone up!"

And so Mr. Joseph Todd, that useful and genial soul, passes out of our story, but that is only because our story has neared its end. He did not pass out of Sir David's life. Nor, for that matter, did several other of the minor characters who had formed incidents in Sir David's romantic journey, and were therefore for ever tinged with a golden glamor which time could not efface.

It was still light, though the light was beginning softly to fade, when Sir David Belworthy reached the little green pasture. He had one moment of bitter disappointment. Dorothy Kitson was not visible.

But the face of the old dame reassured him as she hobbled towards him, and her first words swept away his final doubts. "She's 'ad to wait longer than you did," she said, smiling almost reproachfully, "but girls always did 'ave more patience. You'll find 'er on the beach."

He waited to hear no more. Hastening to the hedge, he ran through the gap, and the next moment was looking hungrily into Dorothy Kitson's brown eyes. It was a little over five hours since he had last seen her. He told himself that it seemed more like five days.

For a few moments no word was spoken. Then he took her arm and led her a few paces away to a spot clear of pebbles.

"Let's sit down," he said. "We've got an awful amount to say to each other."

"I think we have," she agreed, and his heart bounded like a boy's at the sound of her voice again.

"Will you begin, or shall I?" he asked. "I think I'll ask you to. Why did you go off like that? Tell me what happened? I waited an eternity."

"I hoped you'd wait—just a little bit longer!" she responded.

"I would have, my dear, if Alfred Smith hadn't come along with his story."

"Yes, poor Alfred did rather interfere with things, didn't he? I had no idea he would come and see you. I thought that, when I had settled with him, he'd go off

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and not bother us again. I had an awful time, you know."

"Tell me about it," he said. "I've been none too happy myself."

"Well, it's really all quite simple," she answered. "I simply couldn't cope with the two of them—Alfred and my aunt, you know—but I felt I could get aunt on my side if only Alfred were out of the way."

"And Alfred's pretty hard to budge, isn't he?"

She gave him a half-comical look.

"He is. He's a terror! He swore that he would not leave until I had 'become reasonable,' as he put it, and, of course, that newspaper paragraph gave him a handle. My aunt accepted his interpretation of it, and so there was nothing left to do but to seem to agree with them."

"To seem to agree with them!" exclaimed Sir David, light beginning to break.

"Yes. They wanted me to go back to London with my aunt. I consented at last—there was no other way to shake Alfred off—and it was arranged that my aunt and I should travel on the next train, while Alfred should return on his motor cycle." Suddenly she smiled, rather wickedly. "I—I expect he's getting into London by now."

"Hooray!" murmured Sir David, smiling also. "I wonder he didn't invite you to go back in the sidecar."

"He did. But I barred that. And then there was my aunt. I said I couldn't dream of her travelling back all alone."

Sir David burst into laughter. "You're getting as cunning as I am!" he exclaimed. "Go on! This is rich!"

"I suppose it is rather funny—now. But I can't say I really enjoyed it at the time. As soon as we'd seen Alfred off we went to the station ourselves. I suppose Alfred changed his mind and thought he'd look you up first—"

"Well, you matched him there, for you also changed your mind, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't," she retorted, almost indignantly. "You don't really think, do you, that I—I would really have left you like that without a word?" She looked at him suddenly. "Did you think that?"

"I did think so for a while," he admitted. "You see, there was that newspaper paragraph. It put me in rather a queer light."

She looked away again. "Not to me," she said. "I knew you couldn't have behaved—as you were behaving—if there had been anything in it."

It was tempting moment. She had expressed her perfect faith in him. But still he delayed a little. Now that he was close up to his great happiness he became almost afraid of it.

"Well, anyway, Miss Kitson," he said—Miss Kitson. Must alter that!—"you didn't come back, you know. How could I help being worried? You haven't told me even yet what happened after Alfred left you."

"At the station, instead of going to the ticket office, I took my aunt into the waiting-room. And I told her——" she stopped suddenly and her cheeks flushed.

"What did you tell her, Dorothy?" he asked.

"That I wasn't going back to London."

"Yes, but what reason did you give her?"

It was a ruthless question, but he could not help himself. He would have given much to have overheard that conversation in the waiting-room of Selsey Station.

"There was an obvious reason, wasn't there?" she answered, after a pause. "I didn't want my holiday interfered with."

She shot him a challenging glance. There was a tinge of triumph in it. He accepted the challenge.

"That was a very good reason," he said. "It explained why you should not go home. But does it explain why your aunt should not go home?"

"How do you know she hasn't gone home?" she demanded.

"Come, come," he laughed. "You don't suppose I've been quite idle myself, do you? I have been in telephonic communication with London. My dear child, you don't know all the trouble you've given me."

"You could have saved all the trouble," she retorted, "if you had stayed here, and waited just a little longer."

"Perhaps I could. But I'm not made that way. When I really want a thing I grow wild and unreasonable, and the fear that I have lost it sends me chasing all over the country. I've been to Littlehampton and back since I last saw you."

"Not really?" she exclaimed, with round eyes. "No wonder I waited and waited! It has been a funny game of hide-and-seek, hasn't it? Whatever made you think I'd go to Littlehampton?"

"I didn't think it. But, as I have said, one grows wild and unreasonable. I tried everything. But they knew nothing of you there——"

"They? Who?"

SUDDENLY he recalled that Dorothy knew nothing about the Littlehampton house-party and of the completeness of the hue and cry that had been raised. He had kept that from her.

Now the moment had come for confession; and, while the dim little waves laughed up to them, he recounted the story, making her smile now when once she would have been alarmed. When he had finished she asked him why he had not told her all this before, at Littlehampton.

"Because it did not seem necessary," he answered her. "You see, Dorothy——"

"Have I given you permission?"

"Yes, a hundred times! I insist on calling you Dorothy! Now, what was I saying? You have interrupted me, Dorothy."

"You were explaining why you did not tell me about all the people who were chasing us," she reminded him.

Sir David edged an inch closer; and they had not been very far apart before he edged.

"So I was. I didn't think it necessary to worry you, and I was also afraid of frightening you. Why, you might have been scared into oblivion!"

"I very nearly was," she reminded him.

"But, thank heaven, not quite! Please, never be almost scared into oblivion again! During the last few hours you disappeared utterly into a void. I telephoned to London, as I was telling you, and, with the assistance of Harnett, I learned of your aunt's two telegrams. The first said she was returning home. The second said she was not."

"I see. That explains how you know she didn't go back."

She smiled faintly, but her eyes were as serious as his, and he noticed that the white silk sleeve nearest to him was fluttering a little. And there was no breeze.

"I love you, Dorothy," he said. "You mean more to me than anything else in the world. Millions of men have said the same thing to millions of women, and they have been just as sincere, and have probably said it a great deal better. But if you can believe in my own sincerity, that is all I care about. I dare say you've sometimes thought me a bit gay and irresponsible——"

"No—never that," she interposed in a low voice.

"Haven't you? Well, I'm glad. But I feel that I have been gay and irresponsible, and that the only way to happiness now is to grip hold of life itself, to take it seriously—and—and—to begin to build something."

"What do you want to build, David?" she asked; and now, for an instant, his own sleeve fluttered.

"Anything—I don't care!" he exclaimed. "Provided you help me to set the bricks."

"You know I will."

And now it was impossible to reduce the inches between them, because there were none.

At last they rose, and walked slowly back to the old dame, who was perhaps the most patient of the trio. For she was waiting, not for life, but for the end of life, and could still smile while she waited.

"I understand the young lady's goin' to sleep in the town," she said to Sir David, in a quaint, businesslike fashion, "but I thought maybe you'd be staying, and that you'd both like a bite o' cheese and a glass o' milk before you see her back?"

It was another alfresco meal, but this time a lamp did duty for the sun.

They supped beneath the tree under which they had breakfasted, while moths flitted in and out of the light, obeying in their strange way the same impulse that he and she were obeying, but with less happy fates in store.

"Did you ever taste such cheese?" exclaimed Sir David.

"Did you ever drink such milk?" replied Dorothy Kitson.

An hour later Sir David Belworthy stood on the little strip of pebbly beach and smoked a good-night cigarette, watching the sea.

The sea was no longer black, for the moon was rising, and in its light the cigarette smoke curled into visible shapes.

One shape was the shape of the bus conductor who had taken his fare at the start of the journey. Another was of the tramp who had demanded a light and had been staggered by the splendor of the match-box.

Here was an innkeeper, scratching his head over the sudden departure of his guest. And here was a veritable ragamuffin, cheekily telling lies outside the Horsham post office, in a golden cause!

One by one, in filmy procession, the characters floated before him. Particularly prominent were the faces of a solemn, long-suffering butler, and of a merry man with a Ford car and a band of merry children.

"If we can build as well as he is building," thought Sir David, "we shall surely earn our seats in heaven!"

Lastly, in that procession, yet never really absent from it, came the face of Dorothy Kitson through the curling smoke. And this face he carried back with him when he turned at last and left the silvered sea.

"Good night!" he said to the old dame.

"Good night, sir!" she replied.

And perhaps she, too, had been dreaming.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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SLIM *Fitting* FROCK

By Anny Blatt, World-famous Continental Designer

VERY neat collar treatment and attractive embroidered chevrons at hem and on bodice.

Delightful knitted in soft green with chevrons in the same color and belt and collar in contrasting tone.

Materials Required: 21oz. 4-ply Ramada super fingering wool, shade 7590 (light green mixture), 1 medium crochet hook, 9 press studs, 2 hooks and eyes, 1 belt and small piece of velvet to face collar, 29 inches petersham for waist.

Knitting Pins: 1 pair No. 11 Viyella pins.

Measurements: Width all round bottom, 40 inches; length from waist to bottom, 32 inches; length from waist to shoulder, 15½ inches, sleeve seam, 18 inches.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch, 11 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st.-st., stocking-stitch; d.c., double crochet.

Note: The dress is knitted throughout in st.-st., i.e., 1 row k., 1 row p., with moss-stitch underwrap at waist and shoulder.

K. into back of all cast on sts.

SKIRT

Back: Cast on 180 sts. Work 28 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of next and every 14th row until 144 sts. remain on pin, and work measures 25½ inches.

Decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of every 10th row until work measures 27½ inches.

Cast on 5 sts. at end of a k. row, and work these 5 sts. in moss-st. for underwrap.

Continue, still decreasing 1 st. each end of every 10th row (at underwrap end, these decreasings must come inside moss-st. edge) until skirt measures 32 inches (137 sts. on pin).

Cast off.

Front: Work exactly as back until 27½ inches be worked, then cast on 5 sts. at the beginning of a k. row for underwrap and finish as back.

BODICE

Back: Cast on 117 sts. **1st Row:** K. 112, moss-st. 5 (for underwrap).

2nd Row: Moss-st. 5, p. 112.

Repeat these 2 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row for 29 rows (at underwrap end, these increasings must come inside moss-st. edge).

Cast off 5 moss-sts., and continue in st.-st., still increasing every 8th row until work measures 9 inches from cast on (134 sts. on pin).

Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

K. 2 tog. at the beginning of the next 8 rows.

Continue until armhole measures 6 inches, measured straight up, not round, armhole.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

Front: Cast on 125 sts. Work as back (reversing moss-st. underwrap, thus: **1st Row:** Moss-st. 5, k. 120) until armhole shaping be reached. Cast off 10 sts. beginning of next 2 rows, k. 2 tog. beginning of next 12 rows (110 sts. on pin).

Continue until armhole measures 6½ inches, measured straight up, not round, armhole.

Shape Neck: On front of work, k. 44, cast off 22, k. 44, turn, and work on these 44 sts.

*Cast off 8 sts., p. to end of row, turn. Cast off 4 sts., k. to end of row, turn, *. Repeat * to * twice, cast off. Join in wool on p. side of work to remaining sts. left unworked. * Cast off 4 sts., p. to left unworked. * Cast off 4 sts., p. to end of row, turn, cast off 8 sts., k. to end of row, turn, *.

Repeat * to * twice, cast off.

TURN OVER FLAP FOR NECK

Cast on 4 sts., k. to end. * Cast on 4 sts., p. to end, turn, k. to end, *.

Repeat * to * until 12 sts. are on pin, ending on a k. row. Break wool.

Make another piece to match, reading k. rows for p., and p. rows for k. End on a k. row.

Next Row: P. 12, cast on 22, p. 12 (first piece) (46 sts. now on pin).

Work 2 rows, then cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until all sts. are worked off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 48 sts. and increase 1 st. each end of every 10th row until sleeve measures 18 inches (86 sts. on pin).

Shape Sleeve: Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

K. 2 tog. at the beginning of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of every row until all sts. are worked off.

LEFT SHOULDER (Back and Front)

Pick up 32 sts. (for underwrap). Work 5 rows moss-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press pieces well on wrong side, using damp cloth and hot iron.

To Embroider the Chevrons (back and front alike): Find centre bottom of skirt, and mark with white tacking cotton, running thread up skirt for 9 inches. Fasten off.

Now divide each side of this centre into 3 equal parts, and mark each part as the centre was marked.

Using same wool as skirt, join a thread about 1 yard long at side of skirt at cast on edge and working in stem-st. embroider in a diagonal line to first white thread; this line should finish 2 inches above cast on; now work diagonally down to next white thread at cast on edge; repeat this all along, keeping stitching quite loose so as not to pucker.

Work 3 rows of stitching close together, then another 3 rows 1 inch higher up.

Repeat until 7 chevron lines are worked. At bottom of skirt, work 1 small chevron in space.

To Embroider Chevrons on Bodice (front and back alike): Find centre neck and run a thread down for 5 inches. Divide each side of this thread in half and run another thread down each piece, thus front is divided into 4 portions.

Join wool at armhole edge 2 inches from shoulder cast off, and work stem-stitch in diagonal line to 1 inch below neck edge. 1st thread, work down in diagonal line to next thread 3 inches from neck edge, then up again to next thread 1 inch from neck edge and down again to armhole 2 inches from shoulder cast off. Work 2 more rows of stem stitch below this row and 1 on commence another 3 rows 1 inch below this row, and a third row 1 inch below that row.

CAROL: Extremely smart knitted frock with embroidered chevrons on yoke and at hem.

Fill in the space below the chevrons with two smaller chevrons (see picture), keeping bottom of all chevrons in a row.

Thoroughly press work.

Sew up side seams of skirt, leaving underwraps free. Sew up sides of bodice, leaving underwrap free. Sew up right shoulder and 1 inch of left shoulder seam.

Sew sleeve seams and set sleeves into armholes.

Sew bodice to skirt.

Turn under front underwraps and sew down, finish waist with petersham to fit wearer's waist.

Sew hooks to petersham and press studs to underwraps. Sew press studs to underwrap on shoulder. Work 1 row of d.c. round bottom of skirt and sleeves. Sew turnover flap to neck, stitching from shoulder to shoulder, with p. side of st.-st. uppermost. Face this flap with velvet to tone, or contrast. Belt and flap should match in color.

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ULTRA-SMART—A BLACK JACKET!

By Air Mail from Margaret Eton, Notable Australian Designer

WIDELY known for her splendid knitwear designs, Margaret Eton is now abroad studying the latest London and Continental designs. This and the two following were specially created by her for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Black knitted jackets are the rage in Paris. This model has the new heel shoulders and is embroidered with gay floral motifs.

KATRINA: The smartest jacket yet designed—a Margaret Eton special. Knitted in soft black wool and embroidered in wool or felt floral motifs in bright colors. The heel shoulders are flattering, and the waistcoat effect in front is essentially trim.

Materials Required: 8oz. "Paton & Baldwins" 4-ply wool (black). 1 pr. No. 11 needles. 8 buttons. Felt or embroidery wool in shades of purple, puce cerise, mustard, blue and olive green. Felt for trimming is obtainable at the embroidery counter of most stores. If desired the motifs can be executed in lazy-daisy-stitch, flowers in wool in the above colorings. The buttons are covered with the knitted fabric.

Measurements: Length of coat from underarm, 10 inches. Length of coat from shoulder to bottom of peak, 18 inches. Length of sleeve from underarm, 18 inches. To fit 32-34-inch bust.

Tension: 14 rows to 1 inch. 6 stitches to 1 inch.

Knit into the back of all cast on stitches. Slip the first and purl the last stitch in every row.

Mark all increasing and decreasings with a colored wool.

THE FRONT (both alike)

Cast on 2 stitches. Knit into the back of these. Knit twice into both stitches.

Next Row: Knit, knitting twice into the 2nd and 2nd last stitch.

Next Row: Knit, knitting twice into the 2nd stitch.

Repeat the last two rows until the stitches number 26.

Next Row: Cast on 22 stitches. Knit into the back of these and across the needle.

Next Row: Knit, knitting twice into the 2nd stitch. Repeat the increasing at this end.

Next Row: Knit.

Repeat last two rows 7 times.

Continue without further increasing until the rows from the cast on stitches number 42, at the opposite side from the shaped side, knit twice into the 2nd last stitch.

Repeat the increasing at this end every 10th row until there are 8 increasings.

Continue until the work measures 10 inches from the cast on stitches.

Next Row: At the same end as the 8 increasings, cast off 12 stitches for the armhole, and continue the shaping by knitting 2 tog. at this end every 4th row 3 times.

To shape for the rever, at the 4th row from the cast off stitches, and on the opposite side, knit 10. Knit twice into the next stitch, and continue to end. Repeat the increasing at this point every 6th row until there are 10 increasings. When 72 rows from the armhole cast off stitches are knitted, cast off 30 stitches at the centre front for the rever. Continue to end.

Knit 20 rows with this number of stitches.

Next Row: At the armhole end, cast off 10 stitches. Knit to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Repeat last two rows and cast off.

THE BACK

Cast on 80 stitches, knit into the back of each stitch. Knit 32 rows. Increase 1 stitch each end of the next and every 10th row until the work measures 10 inches. Cast off 10 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows and continue without further decreasing until the work measures 7 inches from the cast off stitches. Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next 4 rows and cast off.

THE SLEEVE

Cast on 56 stitches. Knit into the back of each stitch, knit 4 inches. Increase 1 stitch at each end of the next and every succeeding 10th row until there are 17 increasings. When the work measures 18 inches cast off 12 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows. Decrease 1 stitch each end of every 10th row 5 times, and when 70 rows from the cast off stitches are knitted, cast off 18 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows. Knit the remaining 20 stitches for 26 rows. Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all the pieces on the wrong side with a hot iron and damp cloth. Join the shoulder seams, starting from the 15th cast off stitch of the rever. Pick up the stitches round the neckline to the 15th stitch on the other side. Knit 28 rows and cast off.

Pick up the 14 stitches down the edge of the collar. Knit 2 rows garter and cast off.

Join the sleeve seams and the top of the sleeve to form a "heel." Put in the sleeves seam to seam, they fit exactly. Stiffening of tailors' canvas cut to fit can be sewn round the top of the sleeve if so desired.

If covered buttons are preferred, cast on 20 stitches, knit in stocking-stitch for 10 inches. Cover with the wrong side of the knitting showing.

TO MAKE THE FLOWERS

Cut the pieces of felt into circles ¼ inch diameter. Sew by using black wool and catch through the centre of each. Sew in clusters as in illustration. Finish by making "leaves" in lazy-daisy-stitch in bright green, or if embroidery is desired, small flowers in lazy-daisy-stitch are effective.

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For AFTERNOON WEAR

Another Enchanting Design by Margaret Eton

THIS model was made in Paton and Baldwin's "Harlequin" wool, and finished with a folk belt. High shoulder treatment, graceful neck, and simple lines to the skirt—really a most delightful frock for afternoon wear.

The folk belt is designed to be made in jade-green, puce, black, and grey wool, but you may make it in any other colors you prefer.

Materials Required: 25oz. "Harlequin" wool; 1 pair No. 7 needles; Petersham banding to fit the waist.

3 hooks and eyes.

Lining to tone for the shoulder padding.

Abbreviations: K., knit; tog., together.

Measurements: Length of skirt, 29 inches; length of bodice from waist to underarm, 8½ inches; length of sleeve to shoulder seam, 24 inches; length of sleeve to underarm, 18 inches; width of skirt round bottom, 48 inches; to fit 32-34-inch bust.

Tension: 4½ stitches to 1 inch. 6 rows to 1 inch.

THE SKIRT FRONT

Cast on 108 stitches. Knit into the back of each stitch. Knit 2 rows garter-stitch. Continue in stocking-stitch until the work measures 10 inches.

Next Row: Knit 2 tog. at the beginning and end of the next row. It is advisable to mark all decreasings with a colored wool to avoid errors. Continue decreasing each end of every 6th row until the decreasings number 13. Knit 6 rows. The work should measure 24 inches and the stitches number 82. The skirt is 29 inches when finished. If a longer skirt is desired add the extra length here by continuing to knit to the desired length without further decreasing, i.e., if a skirt of 32 inches is required, knit 3 inches from this point and continue with the directions.

Knit 4 rows.

Next Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 21, k. 2 tog., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 21, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 20, k. 2 tog., k. 28, k. 2 tog., k. 20, k. 2 tog., k. 1. Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 19, k. 2 tog., k. 26, k. 2 tog., k. 19, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 18, k. 2 tog., k. 24, k. 2 tog., k. 18, k. 2 tog., k. 1. Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: K. 1, k 2 tog., k. 17, k. 2 tog., k. 22, k. 2 tog., k. 17, k. 2 tog., k. 1. Knit 3 rows.

Cast off according to the waist measurement; normal casting off makes it 14 inches, a waist measurement of 28 inches.

The back is knitted like the front.

THE BODICE FRONT

Cast on 70 stitches. Knit into the back of each stitch. Knit 1 row. Knit twice into every 6th stitch, making the stitches No. 80. Continue with this number until the work measures 8½ inches. Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows. Knit 3 rows and knit 2 tog. each end of the 4th row. Knit 3 rows and repeat the decreasing.

Continue without further decreasing until the work measures 7½ inches from the cast off stitches. Cast off.

THE BODICE BACK

Cast on 60 stitches. Knit into the back of the stitches. Knit 1 row. Knit twice into every 6th stitch, making the total 70. Continue in garter-stitch until the work measures 7½ inches. Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows. Continue without further decreasing until the work measures 7½ inches. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 34 stitches. Knit into the back of each stitch. Knit 2 rows in garter-stitch. Continue in stocking-stitch for 4 inches. Increase 1 stitch each end of every 6th row until the stitches number 54. Continue with this amount until the work measures 18 inches. Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows. Knit 4½ inches without further decreasing; the stitches should number 38.

Next Row: K. 9, k. 2 tog., k. 16, k. 2 tog., k. 9.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K. 9, k. 2 tog., k. 14, k. 2 tog., k. 9.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K. 9, k. 2 tog., k. 12, k. 2 tog., k. 9.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

*Knit 2 tog. at the beginning and end of the next row.

Next Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 8, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Repeat row marked *.

Next Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Repeat row marked *.

PRISCILLA: Simply delightful for smart afternoon wear. Knitted in knobbly wool and finished with a folk belt in contrasting colors.

LEFT: A close-up of the belt.

Next Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

TO MAKE UP

Press all the pieces on the right side with a hot iron and damp cloth.

The garment is made up with the wrong side of the material to the outside. Join the right side seam and the left to within 3 inches from the top. Join the side seam of the bodice, leaving 2 inches on the left side for the opening. Join the shoulders, starting from the armhole end until the join measures 2½ inches. Join the sleeve seams and put the sleeves in seam to seam and they fit exactly.

Make the sleeve padding by sewing a pad of cotton wool 5 inches in length and tapered at the ends into a piece of lining. Sew this round the armhole, starting 2½ inches from the shoulder seam at the back and finishing 2½ inches from the shoulder seam at the front.

Join the bodice to the skirt, easing the front into the skirt front and joining bodice side seam to skirt side seam.

The banding is finished with hooks and eyes, and is sewn round the waist at the join of the bodice and skirt; this is merely to take the weight of the skirt off the shoulders.

BELOW: Diagrams (1) showing design of belt and (2) showing where to place colors.

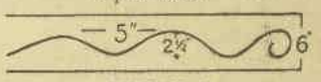

DIAGRAM 1.

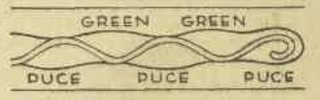

DIAGRAM 2.

The side opening can be finished with a zipp fastener or press studs.

THE "FOLK" BELT

This belt is quickly made and remarkably effective.

(Continued on Page 5.)

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EXOTIC CHARM *in a* NEW NECKLINE

Another Margaret Eton Model

KNITTED in beige bouclet wool with rings in tomato and black wool. Notice the new neck treatment—exotic, up-to-the-minute, and definitely flattering.

Wear this jumper for special occasions—and you'll look your loveliest!

IRIS: Something very special in knitted jumper-blouse. The charming neck treatment, softly-gathered yoke pieces held in place with wool-covered rings is very new and especially flattering to the wearer. Make it in beige with rings in tomato and black wool.

Materials Required: 10oz. Paton and Baldwin's Super Bouclet wool. 1 pr. No. 10 needles.

Tension: 9 rows to 1 inch. 5 stitches to 1 inch.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to bottom, 21 inches. Length from underarm to bottom, 13 inches. Length of sleeve from underarm, 18 inches. To fit 32-34-inch bust.

Abbreviations: K., knit; pl., plain; pr., purl.

THE FRONT

Cast on 81 stitches, knit into the back of each stitch.

Next Row: K. 3, pl. 3, pr. to end, ending with 3 pl. Continue this for 4 inches.

Next Row: K. twice into the 2nd and 2nd last stitch, repeat this, increasing every 10th row 6 more times. When the work measures 12 inches knit 2 tog. each end, every row until all the stitches are used up.

Starting from the top of the peak, pick up the stitches down the slant (to do this successfully, use the needle as you would a crochet hook, pick up a stitch, put the wool over the needle and bring the stitch through), these should number 56.

Next Row: * * purl.
Next Row: Plain.
Repeat last two rows.
Next Row: Plain.
Next Row: Purl.
Repeat last two rows.

Cast off 12 stitches at the beginning of the next row for the armhole and continue from * * until there are 6 bars of plain rows and 6 bars of purl rows on the front of the work.

With the front of the work facing you, cast on 20 stitches. Knit into the back of these and continue as before until there are 5 more bars of purl knitting and 6 bars of plain knitting on the front of the work.

Knit 7 rows garter-stitch and cast off.

☆

THE LEFT SIDE

Pick up the stitches from the lower end of the slant, they should number 56, cast on 20 stitches, knit into the back of these, and continue in purl across the needle.

Next Row: Plain.
Next Row: Purl.
Next Row: Plain.
Next Row: Plain.
Next Row: Purl.
Next Row: Plain.

Cast off 12 stitches at the beginning of the next row and finish the pattern. Continue as in the other half until there are 6 bars of plain and 6 bars of purl on the front of the work. At the centre front, cast off 20 stitches and continue with alternating bars of plain and purl until there are 5 more bars of purl and 6 bars of plain. Knit 7 rows garter-stitch and cast off.

THE BACK

Cast on 81 stitches, knit into the back of each stitch. Knit 3 pl., 3 pr. for 4 inches.

Next Row: Knit twice into the 2nd and 2nd last stitch. Repeat this increasing every 10th row until there are 7 increasings. When the work measures 13 inches, cast off 10 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows. Continue without further decreasing until the work measures 7 inches from the cast off stitches.

Knit 7 rows garter-stitch and cast off to measure 14 inches when stretched.

THE SLEEVE

Cast on 45 stitches, knit into the back of each stitch. Knit 3 pl., 3 pr. for 5 inches.

Next Row: Knit twice into the 2nd and 2nd last stitch.

Repeat this increasing at both ends every 10th row until there are 9 increasings. Continue with this amount of stitches until the work measures 18½ inches.* Cast off 10 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows, continue the shaping by knitting 2 tog. each end every 4th row 4 times. Knit 14 rows without decreasing, then knit 2 tog. each end every 2nd row until the stitches number 14 and cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the pieces on the wrong side with a hot iron and damp cloth. Press the top thoroughly but the bottom only lightly. Gather the tab pieces of the yoke with a running stitch down the edge of the centre-front, making a stitch at the plain bars and leaving the purl bars to come up in raised fashion.

To join the shoulders, count 7 bars of plain knitting on the wrong side from the armhole; at this point join to outer edge of back, then *

*Point, meaning the 7th bar of plain knitting from the armhole. Join the remainder of the front armhole across the back shoulder as in illustration.

Join the sleeve seam and put in seam to seam—they fit exactly. To make the rings, wind 10 thicknesses of wool round 4 fingers, and put two rows of single crochet round this.

FOLK BELT DIRECTIONS

Continued from Page 4

Materials Required: 1oz. each four different colored wools, 4-ply. The model was executed in black, grey, puce, and jade green. 1 piece of hessian 36 inches by 6 inches. 1-8 yard lining. 1 buckle.

The belt is 3 inches wide when finished. Draw a line down the centre of the hessian as in diagram 1. Using four thicknesses of the grey wool, embroider in chain-stitch, making the stitches ¼ inch long, on the line you have just drawn. Put a line of black on each side of the grey, then a line of grey on each side of the black. Fill in the remainder of the curves with green and puce alternately as in diagram 2. Trim off the hessian round the edge, leaving ½ inch to turn in. Turn this in and work another row of black round the whole belt. Cut to fit the waist, and slip-stitch the lining into place. Finish with the buckle covered in wool, button-stitched round.

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SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

A handknit Jumper blouse with frilled white vestee and cuffs

YOU will love this. Full sleeves gathered to the wrist and a high neck are cosy and most attractive for winter wear.

The little vestee in white and the knitted frills at the wrist strike new notes in knitting charm.

Another new idea appears in the plaited wool finish at the neck, round the waist, and bordering the cuffs.

☆

PAULA: A new idea in knitting charm—a blouse made in dark blue wool and finished with a white vestee and cuffs, and a touch of scarlet in the plaited finish at the neck, waist, and cuffs. Ideal for winter afternoon wear.

Materials: 9oz. of dark blue, 3oz. of white and 2oz. of red Lincoln Mills "Daphne" wool, 2-ply. The thread is to be taken double. Two knitting needles No. 10.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge; front, 23in.; back, 22½in.; width below arms, 35½in.; length of sleeve along seam, 22in.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; wl. fwd., wool forward and around the right needle. Into back of st., insert needle into the back part of stitch from right to left and work it off as usual.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 128 stitches, which should measure 16½in. Knit into the back of all newly-cast-on stitches. Then proceed with the pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side of work): * P. 2, k. 3, wl. fwd., k. 1, wl. fwd., k. 3. Repeat from *, ending row with p. 2.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): * K. 2, p. 2 tog., p. 1 (k. 1 into the back of the stitch, which is the wool forward of the previous row), p. 1 (k. 1 into back of st.), p. 1, p. 2 tog. Repeat from * ending row with k. 2.

3rd Row (right side of work): * P. 2 (k. 1 into back of st.), k. 2, wl. fwd., k. 1, wl. fwd., k. 3. Repeat from * ending row with p. 2.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows throughout to form the pattern, being careful to keep the continuity of pattern whilst decreasing and increasing.

11th, 20th, 29th, 38th, 47th, and 56th Rows: Decrease one on each side.

At the end of the 56th row there are 116 stitches on the needle and the work measures 5½ inches. The waist line has now been reached.

57th, 67th, 77th, 87th, 97th, 107th, 117th, 127th, 135th, and 143rd Rows: Increase one on each side.

In the 145th row the front measures 14½ inches and the front opening begins. There are 136 stitches on the needle. Divide them into two equal parts and work each one separately.

RIGHT HALF

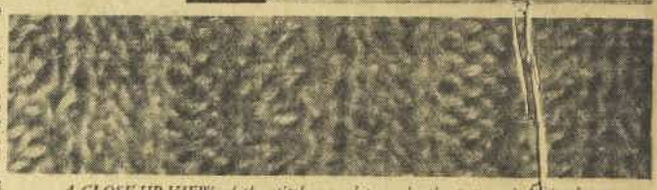
145th, 146th, 147th and 148th Rows: Decrease one on the centre edge.

149th Row: Decrease one on the centre edge and increase one on the outer edge.

151st Row: Decrease one on the centre edge.

155th Row: Increase one on the outer edge.

In the 157th row the work measures 15½ inches. Shape armholes.



A CLOSE-UP VIEW of the stitches used to make the pattern in this charming jumper blouse.

157th, 158th and 159th Rows: Cast off 5 stitches on the armhole side.

161st, 162nd, 163rd and 165th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on the armhole side.

181st, 185th, 189th, 193rd, 196th, and 199th Rows: Increase one on the centre edge.

In the 201st row the front measures 19½ inches and the neckline begins. Cast off 3 stitches on the neck side and increase one on the armhole side.

202nd and 203rd Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the neck side.

205th Row: Decrease one on the neck side and increase one on the armhole side.

206th and 207th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side.

209th Row: Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side and increase one on the armhole side.

210th and 211th Rows: Cost off 1 stitch on the neck side.

213th Row: Decrease one on the neck side and increase one on the armhole side.

217th Row: Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side.

221st Row: Shape shoulder. Cast off 3 stitches on the shoulder side and 1 stitch on the neck side.

222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st and 232nd Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the shoulder side.

The left half is worked in the same manner except that the decreases and increases are reversed.

BACK

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 119 stitches, which should measure 16 inches. Proceed with pattern as given above.

11th, 20th, 29th, 38th, 47th and 56th Rows: Decrease one on each side.

At the end of the 56th row there are 107 stitches on the needle, and the back measures 5½ inches. The waist line has been reached.

57th, 67th, 77th, 87th, 97th, 107th, 117th, 127th, 135th, 143rd, 150th and 156th Rows: Increase one on each side.

At the end of the 156th row there are 131 stitches on the needle and the work measures 15½ inches. Shape armholes.

157th 158th and 159th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

161st, 162nd, 163rd, 165th, 166th and 167th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

(Continued on Page 7).

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SO DAINTY—

Cami-Knickers in Lace Stitch

WARMTH without bulk and a new loveliness for woollen lingerie. Make it in pastel shades—pale pink, green, or blue. The model was knitted in pale blue silversheen wool.

Finish yoke and make shoulder-straps of matching ribbon.

CAMI-KNICKERS. Knitted in the prettiest lace-stitch. Cosy, warm, and charming for winter. Fits neatly into the waist and eliminates unnecessary fullness in the skirt, thus giving warmth without bulk. Below: A close-up of the stitch used.

Materials: 7 (2oz. skeins) "Beehive" silversheen (original uses pale blue, H912). A pair No. 11, a pair No. 8 "Beehive" knitting needles. 2½ yards of ribbon.

Measurements: Length, 23 inches; bust, 32 inches (this is the actual measurement and will stretch to fit up to bust 36 inches).

Tension: 7 stitches to an inch.

Pattern: 1st Row: Knit. **2nd Row:** Purl. Repeat these 2 rows once.

5th Row: K. 3, * k. 2 tog., make 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 5, repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. **6th Row:** Purl. **7th Row:** As 5th row. **8th Row:** Purl. **9th Row:** Knit. Repeat last 2 rows once, then 8th row again.

13th Row: K. 3, * k. 5, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. **14th Row:** Purl. **15th Row:** As 13th row. **16th Row:** Purl.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 8 needles, cast on 116 stitches.

1st Row: Knit to end (not into backs of stitches); cast on 10.

2nd Row: Purl to end; cast on 10. Repeat these 2 rows once.

5th Row: As 5th row of pattern given above, but end k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, cast on 10. **6th Row:** Purl; cast on 10. **7th Row:** As 5th row of pattern (176 stitches now on needle; no more casting on). **8th Row:** Purl.

Now continue the pattern, and shape side seams by decreasing at each end of every 4th row, till you have completed 12 sets of blocks (132 stitches on needle; work should measure about 13 inches from commencement). Work the 4 stocking-stitch rows that follow.

Next Row: (K. 1, k. 2 tog.) 19 times, k. 18, (k. 2 tog., k. 1) 19 times. 94 stitches remain. Change to No. 11 needles and work 24 rows of k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 8 needles. **Next Row:** (K. 3, increase in next stitch) 11 times; k. 8 (increase in next stitch, k. 3) 11 times. Continue in pattern, counting the row just worked as the 1st of the 4 stocking-stitch rows, until you have completed 6 sets of blocks. Work 7 rows in garter-stitch; cast off rather loosely.

Pick up all the stitches along the cast-on edge, using No. 8 needles. Work 11 rows in garter-stitch; cast off loosely with a larger needle.

FLAP

With No. 8 needles, cast on 24 stitches. Work 5½ inches in moss-stitch (this should press out to 6 inches). Cast off.

MAKING UP

Press pieces carefully under a damp cloth. Join side seams. Sew on shoulder straps and thread ribbon round the top of cami-knicker, through the top line of openwork blocks. Stitch one end of flap to the inside-back, just above the hem. Sew 3 press fasteners to the opposite end of flap, and corresponding fasteners to the inside-front, just above the hem.

PAULA: (Continued from Page 6).

Work in the same width as far as the 217th row. Shape shoulders.

217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd and 224th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side.

225th Row: The neckline begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. Left half:—

226th, 228th and 227th Rows: Cast off 6 stitches on the neck side and 4 stitches on the shoulder side.

The right half is worked in the same manner, except that the decreases are reversed.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 110 stitches and work in pattern.

34th, 64th, 94th, 124th, 154th and 184th Rows: Decrease one on each side.

At the end of the 184th row there are 98 stitches on the needle and the sleeve measures 18½ inches. Shape upper part of sleeve.

185th, 186th and 187th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side.

189th, 190th, 191st, 193rd, 195th, 197th, 200th, 203rd, 205th, 207th, 209th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 217th, 219th and 221st Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

225th, 226th and 227th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

229th, 230th and 231st Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

233rd, 234th and 235th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

In the next row cast off the remaining stitches.

The left sleeve is worked in the same manner.

VESTEE AND FRILL

They are worked in one piece. With white wool cast on 36 stitches and work 96 rows (vestee) in k. 2, p. 2. At the beginning and end of the 97th row cast on 42 additional stitches so that there are 120 on the needle. Work in the same width as far as the 113th row. Cast off.

CUFFS

Cast on 60 stitches and work 16 rows in k. 2, p. 2.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. Gather the lower part of the sleeves to wrist measurement and sew on the cuffs. The neck opening and the cuffs are trimmed with braid made of red, white and blue wool. The girdle is braided in the same manner. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

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THIS WILL *Please* HIM— A COSY PULLOVER

FEATURES a new stitch and is made in warm-looking wine-red wool. Just the thing for extra warmth during the colder months and for sportswear, too.

Material.—6oz. of wine-red crochet wool; 2 long knitting needles, No. 10; 1 crochet hook, No. 2½.

Measurements.—Chest: 36 inches. Shoulder to lower edge, front: 20½ in.

Tension.—8 stitches and 12 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; s.b. (this is done as follows: Slip 2 stitches on to the right needle without working them, holding the thread **behind** the 2 slipped stitches), s.f. (same as above, except that thread must lie to the front of the slipped stitches).

Stitches: (1) Lower border: k. 1, p. 1. (2) Ground pattern:

1st Row (right side of work): * p. 2, s.b. Repeat from *. The row must end with 2 slipped stitches.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): * s.f., k. 2. Repeat from *.

3rd Row: Same as 1st row.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row (right side of work): * p. 2. Cross the next 2 stitches (3rd and 4th) as follows: insert the right needle from right to left into the 3rd stitch, then into the 4th stitch from left to right, draw the 4th stitch through the 3rd and knit it plain. The 3rd stitch, which is still on the left needle, is knit from behind as follows: Insert the needle from right to left into the back part of the stitch and knit it off as usual. Repeat from *.

6th Row (wrong side of work): * p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from *.

7th Row (right side of work): Commencing with this row the pattern is reversed: * s.b., p. 2. Repeat from *.

8th Row (wrong side of work): * k. 2, s.f. Repeat from *.

9th Row: Same as 7th row.

10th Row: Same as 8th row.

11th Row (right side of work): * Cross 2 stitches as in Row 5, p. 2. Repeat from *.

12th Row (wrong side of work): * k. 2, p. 2. Repeat from *.

Repeat from the 1st row.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 120 stitches which should measure 16 inches, and knit the lower border until it measures 2½ inches. Change to ground pattern.

Increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in the 24th row and every 10th row following, until there are 144 stitches on the needle, knit in pattern until front measures 13 inches.

Shape armholes by casting off 9 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, decrease 1 stitch each end of the needle every other row 6 times.

Neck Opening. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. Decrease 1 stitch in every 3rd row until the stitches have been reduced to 33, when armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 5 stitches at the beginning of every row at armhole edge until all stitches have been cast off.

Join wool at neck opening and work the other side in the same way.

CLOSE-UP of the stitches used in the pattern, in a new but neat-looking stitch.

BACK

Follow the instructions for the front, until the shaping of the armholes has been completed; work on until armholes measure 7 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 5 stitches at the beginning of every row until 48 stitches remain; cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements, and allow them to dry. Release them and sew up seams. Work 3 rows of double crochet around the neck and armholes.

STEPHEN—a serviceable man's pullover. Knitted in wine-red wool.

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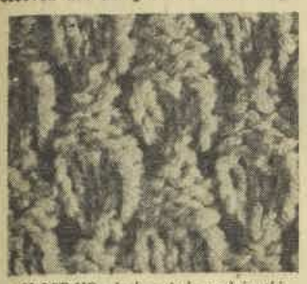
Quite ENCHANTING—*A Lacy* WOOL BLOUSE

EXCLUSIVE design from Vienna —designed to captivate. Knitted in maize wool in a dainty lace stitch, and finished with a black patent belt, you will find this jumper blouse simple to make and lovely to wear.

Neat collar and short puff sleeves are simple but charming.



CLOSE-UP of the stitch used in this blouse.

Materials: 10oz. 4-ply wool. No. 10, 8 needles, crochet hook.

Measurements: Bust, 35 inches; length to underarm seam, 13½ inches; sleeve at underarm seam, 5 inches.

Tension: 10 stitches, and 15 rows to 2 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, f. forward (i.e., throw the wool forward around the right needle), tog. together.

Stitches.—(1) Collar and Cuffs: K. 2, p. 2. **(2) Front, Back and Sleeves:**

1st Row (right side of work): * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from *. The row ends with p. 3.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Purl the knit stitches from the preceding row and knit the purled ones.

3rd Row (right side of work): * f. 1, k. 3 tog., f. 1, p. 3. Repeat from *

4th Row (wrong side of work): * p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * (The "forward" loops are knit plain).

5th Row (right side of work): * P. 3, k. 3. Repeat from *

6th Row: Same as 2nd row.

7th Row (right side of work): * P. 3, f. 1, k. 3 tog., f. 1. Repeat from *

8th Row (wrong side of work): * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from *

FRONT

Cast on 78 stitches on No. 8 needles. Knit into the back of the stitches.

Knit 4 inches in pattern, increasing 1 stitch each end of the needle in the next row, and every 10th row following, until there are 90 stitches on the needle, when work measures 13½ inches, shape armholes.

Cast off 5 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, decrease 1 stitch at the beginning of the next 10 rows. Work on without further shaping, until armhole measures 2½ inches.

Divide the stitches into two equal parts, and work each one separately. Work even until armhole measures 5 inches. Shape neck by casting off 2 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows at neck edge.

ESTELLE. The loveliest design for a knitted blouse. Made in maize wool and worn with a black patent leather belt. The pretty lace stitch is not at all difficult to do.

Decrease 1 stitch at the beginning of the next 7 rows. Knit in pattern until armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 4 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows at armhole edge.

Join wool at neck opening and work the other side in the same way.

BACK

Follow the instructions for the front until the shaping of the armholes have been completed; knit in pattern until armhole measures 7 inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 4 stitches at the beginning of every row until 22 stitches remain. Cast off.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 76 stitches on No. 10 needles. Knit into the back of the stitches.

Knit in a rib of k. 2, p. 2 for 1 inch. Change to No. 8 needles and pattern.

Knit until sleeve measures 5 inches. Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row until 14 stitches remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces lightly with a moderate iron over a damp cloth. Sew shoulder seams together.

COLLAR

With right side of work facing you, pick up 108 stitches round neck. Knit in a rib of k. 2, p. 2 for 6 rows, increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in the next, and every alternate row, until collar measures 3 inches. Cast off.

Sew up side and sleeve seams, set in sleeves, seam to seam, gathering in the fullness at top of sleeve.

Work 1 row of double crochet along the edges of the front opening. Fasten the neck with a crochet-covered button and a loop. Press all seams.

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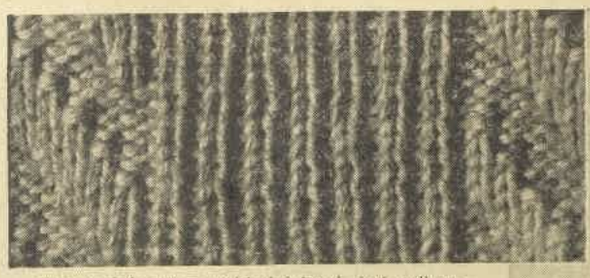

Close-up of the pattern used in knitting the boy's pullover.

YOUTH'S PULLOVER

Long Sleeved, high-necked—for 14 to 16 year-old boy

KNITTED in sports wool in a dark beige shade in a neat but striking pattern, this pullover will give long, hard wear and prove especially useful in very cold weather.

Make it now for your growing lad—he will be delighted with it.

STANLEY. Cosy long-sleeved pullover with high neck for 14 to 16-year-old boy. The model was knitted in dark beige sports wool in a neat but effective pattern.

☆

Material.—14oz. of dark beige mixed sport wool, 3-ply; 2 knitting needles, No. 10.

Measurements.—Shoulder to lower edge, front: 19in. Back: 18½in. Width below arms: 35in. Length of sleeve along seam: 17¾in.

Tension.—7 stitches and 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 105 stitches which should measure 14½ inches. Work the lower border in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ inches. Then proceed with pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * until you have worked 45 stitches. Knit the next 15 stitches in k. 1, p. 1. These stitches form the centre of the pullover. * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Knit plain the stitches that were purled in the preceding row, and purl those that were knitted.

3rd Row (right side of work): p. 1. * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * for 45 stitches. Work the next 15 stitches in k. 1, p. 1. * P. 1. * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row (right side of work): P. 2. * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * until you have knit 45 stitches. Work the next 15 stitches in k. 1, p. 1. P. 2. * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Same as 2nd row.

7th Row (right side of work): * P. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * for 45 stitches. Work the next 15 stitches in k. 1, p. 1. * P. 3, k. 3. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row.

9th Row (right side of work): K. 1. * P. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * for 45 stitches. Work the next 15 stitches in k. 1, p. 1. K. 1. * P. 3, k. 3. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row.

11th Row (right side of work): K. 2. * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * for 45 stitches. Work the next 15 stitches in k. 1, p. 1. Then: K. 2. * K. 3, p. 3. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Repeat from the 1st row.

Increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in the 8th row and every 8th row following until there are 129 stitches on the needle.

When work measures 12 inches, shape armholes.

Cast off 4 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows, decrease 1 stitch each end of the needle every other row 6 times.

Work until armhole measures 5 inches. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

Cast off 8 stitches at neck edge once; cast off 3 stitches at beginning of next 3 rows at neck edge.

Knit in pattern until armhole measures 7 inches. Shape shoulder by casting off 4 stitches at the beginning of the next 8 rows at armhole edge.

Join wool at neck edge and work the other side in the same way.

BACK

Follow the instructions for the front until the shaping of the armholes has been completed; work even until armhole measures 6½ inches. Shape shoulders, cast off 4 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows, work to centre of needle, and work each side separately.

1st Row: Cast off 6 stitches at neck, knit to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 4 stitches at armhole edge, knit to end. Repeat these two rows until all stitches have been cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work the other shoulder in the same way.

SLEEVES

Cast on 60 stitches which should measure 8 inches. Work the cuff in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ inches. Commence pattern as given for front and back, omitting the stripe in k. 1, p. 1.

Increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in every 8th row until there are 96 stitches on the needle.

Knit in pattern until sleeve measures 18 inches. Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows, decrease 1 stitch each end of the needle every row until 20 stitches remain; cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 118 stitches which should measure 16 inches and work in k. 1, p. 1 until it measures 4½ inches.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements, and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams in usual way. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

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TRIMMED *with* LITTLE FRILLS

A DEMURE little jumper, but so captivating. The model was made in peach "Daphne" crochet wool, and the little frills were edged with dark brown.

Materials Required.—8 skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool, shade No. 292. 1 skein Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool, shade No. 330. 2 No. 10 bone knitting needles. 2 No. 9 bone knitting needles. 1 bone crochet hook, No. 10. 9 buttons.

Measurements: All round underarm, 34 inches. Depth from shoulder, 18½ inches. Sleeve, underarm (cuff extended), 18 inches.

Tension: 4 stitches to 1 inch. 9 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 96 sts. and work in ribbing k. 2 p. 2 for 30 rows. In next row, increase 1 stitch every 5th st. to 114 sts. Change to No. 9 needles. The jumper is now worked throughout in alternate bands of ribbing and stocking-stitch.

1st Row of Ribbing: Slip 1 (k. 4, p. 2) to last 5 sts. k. 5.

2nd Row: Slip 1 (p. 4, k. 2 to last 5 sts.), p. 5. Repeat these two rows 14 times (2-30), increasing at each end of 8th, 16th and 24th rows. Then work 6 rows in stocking-stitch (31-36), increasing at each end of 32nd row. Continue to work these 36 rows, increasing every 8th row until there are 132 sts. on needle & 80 rows from waist ribbing. (When changing back from the stocking-stitch to the broad rib, be careful to keep the original line of ribbing.) Then begin armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows. Then decrease at each end of next and every 2nd row until there are 96 sts. Then work without further decrease until there are 54 rows in armhole. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of each of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 60 sts. and work in ribbing k. 2, p. 2 for 30 rows. Increase in next row to 68 sts. (1 st. every 7th st.). Change to No. 9 needles and begin pattern ribbing (from side edge).

1st Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 2, k. 4 to end).

2nd Row: Slip 1, p. 3 (k. 2, p. 4 to last 4 sts.) k. 2, p. 2. Now continue to work as for back, increasing at side edge every 6th row until there are 80 sts. on needle. When there are 80 rows from waist ribbing begin armhole. In next row from side edge cast off 8 sts. Then decrease at armhole edge every row until there are 68 sts. on needle. Then decrease every 2nd row until there are 62 sts. Now work on until there are 34 rows in armhole. In next row, beginning from front edge, cast off 16 sts. Then decrease at neck edge each row until 30 sts. remain. When there are 54 rows in armhole cast off as for the back.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 60 sts. with No. 10 needles and work k. 2, p. 2 for 6 rows.

7th Row: Slip 1, k. 1, p. 2, cast off 5 sts. Work to end of row in ribbing.

8th Row: Work in ribbing, casting on the sts. that were cast off to form buttonhole. Continue to work in ribbing for 30 rows, making another buttonhole at 25th row. In 31st row increase to 68 sts. Change to No. 9 needles and begin pattern ribbing.

SALLY ANN. So demure, but so charming. You will love the trimming of little frills which run up the front, round the neck and round the cuffs.

1st Row (beginning from side edge): Slip 1, p. 3 (k. 2, p. 4 to last 4 sts.) k. 2, p. 2.

2nd Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 2, k. 4 to end). Continue to work this side the same as the other side, making a buttonhole at 9th row.

9th Row: Work to last 7 sts. Cast off 4 sts. Work last 3 sts.

10th Row: Work in pattern, casting on the sts. that were cast off in previous row. When beginning the stocking-stitch band, the first row must be worked purl, and the 2nd row knit, and another buttonhole is worked in the first row of stocking-stitch band. When decreasing for armhole decrease every 2nd row until 60 sts. (This extra decrease is necessary to keep the ribbing the same as the left front.)

SLEEVE

With No. 10 needles cast on 40 sts. and work in ribbing k. 2, p. 2 for 17 rows. Increase 1 st. every 3rd stitch to 52 sts. Change to No. 9 needles and begin ribbing pattern.

1st Row: Slip 1 (p. 2, k. 4 to last 3 stitches) p. 3.

2nd Row: Slip 1 (k. 2, p. 4 to last 3 sts.) k. 3. Continue to work the same as back of jumper, increasing at each end of every 6th row until there are 96 sts. on needle. When there are 116 rows from cuff ribbing, begin to shape for armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows. Then decrease at each end of next and every 2nd row until there are 42 sts. left. Then decrease every row until 12 sts. left. Cast off.

CUFF FRILL

With No. 10 needles pick up and knit 40 sts. along edge of cuff and work in ribbing k. 2, p. 2 for 16 rows.

17th Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (w.f. k. 2 to end). Now with brown wool knit two rows. Cast off loosely. Press work well, join shoulder seams, fit in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams.

FRILL

With pink wool crochet a chain of 108 sts. Now work 1 row of double crochet with brown wool. With pink wool and No. 10 knitting needles pick up and knit 108 sts. along crochet sts. and work in ribbing k. 2, p. 2 for 8 rows.

9th Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (w.f. k. 2 to end).

10th and 11th Rows: With dark brown wool, knit. Cast off loosely. Sew to right front, from neck to end of waist ribbing (beginning of broad ribbing).

COLLAR

With No. 10 needles and beginning at 6th stitch from edge of left front, pick up and knit 107 sts. round neck to 8th st. from edge of right front.

1st Row: * (k. 2, p. 2 twice) k. 2, p. 2 into next st., repeat from * to last 8 sts., k. 2, p. 2 to end. Now work in ribbing, k. 2, p. 2, decreasing at end of each of the next 11 rows. Then decrease at each end of next 5 rows. Do not cast off the sts., but finish off wool securely. Then begin to pick up sts. along side of collar beginning at the 1st row of collar on left front pick up and knit 19 sts. Then work in ribbing along sts. on needle. Then pick up and knit 19 sts. down opposite side of collar. In next row, Slip 1, k. 1 (w.f. k. 2 to last st.) w.f. k. 1. Now with dark brown wool knit 2 rows. Cast off loosely.

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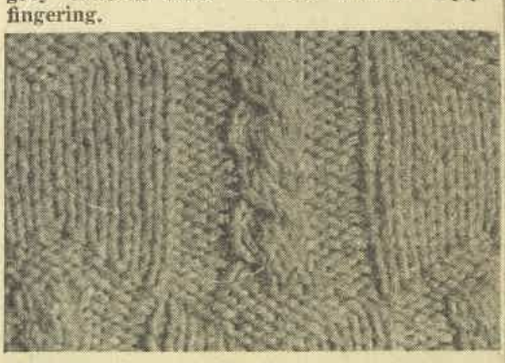
MAN'S SLEEVELESS PULLOVER

IF he plays tennis, or if he just wants a pullover, he would be delighted with this garment. Made in an interesting cable pattern, with neat fitting V-neck. The model was knitted in dove-grey Lincoln Mills "Golden Wattle" 4-ply fingering.



JOHN. Man's sleeveless pullover knitted in an interesting new cable pattern. Ideal for tennis or general sports wear. Above is a close-up of the pattern, showing the different stitches used. It is quite simple to do from the directions given here.

Materials: 9oz. of dove grey Zephyr wool, 4-ply; 2 knitting needles, No. 10; 1 spare needle.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge—front, 25 inches. Width below armholes, 38 inches.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, c. cable.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 143 stitches. Work 32 rows (3 inches) in k. 1, p. 1. This is the lower border. Then proceed with pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * P. 3, k. 5, p. 3, k. 1, p. 9, k. 1. Repeat from *. The row ends with p. 3, k. 5, p. 3.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): * K. 3, p. 5, k. 3, p. 2, k. 7, p. 2. Repeat from *.

3rd Row (right side of work): * P. 3, k. 5, p. 3, k. 3, p. 5, k. 3. Repeat from *.

4th Row (wrong side of work): * K. 3, p. 5, k. 3, p. 4, k. 3, p. 4. Repeat from *.

5th Row (right side of work): * P. 3. Cross the next 5 stitches to form a cable as follows: Slip the first 2 stitches on to spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work; knit the next 2 stitches plain, then the 3 stitches from the spare needle; p. 3, k. 5, p. 1, k. 5. Repeat from *.

6th Row (wrong side of work): * K. 3, p. 5, k. 3, p. 11. Repeat from *.

7th Row (right side of work): * P. 3, k. 5, p. 3, k. 11. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 6th row.

9th Row (right side of work): * P. 3. Cross the next 5 stitches to form a cable as follows: Slip the first 2 stitches on to a spare needle and allow it to rest to the front of work; knit the next 3 stitches plain, then the 2 stitches from the spare needle. P. 3, k. 11. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 6th row.

11th Row: Same as 7th row.

12th Row: Same as 6th row.

13th Row (right side of work): * P. 3, p as in 5th row, p. 3, k. 11. Repeat from *.

14th Row: Same as 6th row.

15th Row: Same as 7th row.

16th Row: Same as 6th row.

17th Row (right side of work): * P. 3, c as in 9th row, p. 3, k. 5, p. 1, k. 5. Repeat from *

18th Row: Same as 4th row.

19th Row: Same as 3rd row.

20th Row: Same as 2nd row.

21st Row (right side of work): * P. 3, c as in 5th row, p. 3, k. 1, p. 9, k. 1. Repeat from *.

22nd Row (wrong side of work): * K. 3, p. 5, p. 3, k. 11. Repeat from *.

Beginning with the next row the pattern is reversed.

In the 124th row of the pattern the work measures 15 inches above ribbing.

Work to centre of the needle, and slip remaining stitches on to a spare needle.

1st Row: Knit 2 together at neck edge, knit in pattern to end. Shape armholes by casting off 7 stitches at the beginning of the next row, and decreasing 1 stitch every alternate row 5 times, at the same time decreasing 1 stitch every 3rd row at neck opening until 20 stitches have been reduced and there are 27 stitches left on the needle, when armhole measures 7 inches.

Shape shoulders by casting off 3 stitches at the beginning of every row at armhole edge until all the stitches have been cast off.

Join wool at centre front and work the other side in the same way.

BACK

Follow the instructions for the front until the shaping of the armholes has been completed; knit until armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulders, cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of every row until 65 stitches remain.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements, and allow them to dry. Sew up seams. Work 3 rows of double crochet around armholes and neck opening. Press seams under a damp cloth.

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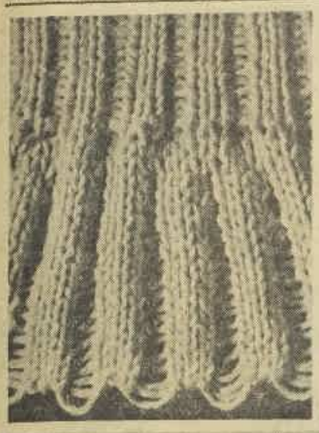

DESIGNED FOR *Little* MISS THREE-YEAR-OLD

DAINTY frock knitted in soft pastel-colored wool. Quick and easy to make. The stitches used in the pattern are very simple, but most effective.

Little puff sleeves, and straight skirt knitted on to yoke, which buttons in front.

Materials: 5 skeins of 3-ply wool in any pastel shade, a pair of No. 10 needles, three buttons, and a medium crochet hook.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge, 19¾ inches; width below arms, 26½ inches; width at lower edge, 32½ inches; sleeve seam, 2½ inches.

Tension: 7 sts. and 10 rows to one inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch.

ANNETTE. Pretty frock for the little girl of three years, and ever so simple and quick to make in soft pastel wool. A close-up of the pattern, showing how the skirt is joined to the yoke, is shown at the top of the page.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 123 sts, knit into the back of cast on sts. and p. 1 row.

Change to pattern and work as follows:—

1st Row (right side of work): * k. 3, p. 1, repeat from *, ending with k. 3.

2nd Row: * p. 3, k. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat these 2 rows for entire skirt. On the 20th row decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle, then every following 12th row until there are 103 sts. on the needle. Work the next row as follows: * k. 3, allow the next purled stitch to drop from the needle. By pulling on the foundation row this stitch is unravelled, producing the open work stripes which lend such a dainty effect to the skirt. Repeat from * to end of row.

To make the yoke continue on these sts. in a rib of k. 2, p. 2, shaping for armholes by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th rows. On the 8th row the slit begins. K. 43 sts. and leave on a spare needle, working buttonhole side first. * cast on 3 sts., rib 2 rows. On next row rib 2 sts., cast off 2, rib to end. On next row cast on 2 sts. where they were cast off, rib 2 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next row, rib 4 rows. Repeat from * until there are 3 buttonholes. After casting on the 2 sts. to complete 3rd buttonhole, rib 2 rows, then shape neck by casting off 10 sts. at beginning of row at neck edge, then decrease 1 st. at same edge every row until 30 sts. remain; at the same time when yoke measures 4 inches, shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at beginning of next 3 rows at shoulder edge.

Return to sts. on spare needle, cast on 3 sts. for underflap, work straight on these sts. in rib, shaping neck and shoulder to correspond with opposite side.

BACK

Work in the same manner as the front until yoke measures 4 inches, omitting slit. Shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts. for back of neck.

SLEEVES

Both alike. Cast on 64 sts. and work in rib of k. 2, p. 2, for 2¾ inches, increasing 1 st. at each end of the needle on the 8th, then every following 4th row until there are 74 sts. on the needle. Shape top by k. 2 tog. at beginning and end of every row for a further 2 inches. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

TO MAKE UP.

Pin all pieces out to measurement, press with a hot iron over a dry cloth, pressing yoke and sleeves very lightly, so as not to stretch the ribbing, join shoulder, side and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, gathering top to fit armholes. Gather lower edge of sleeves to fit arm, and finish with 2 rows of double crochet. Work 1 row of double crochet round neck and down fronts. Sew on buttons.

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DELIGHTFUL SET *For* BABY

COMPLETE set, coat, knickers, bootees, mittens, and hat — all knitted in softest white wool.

They make the sweetest little garments for baby, and are most serviceable for cosy winter wear.

PETER BABY SET. Complete set — coat, knickers, bootees, mittens and hat—designed to be knitted in soft white wool. Just the thing for serviceable winter wear.

BABY SET

Materials: 12oz. of white 4-ply fingering wool. 4 short knitting needles No. 8, pointed at both ends. 2 long Shellonite knitting needles No. 8. 1 crochet hook, No. 10 Stratnoid.

Tension: 20 stitches and 30 rows to 4 inches.

COAT

It is worked widthwise, so that the rows reach from the lower edge to the neck. Commence at the centre edge of the left front by casting on 70 stitches which should measure 13¾ inches. Work as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): K. 58. Allow the remaining 12 stitches which are intended for the yoke, to remain on the needle unknitted. Turn.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Knit plain the 58 stitches knit in the preceding row.

3rd Row (right side of work): K. 70 (i.e., include the 12 stitches which were missed in the preceding rows).

4th Row (wrong side of work): K. 70.

Repeat these 4 rows 17 times, so that you have knitted 72 rows.

73rd Row (right side of work): K. 45. Commence sleeve. Immediately adjoining the 45 stitches just knitted cast on 40 additional ones on a spare needle.

1st Sleeve Row (right side of work): Knit plain the additional 40 stitches and the following 13 stitches, allowing the 12 yoke stitches to remain unworked on the needle as before. Turn.

2nd Sleeve Row (wrong side of work): K. 40, allow the remaining 13 stitches, which are intended for the cuff, to remain unworked on the needle. Turn.

3rd Sleeve Row (right side of work): K. 52 (i.e., also the 12 yoke stitches).

4th Sleeve Row (wrong side of work): K. 65.

Repeat the 4 sleeve rows 27 times, so that the sleeve consists of 112 rows. In the 113th row cast off the 40 stitches cast on for the sleeve. Knit plain the 45 stitches remaining on the needle.

1st Row of Back: Knit plain the 45 stitches of the left front and the remaining 13 stitches of the sleeve. Allow the 12 yoke stitches to remain unworked on the needle.

2nd Row of Back: Same as 2nd row of front.

3rd Row of Back: Same as 3rd row of front.

4th Row of Back: Same as 4th row of front.

Repeat these 4 rows 24 times so that the back consists of 100 rows.

Work the right front and the right sleeve in the same manner. When the coat is finished sew up the sleeve seams. Finish off the neck with a row of eyelet crochet (2 chain, 1 double crochet), through which a hand-twisted cord is drawn.

KNICKERS

They consist of the two legs and the gusset.

Left Leg: Work it widthwise. Cast on 90 stitches which should measure 17¾ inches and reach from the waist to the lower edge.

1st Row (right side of work): K. 64. Allow the remaining 26 stitches which are intended for the lower band, to remain on the needle unworked.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): K. 64.

3rd Row (right side of work): K. 90 (i.e., also the 26 stitches from the lower band).

4th Row (wrong side of work): K. 90.

Repeat these 4 rows 37 times so that the leg consists of 152 rows. In the 153rd row cast off.

Right Leg: Work in the same manner as the left.

GUSSET

It is 20 stitches wide and 30 stitches long. It is worked to and fro in plain knitting.

When the knickers are finished sew them up in the usual way. Finish off the waist with a row of eyelet crochet through which a hand-twisted cord is drawn.

SOCKS

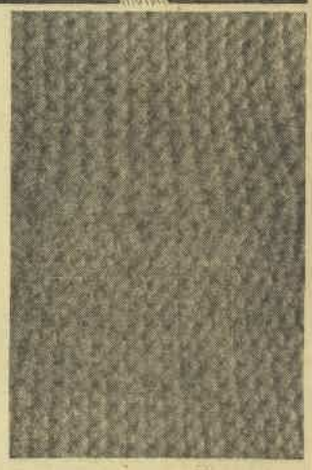
Each one consists of 3 parts, the foot, the upper part, and the gusset in the upper part.

FOOT

Cast on 36 stitches which should measure 7 inches. Work to and fro in plain knitting stitch for 18 rows or 2½ inches. Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning and end of the 19th row. In the following 18 rows decrease one on each side. Cast off the remaining 6 stitches. Sew up the foot in such a way that the foundation row comes at the back.

GUSSET

Cast on 24 stitches and knit plain for 18 rows. Cast off. Sew the gusset into the front of the foot. Pick up the stitches around the upper part with 4 needles and work 21 rounds in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing. Cast off. Work a row of picots around the upper edge. Fasten the socks with a narrow cord finished off with tassels.



Showing the stitches used in making the baby garment.

MITTENS

Cast 32 stitches on 4 needles and work 47 rounds in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing. Commencing with the 48th round, knit 3 stitches together at the end of every other needle, until only 6 stitches remain. Knit them together on the inside of the mitten. Draw a crocheted cord through the cuff.

HAT

Cast on 80 stitches on 4 needles and work 54 rounds in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing. Decrease gradually in the next 12 rounds. The first decrease row will be: k. 12, k. 2 tog. The next decrease row will be: k. 11, k. 2 tog. Draw the remaining stitches together with a piece of wool. Trim the top of the hat with a pom-pom.

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FOR *the* YOUNG MASTER

Knitted Suit to fit the 5 to 6-year-old boy.

NEAT and smart and made in cosy tunic style with pockets and belt. The tunic buttons up to the neck at one side.

Materials: 14oz. crepe wool, 2 No. 10 needles, press studs.

Measurements: Blouse, shoulder to lower edge 15 inches, chest 22 inches, sleeve at underarm seam 5½ inches. Panties, width at hips 23½ inches, length 10 inches.

Tension: 8 stitches and 10 rows to 1 inch.

Stitches: The lower border of the blouse, the belt, borders of pockets, button and buttonhole bands, neckband, side slit of panties, and upper border of panties are worked in moss-stitch, as follows:

1st Row: * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from *. The row ends with p. 1.

2nd Row: * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from *.

The remainder of the suit is knit in the so-called "diamond pattern" as given below.

1st Row (right side): * p. 1, k. 11. Repeat from *. **2nd Row (wrong side):** Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit those that were purled.

3rd Row: * k. 1, p. 1, k. 9, p. 1. Repeat from *. **4th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **5th Row:** K. 2, * p. 1, k. 7, p. 1, k. 3. Repeat from *. **6th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **7th Row:** K. 3. * P. 1, k. 5. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row. **9th Row:** K. 4. * P. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 7. Repeat from *. **10th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **11th Row:** K. 5. * P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 9. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row. **13th Row:** K. 6. * P. 1, k. 11. Repeat from *. **14th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **15th Row:** Same as 11th row.

16th Row: Same as 2nd row. **17th Row:** Same as 9th row. **18th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **19th Row:** Same as 7th row.

20th Row: Same as 2nd row. **21st Row:** Same as 5th row. **22nd Row:** Same as 2nd row. **23rd Row:** Same as 3rd row. **24th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

Repeat from the 1st row.

BLOUSE

Back: Commence at the lower edge by casting on 90 stitches, which should measure 12 inches, and knit in moss-stitch for ¾-inch. Change to "diamond pattern" and work 92 rows, increasing by 1 stitch at the beginning and end of the following rows: 80th, 86th, and 92nd.

At the end of the 92nd row the back measures 10 inches. Shape armholes by casting off as follows:

Cast off 1 stitch at the beginning and end of the next 6 rows. Work on without further shaping until armhole measures 4 inches. Shape neck, divide the stitches into two equal parts, and work each one separately. Cast off 5 stitches at the beginning of the next 3 rows at neck edge. Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, at armhole edge. Cast off 3 stitches at neck edge. Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows at armhole edge.

Front: Commence at the lower edge by casting on 90 stitches, which should measure 12 inches, and work ¾-inch in moss-stitch. Change to diamond pattern.

In the 29th row of the diamond pattern the pockets are worked. Knit off 9 stitches and cast off the 21 following ones (slit of the 1st pocket). Knit the next

DONALD. Smart knitted suit for the five to six-year-old boy made in tunic style. Above is shown a close-up of the stitches used and the diamond-shaped pattern.

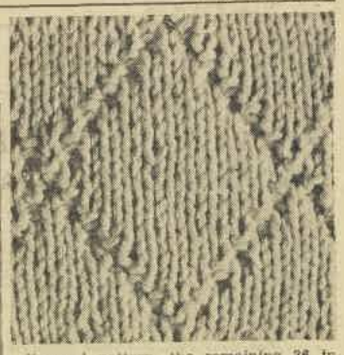
30 stitches in pattern, cast off the next 21 (slit of 2nd pocket), and knit the next 9 stitches. Lay the work aside, cast 21 stitches on a spare needle, and work the inside of the pocket in diamond pattern for 28 rows. Take up the front again, work off the first 9 stitches, then the 21 from the back of the pocket. Knit 30 more stitches, lay the front aside again and work the back of the second pocket in the same manner as the first. Knit the back of the second pocket into the front, then the remaining stitches of the row. Hem the 2 backs down to the front of the blouse. Continue in pattern.

In the 43rd row of the diamond pattern the slit at the side begins. Work off 57 stitches and slip the remaining 33 onto a spare needle. Add 6 new stitches to the 57 for the buttonhole band, which is worked in moss-stitch.

80th, 86th, and 92nd Rows: Increase by 1 stitch on the outer edge.

93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, and 98th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on the outer edge for the armhole.

In the **117th row** the square neck opening begins. Knit the first 18 stitches in



diamond pattern, the remaining **36** in moss-stitch.

125th Row: Work the first 18 stitches in diamond pattern, the following 6 in moss-stitch, and cast off the next 24. Work the last 6 stitches (the buttonhole band) for 18 more rows. Cast off. Fasten the thread at the beginning of the stitches cast off for the neck opening and knit the shoulder.

137th, 139th, 141st, and 143rd Rows: Cast off 6 stitches on the armhole side for the shoulder. The first half of the front is now completed.

With the 33 stitches on the spare needle work the second half.

80th, 86th, and 92nd Rows: Increase by 1 stitch on the outer edge.

93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, and 98th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch for the armhole.

137th, 139th, 141st, and 143rd Rows: Cast off 6 stitches for the shoulder.

Pick up the stitches of the pocket slits and work the borders in moss-stitch until they measure ¾-inch.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 54 stitches, work 1 inch in moss-stitch. Commence diamond pattern, increase 1 stitch at the beginning and end of the 6th row, and every 6th row following, until there are 66 stitches on the needle. When sleeve measures 5½ inches, cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row until 22 stitches remain. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Cast on 8 stitches and knit in moss-stitch. The length depends upon the neck measurement. After it is completed sew it onto the back with overseam stitch.

PANTIES

Left Leg: Commence at the lower edge by casting on 90 stitches, which should measure 12 inches, and work in diamond pattern.

In the 73rd row the side slit begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

Right Half: Knit in diamond pattern as far as the 92nd row. 93rd to 100th row in moss-stitch. Cast off.

Left Half: Cast on 6 new stitches for the opening band. They are knit in moss-stitch. Otherwise the left half is worked in the same way as the right.

Right Leg: Work in the same manner as the left, except that the opening band is knit on the opposite side.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements, and allow them to dry thus. Release them and sew up seams. The blouse is fastened with patent fasteners and trimmed with buttons of red bast. The slit of the panties is also fastened with patent fasteners.

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IDEAL *for the* BUSINESS GIRL

NEAT, practical jumper in an extremely effective stitch, specially designed to suit the girl who works in an office.

Make it in 3-ply wool in a warm shade and wear it with a tailored skirt. Notice the attractive yoke treatment in front.

WENDY. Serviceable but attractive. Just the thing for general wear or for the girl in an office. Extremely neat in design, this garment relies on the effective stitch pattern for relief.

Materials: 8oz. Paton's super Scotch fingering wool, 3-ply. Two No. 12 and two No. 11 Beehive knitting needles. Two small buttons.

Abbreviations: K., knit plain; p., purl; tog., together; wl. fwd., wool forward; w.r.n., wool round needle.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches. Length of sleeve underarm seam, 18 inches. Bust, 32 inches.

Tension: 9 stitches to 1 inch.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles cast on 137 stitches. Work 6 rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K. 1, * k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * across row.

Next Row: Purl.

Work 5 rows stocking-stitch (this is to make the picot edge used around bottom of blouse and sleeves).

START PATTERN

1st Row: K. 4, p. 1, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last 4 stitches, k. 4.

2nd Row: K. 1, p. 3, k. 1, * p. 7, k. 1. Repeat from * to last 4 stitches, p. 3, k. 1.

Repeat these 2 rows twice, then 1st row once.

8th Row: K. 1, p. 1, p. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * p. 6, p. 2 tog., w.r.n. Repeat from * to last 5 stitches, p. 4, k. 1.

9th Row: K. 8, p. 1, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to last 8 stitches, k. 8.

10th Row: K. 1, p. 7, k. 1, * p. 7, k. 1. Repeat from * to last 8 stitches, p. 7, k. 1.

Repeat 9th and 10th rows twice, then 9th row once.

16th Row: K. 1, p. 5, p. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * p. 6, p. 2 tog., w.r.n. Repeat from * to last 9 stitches, p. 8, k. 1.

These 16 rows complete pattern used throughout blouse. Keeping continuity of pattern decrease 1 stitch each end of needle on next and every following 6th row, 4 times altogether (129 stitches on needle).

Work 12 rows even.

Increase 1 stitch each end of needle on next and every following 12th row 8 times (145 stitches on needle). Work 10 rows even.

TO SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 stitches beginning next 4 rows, then 2 stitches beginning next 6 rows. Work even in pattern until armhole measures 6 inches from first shaping.

TO SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 stitches beginning next 6 rows. Cast off remaining stitches for the back of neck.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 65 stitches. Work 6 rows of stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K. 1, * k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl.

Work 5 rows stocking-stitch. Proceed in pattern as given for back, working 16 rows even in pattern. Continuing in pattern, increase 1 stitch each end of needle on next and every following 10th row to 99 stitches.

Work even in pattern until sleeve measures 16 inches from beginning. Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row to 33 stitches. Cast off.

THE FRONT

With No. 11 needles cast on 137 stitches. Work as for back completing 13 rows of border and complete patterns of 16 rows.

Next Row: K. 1, p. 1, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * 6 times, k. 7, cast off 1 stitch, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

2nd Row: P. 1, k. 1, * p. 7, k. 1. Repeat from * 6 times, p. 7, turn. (Work is now up one side of front.)

3rd Row: * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to last 2 stitches, p. 2 tog.

4th Row: K. 1, * p. 7, k. 1. Repeat from * 6 times, p. 7.

5th Row: K. 2 tog., k. 5, p. 1, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

6th Row: K. 1, * p. 7, k. 1. Repeat from * to last 6 stitches, p. 6.

7th Row: K. 6, p. 1, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

8th Row: * p. 6, p. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 7 stitches, p. 7.

9th Row: K. 2 tog., p. 1, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to last 4 stitches, k. 4.

10th Row: P. 4, k. 1, * p. 7, k. 1. Repeat from * to last stitch, p. 1.

11th Row: K. 1, p. 1, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to last 4 stitches, k. 4.

12th Row: P. 4, k. 1, * p. 7, k. 1. Repeat from * to last stitch, p. 1.

13th Row: P. 2 tog., * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to last 4 stitches, k. 4.

14th Row: P. 4, k. 1, * p. 7, k. 1. Repeat from * to end of the row.

15th Row: P. 1, * k. 7, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last 4 stitches, k. 4.

16th Row: Increase 1 st. in first st., p. 1, p. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * p. 6, p. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

Keeping continuity of pattern decrease 1 stitch at neck edge on next and every following 4th row, and increase 1 stitch at side edge every 12th row (as for back) until work measures 14 inches from beginning.

TO SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 stitches twice, 2 stitches 3 times, still decrease 1 stitch at neck edge every 4th row to 27 stitches. Continue even until work measures 6 inches from first armhole shaping.

TO SHAPE SHOULDER

Working from armhole edge cast off 9 stitches every alternate row 3 times.

Join wool at centre-front opening and work opposite side to correspond, having all shapings at opposite side.

LACY INSERT FOR FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 9 stitches.

Next Row: Purl.

1st Row: * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Cast on 5 stitches.

2nd and alternate Rows: Purl throughout pattern.

3rd Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 5 stitches.

5th Row: K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Cast on 5 stitches.

7th Row: K. 1, * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 5 stitches.

9th Row: * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Cast on 5 stitches.

11th Row: As 3rd row.

13th Row: K. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Cast on 5 stitches.

15th Row: * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 5 stitches.

17th Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Cast on 5 stitches.

19th Row: K. 2 tog., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 5 stitches.

21st Row: * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Cast on 5 stitches.

22nd Row: Purl.

Start shaping for neck.

** **1st Row:** Cast off 3 stitches, k. 1, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 5 stitches.

2nd and alternate Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: Cast off 3 stitches, k. 1, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Cast on 5 stitches, **.

Repeat from ** to ** three times, then

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WENDY:

Continued from Page 16

1st row once, but casting on 3 stitches instead of 5 on this row.

18th Row: Repeat 1st row, but casting on 3 stitches instead of 5.

19th Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 3 stitches.

20th Row: K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 3. Cast on 3 stitches.

21st Row: K. 3, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 3 stitches.

22nd Row: * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 3 stitches.

23rd Row: K. 3, wl. fwd., * k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 3. Cast on 3 stitches.

24th Row: Purl.

This concludes first half of lacy front. Reverse pattern thus for other half, knitting through back of stitches when knitting 2 stitches together.

1st Row: K. 4, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog, k. 2. Repeat from * to last 2 stitches, k. 2.

2nd and alternate Rows: Cast off 3 stitches, purlwise, purl to end of row.

3rd Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last 2 stitches, k. 2 tog.

5th Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

6th Row: Cast off 3 stitches, purl to the last stitch, increase in last stitch.

7th Row: K. 2, wl. fwd., * k. 2 tog., k. 2, wl. fwd. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

9th Row: K. 3, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

10th Row: As 2nd row.

11th Row: Start shaping for neck. Cast on 3 stitches, k. 3, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

12th and alternate Rows: Cast off 5 stitches, purl to end of row.

13th Row: Cast on 3 stitches, k. 3, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

15th Row: As 11th row.
17th Row: As 13th row.
19th Row: As 11th row.
21st Row: As 13th row.
23rd Row: As 11th row.
25th Row: As 13th row.
27th Row: As 11th row.
29th Row: As 13th row.
30th Row: As 12th row.
(This completes neck shaping.)

31st Row: K. 4, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

32nd and alternate Rows: As 12th row.

33rd Row: K. 1, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

35th Row: K. 2, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

37th Row: K. 3, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

39th Row: As 31st row.

41st Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

43rd Row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2. Repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

45th Row: As 33rd row.
47th Row: As 35th row.
49th Row: As 37th row.
Cast off.

USEFUL COAT *and* SKIRT

In a fascinating design—practical and smart

A NEW idea in knitted suits, featuring a delightful skirt trimmed with big buttons and a loose-fitting coat buttoning at the neck. Wear it with a chic scarf and hat and you'll look well dressed.

Materials Required: 16 skeins (2oz.) Lincoln Mills "Australaine" wool, shade No. 562. 2 No. 4 bone knitting needles. 1 No. 10 crochet hook. 1 doz. buttons. 1 yd. Petersham ribbon, 1¼ inches wide. ¾ yd. elastic.

Measurements: Coat: Bust, 34 inches; length from shoulder, 20½ inches; underarm sleeve seam, 17½ inches. Skirt: Length from waist to hem, 30 inches. Hips, 32 inches; all round hem, 50 inches.

Tension: 9 sts. to 2 inches and 11 rows to 2 inches.

COAT—BACK

Cast on 74 sts. and work—

1st Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 2, k. 2 to end).

2nd Row: Purl.

Work these two rows until there are 76 rows in work. Then begin armhole. Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows, then decrease each end of next and every 2nd row until 60 sts. Work without further decrease until 42 rows in armhole. Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of each of next 4 rows, and 7 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Cast on 42 sts. and work as for back as far as the beginning of armhole. Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next row, then decrease at armhole edge in every 2nd row until 36 sts. Work without decrease until 30 rows in armhole. Next row, from front edge, cast off 8 sts., then decrease at neck edge every row until 18 sts. remain. When 42 rows in armhole cast off as for back. Work other front to correspond, making armhole and neck shaping on opposite side to piece already worked.

SLEEVE

Cast on 30 sts. and work in pattern, increasing at each end of every 8th row until 36 sts., then every 6th row until 58 sts. When 92 rows in sleeve begin armhole. Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of each of next two rows, then decrease each end of next and every 2nd row until 30 sts., then every row until 6 sts. Cast off.

Press work, join shoulder seams, fit in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams. Work two rows of double crochet all round coat, and make three buttonhole loops on right side of jacket, 1 at the top of neck and the other two at 2 inch intervals. Put buttons in position on left front. Crochet round cuff edges.

SKIRT—BACK

Cast on 90 sts. and work in pattern, decreasing each end of every 14th row 4 times (82 sts.), then every 12th row (74 sts.), then every 10th row until skirt is the desired length. Now work in ribbing k. 2, p. 2 for 8 rows. Cast off.

LEFT SIDE

Cast on 50 sts. and work in pattern, decreasing at left side to correspond with back decreasing. When 52 rows in work cast off 20 sts. from front edge (this will form the underflap of hem opening). Now continue to work until the side is as long as the back. Then work 8 rows in ribbing, k. 2, p. 2, cast off.

GEORGINA. Knitted wool suit in a new design. Notice the effective button trimming on skirt and coat.

RIGHT FRONT AND SIDE

Cast on 62 sts. and work in pattern, decreasing at right side edge of work, and keeping the front edge straight. Decrease to correspond with back. When piece is as long as back work 8 rows in ribbing, k. 2, p. 2. Cast off.

Press the three pieces and join the shaped sides of left front and right front to the back. Then put the straight edge of right front over the straight edge of left front, and sew down as far as the underneath piece of left front (where the 20 sts. were cast off). Sew the end of this flap to inside of front, strengthening with a piece of tape and sew the 9 buttons at intervals down the front seam.

Line the waist ribbing with Petersham ribbon, and insert elastic. Work two rows of double crochet all round edge and side opening.

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TAILORED *Line in a* CHIC COAT

SO smart—so distinctive—and so practical. An ideal coat for everyday wear, winter, and for sports.

Finished with two pockets and contrasting leather belt. Make it in brown, navy, fawn, or grey "Australaine" wool.

Materials Required: 15 2oz. skeins Lin-Mills "Australaine" wool, shade No. 573; 2 No. 4 bone knitting needles; 1 thick bone crochet hook; 10 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34-35-inch bust. Depth from shoulder, 38 inches; sleeve underarm, 17½ inches.

Tension: 4 stitches to 1 inch; 6 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

Cast on 86 stitches.

1st Row: Slip 1, p. 1 (k. 4, p. 2 to end of row).

2nd Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 4, k. 2 to end of row).

3rd Row: Slip 1, knit to end of row.

4th Row: Slip 1, purl to end of row.

Repeat these 4 rows, decreasing each end of every 12th row until 78 sts. Then every 10th row until 70 sts. Then every 8th row until 64 sts. and 112 rows in work. Then increase at each end of every 8th row until 74 sts. When there are 156 rows in work begin to shape the armhole. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of next 2 rows, then decrease at each end of next and every 2nd row until 60 sts. Work without further decrease until 44 rows from beginning of armhole. Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of each of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 68 sts. and work in pattern, decreasing at beginning of every 12th row until 64 sts., then every 10th row until 60 sts. Then every 8th row until 57 sts and 112 rows. Increase again at beginning of every 8th row until 62 sts. When 156 rows, commence armhole. At next row, beginning from side (the shaped) edge, cast off 4 sts. Then decrease at armhole edge every row until 50 sts. remain. Work without further decrease until 28 rows in armhole. In next row, beginning from front edge, cast off 17 sts. Then decrease at neck edge every row until 21 sts. remain. When 44 rows in armhole cast off as for back.

RIGHT FRONT

Work the same way as left front, but make the shaping on opposite side to the front already worked (decreasing and increasing at end of row instead of at the beginning).

Make buttonholes at 99th row in this way, beginning from side edge (the shaped edge). Knit to last 24 sts. Cast off 3 sts., k. 15, cast off 3 sts., k. 3. In next row cast on the sts. that were cast off. Work the same way in 121st row, and again in 143rd row.

The rest of the front is worked to correspond with the piece already worked.

SLEEVE

Cast on 36 sts.

1st Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 2, k. 4 to last 4 sts.), p. 2, k. 2.

2nd Row: Slip 1, p. 1 (k. 2, p. 4 to last 4 sts.), k. 2, p. 2.

3rd Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

SANDRA. Knitted coat designed on smart tailored lines. This model was made in brown, finished with a dark brown leather belt and worn with a hat in the same tone, brown gloves and shoes. Knitted on big needles in this wool the coat can be made in no time. Knit it up now for the colder winter months ahead.

4th Row: Slip 1, purl to end.

Continue to work these 4 rows, increasing at each end of every 8th row until 56 sts. When there are 90 rows in sleeve begin to shape for armhole. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows, then decrease each end of next and every 2nd row until 26 sts. Then decrease every row until 6 sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFF

Cast on 36 sts. and work in pattern, increasing each end of 8th row. Then continue until 14 rows.

15th Row: Slip 1, k. 10. Cast off 3 sts., k. 10. Cast off 3 sts., knit to end.

In next row cast on the sts. that were cast off to form buttonhole.

Work another 5 rows in pattern. Cast off.

Sew to sleeve so that the reverse side of work will turn back to form cuff.

COLLAR

Cast on 54 sts.

1st Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 2, k. 4 to last 4 sts.), p. 2, k. 2.

2nd Row: Slip 1, p. 1 (k. 2, p. 4 to last 4 sts.), k. 2, p. 2.

3rd Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

4th Row: Slip 1, purl to end.

Repeat these 4 rows 5 times, then work the first row again. Cast off.

Press work, join shoulder seams, fi in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams

Sew collar to coat (this will fit to neck of coat inside the cast off sts. on each side of front).

POCKETS

Cast on 24 sts.

1st Row: Slip 1, k. 1 (p. 2, k. 4 to las 4 sts.), p. 2, k. 2.

2nd Row: Slip 1, p. 1 (k. 2, p. 4 to las 4 sts.), k. 2, p. 2.

3rd Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

4th Row: Slip 1, purl to end.

Repeat these 4 rows until 33 rows. Cas off.

Beginning at bottom left-front wor 1 row of double crochet up left-front round collar and revers, and down right front. Then work back again from bot tom of right-front, working 3 sts. int the corner st. on each corner of reven and collar, and decreasing 2 sts. at cor ner between revers and collar.

Work two rows of double crochet roun edge of cuff, and along the tops of pockets. Sew buttons in position on left front, and also in position on sleeve fo the buttonholes on cuff. Sew pocke in position on each side of coat. The should be on the reverse side of wor to correspond with cuff and collar.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4614629

USEFUL JUMPER BLOUSE

THE model was knitted in rust-colored crochet wool. It's demure but charming. Notice the pretty ribbed panels which make up the unusual design.

Materials Required.—8 skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool, shade No. 828. 2 No. 9 bone knitting needles. 2 buttons.

Measurements.—To fit a 33-inch-34-inch bust. Worked at a tension of 2 sts. to ¼ inch and 9 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

Cast on 122 sts.

1st Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 4 times), k. 2, p. 3, k. 7, p. 3 (k. 2, p. 2 14 times), k. 2, p. 3, k. 7, p. 3 (k. 2, p. 2 4 times), k. 3.

2nd and every other Row: Knit the sts. that were purled, and purl the sts. that were knitted in previous row.

3rd Row: Slip 1 (k. 2, p. 2 3 times), k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 5, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times) (k. 2 p. 3 twice), k. 5, p 3, k. 2, p. 3 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 3.

5th Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 3, k. 3, p. 3, k. 2, p. 4 (k. 2, p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p 3, k. 3, p. 3, k. 2, p. 4 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 3.

7th Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 3, k. 1, p. 3, k. 2, p. 5 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 3, k. 1 p. 3, k. 2, p. 5 (k. 2 p 2 3 times), k. 3.

9th Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 2, p. 6, k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 6 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 6, k. 2, p. 5, k. 2, p. 6 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 3.

11th Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 2, p. 7, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 7 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 7, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 7 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 3.

13th Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 8 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 8 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 3.

15th Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 2, p. 9, k. 3, p. 9 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 9, k. 3, p. 9 (k. 2 p. 2 3 times), k. 3.

17th Row: Same as 13th row.

19th Row: Same as 11th row.

21st Row: Same as 9th row.

23rd Row: Same as 7th row.

25th Row: Same as 5th row.

27th Row: Same as 3rd row.

29th Row: Same as 1st row.

Repeat rows 1-30, decreasing at each end of 31st row and then every 8th row until 116 sts. on needle. Increase at each end of 59th and then every 8th row until there are 128 sts. on needle. Then work without increasing until there are 134 rows in work (4 complete patterns and the first 14 rows of 5th). Then begin armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

3rd Row: Slip 1, p. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 21 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 21, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 1.

5th Row: Slip 1, p. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 6, k. 9, p. 6 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 6, k. 9, p. 6, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 1.

7th Row: Slip 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 2, k. 2, p. 21 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 21, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

9th Row: Slip 1, k. 2 tog., p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 17, p. 2 (k. 2 p. 2 13 times), k. 17, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

11th Row: Slip 1, p. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, p. 21 (k. 2 p. 2 12 times), k. 2, p. 21, k. 2, p. 1, p. 2 tog., K. 1.

13th Row: Slip 1, p. 2 tog., k. 25 (p. 2 k. 2 11 times), p. 2, k. 25, p. 2 tog., k. 1.

15th Row: Slip 1, p. 2 tog., p. 26 (k. 2 p. 2 10 times), k. 2, p. 26, p. 2 tog., k. 1.

17th Row: Slip 1, k. 2 tog., k. 27 (p. 2 k. 2 9 times), p. 2, k. to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1.

19th Row: Slip 1, p. 2 tog., p. 28 (k. 2 p. 2 8 times), k. 2, purl to last 3 sts., p. 2 tog., k. 1 (94 sts. on needle).

21st Row: Slip 1, k. 31 (p. 2 k. 2 7 times), p. 2, knit to end.

23rd Row: Slip 1, p. 33 (k. 2 p. 2 6 times), k. 2, purl to end.

25th Row: Slip 1, k. 35 (p. 2 k 2 5 times), p. 2, knit to end.

27th Row: Slip 1, p 37 (k 2 p 2 4 times), k. 2, purl to end.

29th Row: Slip 1, k. 39 (p. 2 k. 2 3 times), k. 2, purl to end.

31st Row: Slip 1, p. 41 (k. 2 p. 2 twice), k. 2, purl to end.

33rd Row: Slip 1, k. 43, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, knit to end.

35th Row: Slip 1, p. 45, k. 2, purl to end.

37th Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

38th Row: Slip 1, purl to end.

39th Row: Slip 1, purl to end.

40th Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

Repeat the last 4 rows (which forms the horizontal ribbing) until there are 60 rows in armhole. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work in same way at the back as far as 36th row of armhole.

37th Row: Slip 1, k. 46 (leave remaining sts. on spare needle and work one side of shoulder).

38th Row: Slip 1, purl to end.

39th Row: Slip 1, purl to end.

40th Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

Repeat rows 37-40 twice (41-48). Then work 37th row again.

50th Row: Cast off 12 sts., purl to end.

51st Row: Slip 1, purl to last 3 sts., p. 2 tog., k. 1.

52nd Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

Now continue working the horizontal ribbing decreasing at neck edge every 2nd row until 30 sts. left. When 60 rows in armhole cast off in same way as for back. Work remaining shoulder in same way, but when casting off the sts. at centre neck cast off at beginning of 49th row.

SLEEVE

Cast on 75 sts.

1st Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 7 times), k. 2, p. 3, k. 7, p. 3 (k. 2 p. 2 7 times), k. 3.

3rd Row: Slip 1, (k 2 p. 2 6 times), k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 5, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3 (k. 2 p. 2 6 times), k. 3.

Now continue to work as for the back and front, increasing at each end of 12th and then every 6th row until there are 89 sts. When there are 54 rows work for armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease at end of every row until 33 sts. left on needle. Then decrease at each end of each row until 15 sts. left. Cast off. Press work, join shoulder seams, fit in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams.

COLLAR

Beginning at end of left side of neck opening pick up and knit 2 sts. Cast on 4 sts., miss 4 sts. on neck, then pick up and knit 86 sts. round to 6th stitch from end of right side of opening. Cast on 4 sts., miss 4, then pick up and knit the last 2 sts. (the cast on sts. on each side of neck are for the buttonholes) and there are 98 sts. on needle.

2nd Row: Purl, increasing 1 st. every 9th st. to 108 sts.

3rd Row: Slip 1, * k. 2 p. 2 repeat from * to last 3, k. 3.

4th Row: Slip 1, * p. 2 k. 2 repeat from * to last 3, p. 3. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows 6 times (5-16).

17th Row: Slip 1 (k. 2 p. 2 twice), knit to last 9 sts. (p. 2 k. 2 twice), k. 1.

18th Row: Slip 1 (p. 2 k. 2 twice), purl to last 9 sts. (k. 2 p. 2 twice), k. 1.

19th Row: Slip 1, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, purl to last 7 sts., k. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

20th Row: Slip 1, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, knit to last 7 sts., p. 2, k. 2, p. 3.

21st Row: Slip 1, k. 2, p. 2, knit to last 5 sts., p. 2, k. 3.

22nd Row: Slip 1, p. 2, k. 2, purl to last 5 sts., k. 2, p. 3.

23rd Row: Slip 1, k. 2, purl to last 3 sts., k. 3.

24th Row: Slip 1, p. 2, knit to last 3 sts., p. 3.

25th Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

26th Row: Slip 1, purl to end.

27th Row: Slip 1, knit to end.

Cast off loosely. Join the two buttons to form a link, and put through buttonholes at neck.

☆

MARY. Demure but so charming. The model was knitted in rust-colored wool. The ribbed panels are a special feature of the design. Wear the garment with a suede leather belt and matching or contrasting skirt.

☆

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'VIYELLA' Reg'd
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'NURSERY VIYELLA' Reg'd
KNITTING YARN

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'RAMADA' Reg'd
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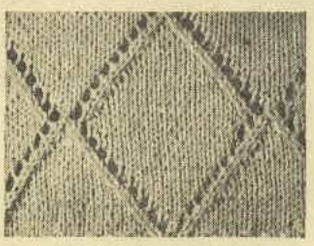
CHARMING FROCK *for* LITTLE GIRL

DESIGNED for the child of five to six years, and just the prettiest thing for afternoon wear, and even for winter parties.

The model was made in Lincoln Mills "Waratah" crepe wool in a dainty blue shade.



JOAN. A pretty knitted frock for the five to six year old girl. The skirt features an attractive diamond pattern, the yoke is plain, and the dainty puff sleeves and neat little collar are distinctive. Left: A close-up of the stitches used for the pattern.

Materials: 9oz. of 3-ply wool, No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Shoulder to lower edge, 21½ inches, chest about 23 inches, sleeve at underarm seam 4 inches.

Tension: 8 stitches and 10 rows to one inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; f., forward (i.e., throw the wool forward around the right needle), d.o., draw over (i.e., slip 1 st. onto the right needle without knitting it, k. 1 and draw the slipped stitch over it); tog., together; r., row; s., slip.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 153 sts., which should measure 20 inches, and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row: * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from *. The row ends with k. 1.

2nd Row: * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from *.

Repeat these 2 rows 6 times until 8 have been knit. This completes the lower border. Commence diamond pattern.

1st Row (right side of work): * f. 1, d.o., k. 17, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 1. Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): P. all the sts. from the preceding row, including the "forwards."

3rd Row: K. 1. * f. 1, d.o., k. 15, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 3. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row: K. 2. * f. 1, d.o., k. 13, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 5. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Same as 2nd row.

7th Row: K. 3. * f. 1, d.o., k. 11, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 7. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row.

9th Row: K. 4. * f. 1, d.o., k. 9, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 9. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row.

11th Row: K. 5. * f. 1, d.o., k. 7, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 11. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row.

13th Row: K. 6. * f. 1, d.o., k. 5, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 13. Repeat from *.

14th Row: Same as 2nd row.

15th Row: K. 7. * f. 1, d.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 15. Repeat from *.

16th Row: Same as 2nd row.

17th Row: K. 8. * f. 1, d.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 17. Repeat from *.

18th Row: Same as 2nd row.

19th Row: K. 7. * k. 2 tog., f. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog. and draw the slipped st. over the 2 that were knit tog., f. 1, d.o., k. 15, k. 2 tog. Repeat from *.

20th Row: Same as 2nd row.

21st Row: K. 6. * k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 3, f. 1, d.o., k. 13. Repeat from *.

22nd Row: Same as 2nd row.

23rd Row: K. 5. * k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 5, f. 1, d.o., k. 11. Repeat from *.

24th Row: Same as 2nd row.

25th Row: K. 4. * k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 7, f. 1, d.o., k. 9. Repeat from *.

26th Row: Same as 2nd row.

27th Row: K. 3. * k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 9, f. 1, d.o., k. 7. Repeat from *.

28th Row: Same as 2nd row.

29th Row: K. 2. * k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 11, f. 1, d.o., k. 5. Repeat from *.

30th Row: Same as 2nd row.

31st Row: K. 1. * k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 13, f. 1, d.o., k. 3. Repeat from *.

32nd Row: Same as 2nd row.

33rd Row: * k. 2 tog., f. 1, k. 15, f. 1, d.o., k. 1. Repeat from *.

34th Row: Same as 2nd row.

35th Row: K. 1. * f. 1, k. 17, f. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., draw slipped st. over 2 k. tog. Repeat from *.

36th Row: Same as 2nd row.

37th Row: K. 1. * k. 19, f. 1, k. 1, f. 1. Repeat from *.

38th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Repeat from the 3rd row.

In the 11th row decrease 1 st. each end of the needle, and in every 5th row following until there are 111 sts. on the needle, and the work measures 15½ inches; work a further 10 rows in pattern.

Commence yoke, which is worked in the same pattern as the lower border of the dress, shape the armholes.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows, decrease 1 st. each end of the needle in the next 5 rows. Work until armhole measures 4 inches.

In the next row, cast off the 33 centre stitches, and finish the front in two parts.

Work even for 20 rows. Shape shoulder.

At the beginning of the next 3 rows, at armhole edge cast off 8 sts. twice, and 9 stitches once.

Join wool at neck edge, and work other shoulder in the same way.

BACK

Work in the same manner as the front as far as the beginning of the neckline.

Next Row: Cast off 27 sts. in the centre for the neck. Finish the back in two parts.

At the beginning of the next 3 rows Cast off 1 st. on the neck side.

The shoulders are shaped in the same way as the front ones.

SLEEVES

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 48 sts., which should measure 6 inches, and work the cuff in yoke pattern until it measures 3-8 inch. Change to diamond pattern.

Increase 1 st. each end of the needle every other row until there are 84 sts.

When sleeve measures 4 inches, cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows, decrease 1 st. at the beginning of every row until 42 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

It consists of three sections, and is knit in eyelet pattern, as follows:

With wrong side of front facing you pick up 33 sts.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: K. 1. * f. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat these 2 rows for 2 inches. Cast off.

Pick up 21 sts. at side of neck, and knit in the same way.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces with a hot iron over a damp cloth, sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves in, seam side seam, pleating the upper part.

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In Pretty PLAID EFFECT

Here's a design for a plaid jacket you will like. The model was made in fawn "Spira" wool, with the plaid stripes in black and mist-green. It was finished with leather belt and bone buttons.

Materials Required: 5 2oz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Spira" wool, fawn No. 312; 1 2oz. skein Lincoln Mills "Spira" wool, black, No. 191; 1 2oz. skein Lincoln Mills "Spira" wool, mist-green, No. 408; 9 buttons; 2 No. 9 bone knitting needles.

Measurements: All round underarm, 37 inches; sleeve underarm, 17½ inches; depth from shoulder, 20¾ inches.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch; 9 rows to 1 inch.

Note: The jumper is worked throughout in stocking-stitch—20 rows fawn, 1 row green, 4 rows fawn, 1 row black.

FRONT

Cast on 110 sts. with fawn wool and only work 10 rows with the fawn, instead of the usual 20 rows, decreasing at each end of 14th and then every 8th row until 102 sts. Then increase each end of every 10th row until there are 118 sts. and 120 rows from beginning of work. Then begin the armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows, then decrease each end of next and every 2nd row until 90 sts. left. Work without further decrease until 62 rows in armhole. Then cast off 10 sts. at beginning of each of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining 30 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 60 sts. and work to correspond with back, decreasing at the end of 14th and then every 8th row until 56 sts. Then increase at end of every 10th row until 64 sts., and 120 rows. In next row, beginning from side (the shaped) edge, cast off 8 sts. Then decrease at armhole edge every row for 4 rows, then every 2nd row until 49 sts. Work without further decrease until 49 rows in armhole. In next row, beginning from front edge, cast off 12 sts. Then decrease at neck edge every row until 33 sts. Then every 2nd row until 30 sts. When there are 62 rows from beginning of armhole, cast off for shoulder in same way as for back.

RIGHT FRONT

Work in same way as the left front, making the shaping on the opposite side to the left front, that is, at the beginning of the row instead of at the end, and make buttonholes at 8th and every 20th row. The buttonholes are worked in this way: Work to last 7 sts. Cast off 4 sts. Work remaining 3 sts. and in next row cast on the sts. that were cast off in previous row.

SLEEVES

Cast on 50 sts. (working only 2 rows in fawn wool at the beginning instead of the usual 10), and increase at each end of every 8th row until there are 76 sts., then every 6th row until there are 86 sts. When 138 rows from beginning of sleeve, begin to shape for armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then decrease at each end of next and every 2nd row until 26 sts. Then decrease every row until 8 sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts.

Press work well with a damp cloth and hot iron, then work in the remaining stripes. The other stripes of the pattern are now worked in with a strand of wool and a darning needle, putting the needle through the loop between the two sts. every 2nd row, and drawing the thread through fairly tightly. If the thread is drawn through loosely it will make the stripes look uneven. The black stripes are worked in the loop between every 16th stitch, and the green stripes are also worked 16 sts. apart, and 4 sts. from the back stripe.

When work is finished press again and join shoulder seams, fit in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams.

Then with fawn wool work 2 rows of double crochet down left side of jacket, round bottom edge and up right side.

COLLAR

With fawn wool pick up and knit 77 sts. round neck, picking up the sts. from wrong side and working from third stitch from left side edge to 3rd st. from right side edge.

1st Row: Purl, increasing 1 st. every 7th st. to 87 sts. Now work in stocking stitch for 23 rows, cast off loosely. With fawn wool crochet 1 row of double crochet round collar edge, then 1 row in green wool, 1 row in fawn wool, 1 row with black wool. In each of these rows work 2 sts. into each corner st. on each end of collar.

ROSALIE. Smart plaid jacket, knitted in fawn wool with black and green stripes.

CUFF

With fawn wool cast on 41 sts. and work in stocking-stitch for 12 rows. Then work the crochet rows to correspond with collar. Sew cuffs to sleeve, putting the edges of cuff to sleeve seams. Sew buttons in position on left side of jacket.

EDNA— 5 COLDS THIS SEASON

MARY— NO COLDS THIS SEASON

STRANGE DIFFERENCE IN HEALTH OF TWO CHILDREN

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